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Murray's magazine

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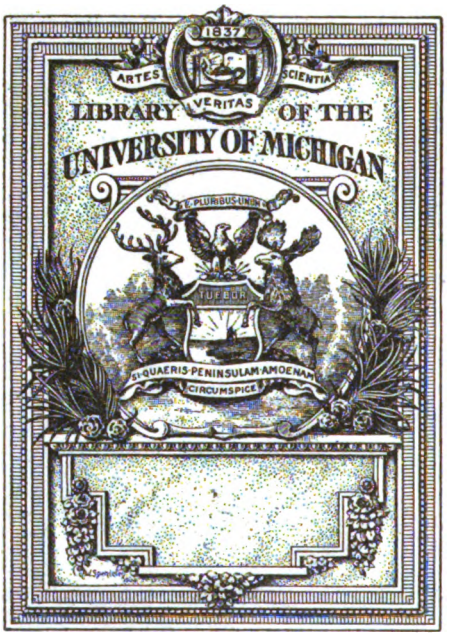

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

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A Home and Colonial Periodical for the General Reader.

VOLUME VI.

JULY–DECEMBER 1889.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1889.

Old Venice.

"VENEZIA ha saputo trovar modo che non uno, non pochi, non molti signoreggiano; ma molti buoni, pochi migliori, e insiememente un ottimo solo." "Venice has discovered a method of rule which is not that of one, nor of a few, nor yet of many; but under which many good citizens, some few still better, and one best of all, combine to govern the State." This description, which reads like one of those eulogies, once so common on the British Constitution when the component elements of Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy were believed to be equally blended and balanced —was there in truth ever such an age?—was written some three hundred years ago, and not ill expresses the admiration that was for a long time felt for Venice. For generations she was the marvel of her contemporaries; but her Constitution has passed away never to return, and to the vast majority of travellers and tourists who pass through her strange waterways, and who, intelligently or unintelligently, as the case may be, admire her stately buildings, it is a closed chapter. They may know something of her pictures or her architecture, but most of her history and almost all knowledge of her Constitution have passed into forgetfulness. And yet, with one mighty exception that Constitution has had since the Christian era no European parallel or compeer in efficiency or endurance. In many of its main characteristics the Venetian Republic reflected or imitated the earlier Roman Commonwealth from which she claimed descent; she gave birth to no great writers or poets like Florence; but she produced a race of statesmen who preserved from age to age her liberties, when every other state in Northern Italy lost or surrendered them.

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I will not dwell here on the wonderful beauty of that bright emanation of the Hadriatic, which even in her decay has all the glamour of romance about her; she has been abundantly described at every hour of the day or night, in all the many moods and aspects which such a child of ocean wears; I rather propose to say a few words on the political Constitution which governed her fortunes for a thousand years.

Historically, perhaps the most remarkable features of that strange city are the coherence and almost unbroken continuity of a polity, which existed through all the strain and trouble of the Middle Ages, amidst the intellectual revolution of the Renaissance, and even the vast changes of the eighteenth century. It is not a hundred years since Venice stood erect not only in all the external magnificence of her material splendour, but in the apparently unshaken strength of her laws and public institutions. In the fifth century some desolate mud-islands in the Hadriatic were appropriated by the panic-stricken refugees who fled from Attila and thought that the end of human society was at hand. On those islands the fishermen spread their nets, and the relics of the old Roman civilization found a shelter. From these rough and rude beginnings came a polished and luxurious life; and on those banks and shaking piles in the midst of desolation and sea-waves grew up a people that were destined to have ideas and institutions of no common order. At first these insignificant islands were not worth the trouble of an invader's attack; but before long they became sufficiently powerful and independent to defy the assaults of their enemies. In her early days Venice stood between envious and conflicting Powers—the Eastern Empire, with its great traditions and not insignificant strength, the growing but half barbarous West, and the Popes of Rome; her policy at times wavered and inclined from one to the other, but she never surrendered herself to any patron or competitor. Her independence, which the fresh sea-breeze seemed to fan into vigorous and self-conscious life, was her first and constant object. During the ninth and tenth centuries the connection with Constantinople was close, and Eastern wares found a ready market in Venice. The wife of one Doge was the daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople, and the chroniclers record how the simpler tastes of the young Republic were shocked by her perfumed baths, and the golden fork with which she ate her food. In this connection, and in the titular honours bestowed by the Byzantine Court upon some of the early Doges, some have seen

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an unquestionable evidence of the subjection of Venice to the East; but if it were so, it was very temporary, and, in the words of the historian, "the bands of dependence were imperceptibly relaxed by the ambition of Venice and the weakness of Constantinople."

Amid the crimes and ingratitude and selfishness that tarnish Venetian policy there is nothing more remarkable than the persistence and courage with which, in reverses and danger, she clung to her independence and refused to bend to any foreign master. In this she stands absolutely alone. Neither literature nor art, nor the splendour of romance nor the conscious sense of inherited liberties, availed to save the Republics of Northern Italy. One by one, they succumbed to the temptations and the difficulties of the time, and gave themselves up to some despot. Venice alone remained self-governing and independent, unscathed by foreign usurper, unsubdued by Emperor, uncajoled by Pope, uninfluenced by great baron or mercenary captain, untouched by Eastern or Western Powers. Alone, too, she observed a steady and continuous policy where all around her was variable and uncertain. She was ready to make common cause with Europe against the Turk if Europe was really in earnest; but was equally resolved not to quarrel needlessly with a great Power conterminous to her own possessions. Around her was a maze of intrigue, treaties of plunder and spoliation, forming, breaking, re-forming, as chance or ambition on the mainland dictated; sometimes she was courted; sometimes, as in the League of Cambray, she was the object of secret and treacherous attack; but her rulers never faltered in courage or wavered in policy. Nor were great dangers wanting. They suffered calamitous reverses by sea; they experienced great defeats on land; they were blockaded by hostile fleets till hope itself well-nigh abandoned them; they experienced even the risks of secret conspiracy and rebellion; but the fabric of the Venetian Constitution remained apparently unshaken through every trial—its years counted by centuries, and its visible honours undimmed, almost to the very close of its public life. That this was in a great measure due to her insular position is true; but insularity alone neither would nor could have preserved Venice through the long centuries of lawless might and unscrupulous ambition, which tore Europe, and particularly Italy, into pieces. Something else there must have been to give this remarkable vitality; and that something

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was found in a powerful and efficient Constitution based upon the general goodwill of all classes. During the long period that that Constitution lasted, there were moments and opportunities, when, if there had been any rooted or strong hatred of the institutions under which they lived, one or other class of the people might have broken up the exquisitely complicated fabric of Venetian polity. The early days of the Republic were doubtless stormy, and Doges repeatedly met a violent death in the bloody struggles for power; but when once the Constitution was accepted the people never revolutionized it—they never made any serious attempt to do so; and the more that I have read of the much-abused Venetian Republic, the more I have been led to the conclusion that, severe and restrictive as its system undoubtedly was, the pressure was less than existed under most other contemporary Governments—perhaps not more than is incidental to any Government which has the elements of permanence and stability in it.

The tide of popular opinion in these days runs in the opposite direction to that in which Venetian polity flowed. The drift of all government now is popular in the widest sense of the word—the forms under which it is conducted are essentially democratic—the type is on a very large scale. In Venice everything was exactly the reverse of this. In size she bore no similarity to the colossal populations of our day, in name she was a republic, and through a long period of her existence the popular element counted for much, though it was so conjoined with other elements that it was never in a position of command. Even at a comparatively later time, when the Constitution assumed a more restricted form and the Doge elect was presented to the citizens, there was a recognition of the people's consent in the formula, "This is your Doge, if it so pleases you." But in the realities of public administration at home or abroad there was from a comparatively early period no room for the fluctuations of popular indecision; the ship of the state was steered by statesmen who knew no variations of policy, and subordinated every public and private consideration to the general well-being. Such policy may be impossible at the end of the nineteenth century; it may be at variance with modern ideas; and there is probably not a politician now bold enough to compromise his orthodoxy by an approval of a Constitution which has been so branded and stigmatised as has that of Venice. Yet for all this, it is impossible, as a matter of history, to deny that

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government in Venice was through a period of time—by the side of which our modern Parliamentarism is as the creature of a day—quite as efficient and possibly even as popular as any of the systems of administration which we now see around us.

To visit Venice then—to navigate her narrow canals, where the old Palaces seem to grow out of the water; to wander round the Sala del Consiglio, to see the rooms where the Council of Ten decided in secret on affairs of life and death; to breathe the fresh sea-breeze which brought into port the galleys laden with Eastern commerce, or crowned with victory, as on that famous evening when Petrarch saw them glide alongside the quays with laurelled masts and shouting crew and rejoicing people at the glad news of the reduction of Candia—all this not only recalls the varied history of the great Capital, with its stirring events in war and peace, but it seems also to call up the political Constitution, which made this splendid life possible. Men make the Constitutions of States, but the Constitutions of States also make the citizens who grow up under them; they react on each other; and Venetian history could never have been written but for the wonderful Constitution by which her sons were governed and moulded.

The Aristocracy of Venice ruled with absolute power, and that power only ceased in the presence of Napoleon's legions in 1797. Aristocratic rule came early in Venetian history; but it was not at first a jealous or exclusive Aristocracy; tastes were simple, all shared in the adventures of a seafaring life, and commerce and war were the education and the inseparable conditions of the governing class. In those days the Great Council was the basis of the Constitution; and through it was the approach to all honour and fame. At first it was open to the whole of the citizen nobility of the Republic; but a time came when a party in the State usurped and "closed" the Council, and thus became the sole depositaries of all authority. It was the change from a less to a more aristocratic regimen, from the rule of an open Aristocracy to that of a comparatively close Oligarchy; but, unlike other oligarchies, this one lasted for nearly five hundred years. Under their rule some of the greatest acts of peace and war were achieved; Venice triumphed over her great rival in the West; she became mistress of her possessions on "terra firma;" she fought her heroic way through the desperate siege that threatened her existence; she preserved her independence and strengthened her position amid the wars which wrecked the

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liberties of Florence, Milan, and Genoa; she grew in splendour of architecture and gorgeousness of art until she became the wonder of the ruder kingdoms of Europe. That Oligarchy was a strange phenomenon to contemporaries, and in the eyes of subsequent generations it has seemed an unlovely creation. It was organized on so intricate a system of checks and counter-checks, and elections and ballots, that to the student it has all the appearance of a Chinese puzzle; but its complexity did not diminish its efficiency. It was secret in its councils, certain in its instruments, unhesitating in its actions. "Shall it be good morning or good evening to you, illustrious sir?" said Carmagnola to the Doge, when in the early morning he met him and the councillors, who had all night been discussing the affairs of State, and particularly the course to be taken with himself; to whom the Prince replied, smiling, "that among the many serious matters which had been talked of in that long discussion, nothing had been oftener mentioned than his—Carmagnola's—name." They had indeed been debating of him, of his arrest and torture and terrible death; but the smiling answer awoke no suspicion in the mind of the great Captain, and only veiled the coming tragedy. The secret never transpired; the tongue of the babbler had no part in Venetian policy, and the dark counsels of these stern judges were never betrayed. Even in the days when these tragedies were enacted, and when men were much more familiar than they now are with deeds of blood, such action on the part of the governors of the State—swift, dark, relentless—sent a thrill of terror through the body of the people; but, measured by the lights and judgments of our age, they naturally seem horrible; and the Council of Ten, the three Inquisitors, the Lion's Mouth, the detestable system of delation, the secret trial, the torture chamber, and the fatal spot of execution between the two granite columns, conjure up before the minds of most nineteenth-century readers the picture of some devilish organization without a redeeming feature. But this is not an entirely just judgment. The moral sentiments of one generation are not a fair measure of the acts of another and an earlier one; and I confess that, revolting as was much of the State machinery employed by the Venetian rulers, I do not trace in their actions cruelty so much as an inexorable and pitiless sternness, which subordinated every affection and devoted every energy to the public service—in this resembling those Roman statesmen of older time who, widely differing in

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individual character, concurred in maintaining a continuous policy for the Mistress of the World. So indeed does a great office sometimes exact a great price; and so do the duties of State raise or depress men beyond the ordinary standard of humanity. But after all, the most remarkable phenomenon in this system of government is—as Plato says of one of the Greek states of his day—not that it should have existed, but that it should have struck its roots so deeply as to last so long.

If reasons for this are to be sought, they may be found partly in the character of the people, but still more in the system of government. In the people, high and low, of every degree, "senatori e barnaboti," there dwelt an inextinguishable love of national independence; from the earliest times the Republic was an object of passionate affection, and nothing is more striking than the personal sacrifices which were ungrudgingly laid on the altar of patriotism, and the patience with which ingratitude and neglect and unmerited wrong were borne when they came in the name and by order of the State. The "neri" and "bianchi," the Guelph and Ghibellin, the rival factions driving each other into exile, which disfigure the Florentine annals, have little or no place in Venetian story. Venice was open to all who were not at enmity with her. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, enjoyed her hospitality; English royalties were welcomed at her pageants: Cardinal Pole, when an exile from England, lived there; Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire and Marquis of Exeter, who aspired to the hand of Queen Mary, died from a chill caught on the Lido when flying his hawks; Sir Philip Sidney, that "President of Chivalry and nobleness," was a guest of her senators and merchants. Venice was for a long time the great station for European travellers bound for the East, and at one time there was an inn with the sign of the Dragon, kept by John the Englishman, that entertained the pilgrims on their journey. But whilst Florence was seething with faction and civil war, Venice was emphatically a city at unity with herself; and therefore through long ages of public turmoil and violence she was respected, courted, honoured and prosperous.

Thus the national sentiment became, I believe, one of general acquiescence in, if not of liking for, the existing condition of things; and the Constitution was the main cause of it. It was not only that under that Constitution there was peace and order at home and a stream of wealth flowing in from foreign commerce,—all of which gave a sense of contentment and security

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very different from what was to be found in many Italian towns on the mainland—but that the system of government, by a singular accommodation, lent itself to the wants and desires of the different classes of the community. To the poorer part of the people it secured an amount of order which at least made life tolerable. In many of the Northern Italian cities there was constant anarchy; in many such devilish cruelties as those of Eccelino da Romano were not unknown; even in Florence the narrow streets, which were overhung with the palaces or strongholds of rival nobles, became at a moment's notice the scene of deadly fights: the great bell rang out an alarm, and from all quarters the citizens poured forth from shops and houses to take part in the fray—which was perhaps only brought to an end by the temporary annihilation of one faction or the conflagration of a large portion of the town. Life, property, and individual happiness perished in these struggles; but from all this the Venetian populace enjoyed a singular immunity. They had food, raiment, lodging, and as much of the indolent sensuous Southern life as they might desire; they had countless holidays and festas, and, from time to time, those State pageants and Church ceremonials which an Italian population loves. Their estate was too lowly to bring them within the reach of the magistrates; the lightnings of the State passed over their heads to smite other and more eminent offenders, and, as a rule, the mysterious Council of Ten had no terror for them. Those most feared that invisible and powerful tribunal who stood nearest to it; the "basso ceto" had no cause for alarm or complaint, for the greatest offence in Venice was the suspicion of unlawfully mingling in politics.

On the other hand, of the two sections into which Venetian society naturally was divided, the young, the gay, the luxurious, and the older or more serious,—to each of these the Government, which could wear so stern and terrible a mien on many occasions, could also turn a kindly and lenient countenance. Never perhaps was life more gaily and lightly dreamed away than on moonlit piazza, or amid serenades from gondolas, or in the endless circle of intrigue and romance, of which so many stories remain to us.

In many ways the system of government was a very paternal one. The sumptuary laws indeed which regulated the table, the dress and the personal expenditure, were evaded as sumptuary laws generally have been. They were the product of a comparatively later period, and they savoured of a less robust and

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manly legislation. But they existed, and had their influence; and every detail of life, social and personal, was regulated with a strange minuteness. Indirect power, too, in purely domestic matters was conceded to the heads of families, which, if it was in accord with the supposed necessities of a caste, was wholly at variance with any code of ethics that we can recognize. Much indeed that was done or sanctioned cannot be commended on the grounds of a strict morality; but the general effect was, I imagine, to satisfy individuals and to compose private difficulties, which might otherwise have led to public trouble, and to make the pressure of a heavy yoke press less heavily on individuals.

So again was it on the political side. By the change in the Constitution at the end of the thirteenth century, when the Grand Council was "closed," the number of families entitled to take part in affairs had been so limited that the staff of administrators was not, I imagine, at all in excess of the public necessities. Thus every one qualified for public work was both required and expected to do it; and the governing class was kept in a condition of constant training, partly by the necessities of the public service and partly by the traditions which came down from father to son. The old saying, "there is noise but no harmony, fighting but no victory, talking but no learning," might be applied to some modern institutions. But in Venice it was the exact opposite—there was no public talking; discussion led to decisive and complete results; and the rulers of the State were always learning. The Doge, who has often been made the object of modern compassion—"dux in foro, servus in consilio, captivus in palatio"—had often doubtless a heavy load to bear; but I question if his position was so exceptionally painful as it is commonly represented. Venice, like ancient Athens, imposed heavy burdens on all her sons, which grew heavier in proportion to their eminence, and none were allowed to decline a public trust because it was painful; but the duties were almost invariably accepted without a murmur; and the acquiescence of all classes in that iron rule is some evidence that it was not exercised with unreasoning injustice or caprice.

But it was, of course, impossible that the stern and inflexible will that characterized for so many generations the action of the State should always remain the same. It had lasted with astonishing constancy through storm and sunshine; and to the very end the external semblance of the ancient fabric remained to casual observers unchanged. More than a thousand years

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before, the name of Rome had similarly imposed on the barbarian world when her real strength and force had ceased; and so now the ancient form and figure of the Queen of the Sea were hollow and unsubstantial. The virtue had gone out of her. Though veiled by unbridled licence of manners and the attractions of a gorgeous pomp, the later years of the great Republic were years of political decay and moral dissolution; and, when the appointed hour struck, she was ripe for her fate. She fell after a magnificent existence of more than a thousand years, and fell ingloriously. The last Doge, Luigi Manin, hurried the vote which was to put an end to their public life. "Pensiamo, Signori," he said, "che non siamo certi di dormire nel nostro letto stasera"; and the independence of Venice was closed by the unworthy provisions of the Treaty of Campo Formio.

There is little to be gained from the study of such scenes in History, and no generous nature will care to watch the long-drawn agony of a great career, whether of individuals or of States. In her decay Venice, like some other parts of the Peninsula, lost the nobler and manlier attributes that had formerly won her a place among the nations of the world. So she passed under the heel of the stranger, and submitted to that painful discipline, which only a proud and quick-witted race knows, when compelled to serve a stronger and uncongenial master. But that chapter also in her eventful annals has closed, and a new life has opened in the unification of the Peninsula. The desire of Dante was accomplished after the expiration of more than five hundred years, though in a different manner from that of which he dreamed; and all the states and historic towns, by which Italy was divided, have been fused into a single kingdom. Yet in their union a shadow of their ancient state still seems to linger; and the northern traveller who passes through Genoa, Florence, and Venice with not wholly unintelligent eyes, recognizes in them something more than provincial Capitals; for the same sentiment, which by the common consent of conflicting rivals within the memory of our own generation crowned Rome, as the one sole possible head of united Italy, still encircles these great cities with a romance and devotion that no time can or will efface.

CARNARVON.

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The Minister of Kindrach.

Chapter I.

The Dewars were very important people in Kindrach. Not that their importance lay much on the outward and visible surface of things; it was not an importance born of wealth, power, or influence—it lay deeper. To a casual observer it was not apparent, the Dewar abode being small and humble, the Dewar family being small and humble also, consisting of a widow and three daughters, unsupported by any strengthening outposts in the way of male Dewars. Yet in Kindrach the Dewars were important people. How this came to be even the Kindrach folk might have been puzzled to explain, though there was no doing away with the fact. The small family in the small cottage were regarded as beings from a higher sphere—inhabitants of another world condescending to breathe the (to them) grosser atmosphere of Kindrach.

The late Mr. Dewar had been a Writer to the Signet; they had, until the last seven years or so, resided (Mrs. Dewar seldom said lived) in Edinburgh; the three Miss Dewars were highly educated, and thoroughly finished—that is, the two eldest played duets from "Il Trovatore." One, Lesbia, could paint things on rice-paper which bore a distant resemblance to flowers; and Kate had two French songs in her portfolio which she sang as easily as if they were Scotch ballads. Silvia was younger, and though possibly as talented as her elder sisters, she had not had their advantages and opportunities, but she shone in the light thrown by their reflection, and also in the light emanating from her own exceeding prettiness and superiority of appearance. There was no one in Kindrach quite so pretty as Silvia Dewar.

But perhaps the greatest radiance flung over the Dewar family arose from the fact that Mrs. Dewar had been a Miss Jamieson, a daughter of a captain in the army. There was no one in

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Kindrach could boast such a pedigree. Besides—to give every possible point in explanation of their importance—it was also known to an initiated few, that Mrs. Dewar's sister, another Miss Jamieson, was the wife of no less a personage than Alexander Porter, the great jute merchant of Glasgow, who had grown too great for even Glasgow; grown so great, in fact, that London alone could contain him and his family.

Mrs. Dewar and her daughters had come to Kindrach merely for the summer, and had drifted into a permanent residence there almost imperceptibly. Mrs. Dewar (*née* Miss Jamieson) found the importance gathered about her very sweet. In their best days—when the Writer to the Signet was alive, and Lesbia and Kate in the full enjoyment of their intellectual pursuits—they had never been so regarded. Edinburgh accorded no distinction to the Dewars because the mother had been a Miss Jamieson. Indeed, excluding a small circle of hum-drum folk living like themselves in semi-detached villas in the vicinity of View Forth, Edinburgh can scarcely be said to have recognized the existence of the Dewars. Mrs. Muir, the minister's aunt, who lived with him and her daughter Janet at the Manse, had at first perhaps taken up a hypercritical attitude with regard to the Dewars; but this had faded away and toned down to match the general opinion so far as to agree sufficiently warmly that they were an "acqueeseetion." It had been a blow to her when her nephew David went courting Silvia, but before the final engagement took place she came to agree in this also with general opinion that the minister had been "vera" much in luck's way to secure "sic a bonnie wife"—or, to be more accurate, the "troth-plight o' winsome Silvia Dewar."

There were some who thought that the minister's cousin, Janet Muir, would have been a more suitable match. She was nearer his age, being twenty-seven; they had lived under the same roof for many years, ever since old Mrs. Fairfax died, and her widowed sister Mrs. Muir came to look after David's interests, bringing her only child Janet with her—therefore they must have grown into fullest knowledge of each other's ways. All Kindrach knew the virtues of Janet Muir; she was a thrifty, hard-working, thoughtful, soft-voiced woman, with good looks and gentle ways; the sort of body in whose hands a man might feel safe and his house sure. But David Fairfax perhaps knew all this too well to fall into any deeper feeling than a very warm brotherly affection for his sweet-looking cousin. On her side

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matters were different. When Silvia was brought to the Manse and proudly re-introduced by David to his aunt and Janet in her new character as "My affianced wife and future helpmeet," the blow to Janet was great indeed, and very bitter; she realized at that moment that her affection for David was not sisterly in character. But it made no perceptible change in her life. She did not lose her soft bright colour, or grow thin and peevish; she did not find the day's work harder to get through, or life generally more difficult to live. Only some of the content and peace left her quiet mind, and things looked greyer and more monotonous. Her mother talked at first incessantly about this new development in their affairs, but Janet, with that great reserve and patient acceptance of the inevitable belonging to her purely Scotch nature, added no comments of her own to her mother's outcry. The marriage was not to take place until a full year after the betrothal; Silvia would then be twenty-one, and some small sum of money left by the late Writer to the Signet would then be at her disposal; this Mrs. Dewar calculated would pay all incidental wedding expenses; the reason given to Kindrach world at large being Silvia's youth and inexperience.

Meanwhile, the future Mrs. Fairfax was supposed to be gaining this lacking experience in daily visits to the Manse, where she hindered rather than helped Janet churn butter and work up dough for the week's bake, and dabbled about in wash-tubs, and messed the minister's white bands in vain endeavours to grasp the mysteries of clear-starching. Mrs. Muir good-naturedly showed her how to make porridge, and scones, and wonderful buns black with richness, and flaky-white, crisp biscuits. Though Silvia never got a definite knowledge from these spectacles, she was always much impressed by Mrs. Muir's skill, and pleased that excellent woman vastly by her openly-expressed wonder and admiration. Indeed, Silvia pleased every one she came in contact with. They all grew fond of the merry, bright, childish, little thing, who appealed to them so constantly, and admired all they did so frankly, and was always so willing to confess her own ignorance, and so desirous to learn of their wisdom.

Silvia Dewar at this time was supremely happy. It was delightful to have the run of the Manse, its solid comfort and exquisite cleanliness were so satisfying, in contrast with their somewhat shifty penurious existence at the Cottage. It was delightful also to have secured the most prominent man in

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Kindrach; to have all the people looking at, and whispering about her with an increased reverence—and a reverence arising from admiration of her powers apart from the family dignity. She felt she really had done something to be proud of. Lesbia and Kate, she knew, envied and were even a little jealous of her good fortune, and her mother openly expressed her extreme satisfaction. Yes, taken altogether, it was undeniably the most satisfying experience she, Silvia, had known. Kindrach bounded her horizon. She had been perhaps thirteen when they first came, but the past had faded swiftly from her light remembrance. It was also, if not the most satisfying experience David Fairfax had known, yet ranked by him as one of his prominent successes. Taken altogether, he told himself, his life hitherto had been "no so verra unsuccessful!" This tone of complacent satisfaction was perhaps justifiable reviewing the thirty-two or three years he had lived. His father had been a small farmer, styling himself "Laird," on the strength of the possession of his few acres. David was an only child, and the "laird" had ambitious promptings, "the laddie should be a minister and preacher of the Word." From a heavy uninteresting child, David passed into a heavy, uninteresting youth, and from that on into a heavy but not wholly uninteresting man. He laboured doggedly through his career at the Edinburgh University—poor, ignorant, and alone. Proud of the sufferings he endured whilst there, but prouder of the knowledge and learning he had wrested from his "Alma Mater" with such painful toil, he had fought single-handed with poverty and physical privation, fought single-handed also with his lack of early training, and the almost insurmountable disadvantage of little or no foundation of knowledge to build upon such as lads usually lay at public schools, but in the end, he, David Fairfax, climbed to the highest summit of his ambition, and returned as conqueror to Kindrach, dogmatic, assertive, calmly imbued with a firm belief in himself and thoroughly self-satisfied. He took up work at first as assistant to their old minister, but soon, through the death of the old man, had the pastorship in his own hands. His father had died long before this came to pass, his mother he never remembered; Aunt Muir stood almost in that relationship to him, having come to the Manse, on the death of her sister, when David was a "bit laddie" and Janet a wee maiden. She was the widow of another small farmer, who had left her some fifty acres adjoining the Fairfax pastures. In agreeing to form a

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common household they did a wise thing, for David subsequently proved an excellent farmer as well as minister, and Mrs. Muir was a notable housewife, the combination of their two needs forming a complete and harmonious whole. His engagement to Silvia Dewar was viewed by David as another success; he was thinking of it when he turned to Janet, and remarked exultingly,—

"M'ah life has been no so verra unsuccessful!" He spoke with a strong accent, in keeping with his wide Scotch face and loose powerful figure; not a handsome face or figure, the features of both being too unformed and heavily put together. There was no beauty about his striding legs and swinging arms, the legs were too short, and the arms too long; and though his shoulders were broad, they hung forward, and detracted from his height, which was not great. His mouth was large and firm, and he wore his short, thick, black moustache and beard cut so as to fringe both mouth and chin, the latter being clean shaven. His eyes were clear, steady, honest, and grey; his forehead abrupt, the line of his jaw firm and powerful, his hands large, and his feet ungainly.

"M'ah life has been no so verra unsuccessful!" he repeated, as Janet made no observation.

He raised his tones, and allowed them to fall slowly at the end of the words with a melancholy drawling cadence—characteristic, but wholly impossible to reproduce on paper.

"Look now!" he continued, proceeding to check off his successes on the fingers of his hand, beginning with the broad, flat, stubborn-looking thumb. "There was m'ah Univarsitee career!" A look of proud self-congratulation was in his eye and in the emphatic tap he gave his thumb.

"Eh, but that was fine!" murmured Janet, with soft energy, laying his grey sock she was darning on her knee, and looking up at him with answering pride in her gentle eyes.

"Ah'm no saying ah couldn't have done better, and ah'm no saying ah couldn't have done worse," he went on argumentatively; "there are men possibly who might have made more of their opportunities, and there are men who couldn't have done what ah did. Ah just take the place between these twa extremes, and on the whole it was satisfactory. Then the farm has prospered in m'ah hands," he added, touching his first finger.

"It has that!" interjected Janet emphatically.

"And," he continued, laying hold of his middle finger, while a softer light and a gentler expression spread about the corners of

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his eyes and firm lips, and his tone became insensibly less self-assertive—"there's the wark o' the ministry, wherein, hitherto, God has abundantly blessed me, both with holy thoughts and a power o' expression."

"Aye, aye," assented Janet earnestly. "Eh, but it's a wonderful gift! I sit in kirk whiles pondering, and wondering how ye can pray and preach wi' such stirring power. God has chosen ye for a great and good work, David."

David Fairfax paused a moment.

"And yet it's the one point in which ah feel less personal power, Janet, m'ah woman, if ye can understand," he said presently, still holding his middle finger thoughtfully. "Ah wrestle and pray mightily for greater freedom, for more confidence—but it's withholden yet a while. The Sabbath discourses are a labour to me, and the words of prayer come to me in kirk ah know not how, whiles ah fear they may fail utterly." A gloomy look gathered in the lines of his forehead.

"Aye, but they han'na failed yet, either in fulness of expression or beauty of thought," Janet hastened to say with swift tact; "dinna fash your mind wi' thoughts like yon, David."

"Ow, aye, such an argument is what one might have expectit frae a woman," he said with a little harmless scorn, but his brow cleared nevertheless. "Ye and your kind have no been gifted greatly wi' reason and logic."

"Nay, I ken naething aboot they gran' things," Janet returned with cheerful humility. "Men mostly get all the book-learning—wommin are content with what they can pick up whiles."

David smiled, not ill-pleased by this little tribute laid at the shrine of man's superiority, and tapped his fourth and weakest finger lightly—almost gaily; with a ponderous gaiety, and a lightness only light by comparison with his usual heaviness.

"Do ye no ken what that stands for?" he asked. "M'ah fourth success!—it's just Silvia!" Here the man resumed all his old satisfaction of manner.

"A bonnie lass! a real leddy! and one willing to mek hersel just whatever ah please."

Janet's head was bent over her work and her eyes fixed steadily on the needle she was skilfully using—perhaps this was why she made no rejoinder.

"Nay, nay; I repeat m'ah life has been no so verra unsuccess-

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ful, thanks be to God," he added, with a strange mixture of boastfulness and humility.

It was in April that Mrs. Dewar received one of the periodical communications from her sister, Mrs. Alexander Porter. There had been a slender thread of intercourse kept up between them, such as an interchange of occasional letters and photographs of one or other of their children. This last epistle from Mrs. Porter was in acknowledgment of a photo of Silvia taken a little while before her engagement, a copy having been forwarded to the great relations in London. In addition to thanks for the photo, Mrs. Porter expressed a wish that Silvia would pay them a visit, and knowing her sister's pecuniary resources were not great, she offered very kindly to pay all the girl's expenses. It was not an invitation to be lightly regarded or set aside; even David saw its importance. With shrewd Scotch foresight he had no desire that his future wife should be wholly cut off from relatives so powerful—standing so well before the world as the Porters. And though their engagement was but a new and recent experience, in the full flush and radiance of its first quarter, he agreed with Mrs. Dewar that Silvia should go.

The matter was soon arranged. There were expeditions to the nearest big town, twelve miles off, to purchase a couple of new and fashionable dresses for the delighted Silvia, and various other little additions to her extremely slender wardrobe; David driving them himself each time across the moors in his spring cart, and entering solemnly into their anxious consultations respecting colour, texture, and style. Indeed the whole of Kindrach was greatly stirred by this event. It was so wonderful to hear of any in their midst, one of themselves, thinking of taking that "awfu' journey!" Edinburgh was the extremest limit, the furthest flight their imagination could picture; but London! it was indeed unheard of. They began making little presents to the girl, as if she were going on a far journey to a distant land. Mrs. Muir expressed her sense of the solemnity and importance of the event by calling her friends together on the last evening to meet Mrs. Dewar and her daughters.

"No a pairty," she said in bidding them to the feast, "but just a bit merry making to hearten up Siller and bid her good-bye and God speed."

Aunt Muir always spoke of David's future wife as Siller. Janet also used this easier pronunciation, and David even had fallen into the habit.)

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It was a very informal little gathering, the principal feature of the entertainment being the ponderous tea; Mrs. Muir and Janet having exhausted their skill (and themselves) in preparation of the various delicacies with which the table was spread. After tea, music and old-fashioned games, with a plentiful intermixture of talk, passed the time successfully. Kate Dewar sang her two French songs, and she and Lesbia played their duets from "Il Trovatore;" while Mrs. Dewar sat in the chair of state by the fire, with her feet on the white sheepskin rug, complacently proud of her daughters and their prominence; and Aunt Muir sat opposite and beamed across at Mrs. Dewar, nodding her head, and moving her hands in time to the music with an air of knowing all about it and being thoroughly able to appreciate talent when thus brought under her notice. Janet stepped quietly about, and saw to every one's necessities, like a gentle noiseless spirit of good-will, in her soft grey homespun—her Sabbath gown donned for this great occasion.

When they had all gone except the Dewars—who stood clustering round the open fire-place talking everything and everybody over with Aunt Muir, David, who had left them for a little, now returned, carrying a small box which he unfastened as he walked across the floor.

"It's m'ah mother's watch," he said, detaching Silvia from the group; he said it solemnly, and reverently looked at the large old-fashioned double-cased timekeeper lying in the palm of his hand.

"Yes?" said Silvia a little eagerly, hoping he intended it as a present for herself. "Yes?" she said, looking up into his face interrogatively.

"And now it's yours," he said, laying her hand over the watch, and closing both between his. "M'ah mother's and m'ah wife's." The strong lines of his face grew soft, and his eyes very tender as he looked down into the pretty girlish face. Yet he added with caution,

"See now you're verra carefu' o' it an' dinna get smashing the spring, or scratching the surface; and have a bit pocket put in youre gowns, where it'll be safe and handy to get at."

"Yes, oh yes!" said Silvia obediently.

It was this obedience David Fairfax found so satisfactory about Silvia.

"She's just as docile, an' easy to manage as a whippit hound," he once remarked triumphantly.

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"The chain I gave to Janet," he added, "but a ribbon will answer the purpose just perfectly well."

"Oh, what a pity!" pouted Silvia. "A real watch wants a real chain—perhaps Janet would lend me hers?"

"You'll not ask her," he said authoritatively, "ribbon is all that is required." He returned the watch to its box as he spoke. "Keep it verra safe," he repeated, giving it into Silvia's hands.

Janet, leaning a little wearily against the high roughly carved supports of the mantelshelf, overheard this little colloquy. Her heart beat perhaps a little quicker as she saw the watch transferred to Silvia, for when the chain came into her possession she had felt a dim sweet hope that David's mother's watch would be hers too some day. Now?—well now it was Silvia Dewar's, and she might as well have the chain also. So thinking, she slipped away, and passed swiftly up the narrow stairway to her dark dimity-hung chamber. She struck no light, for she knew the position of everything in the room by heart; groping in the recesses of an old oak press she found what she was looking for without difficulty—a small wooden box, dark with age, and clamped at the corners with roughly beaten brass-work. This she carried to the window, and drawing aside the white curtains to admit more light, she stood it on the sill. Unlocking it, she took out a little parcel wrapped in soft paper; the outer covering and a layer of cotton-wool being removed, a long, thin, thread-like chain of gold lay in her hand.

The moon outside flooded the place with pale radiance; the clump of pines—just where the straggling paths and flower-beds, of the bit of ground designated by the name of garden, met and were swallowed up by the rolling, lonely, moor—stood a dark mass in clear relief, the sharp stiff heads of the trees silently rearing themselves against a background of silver light, across which the moon drifted; its pure perfect outline untouched by the cloudy mist which hung softly like the folds of gossamer fairy curtains round and about this space of light.

"It's all he ever gave me," she thought, looking at the slender chain wistfully. "But it seems to me it belongs to Siller, now with . . . . all the rest."

She did not kiss it or weep over it, she only very carefully rubbed it on the soft surface of her best gown and wrapped it up neatly, tying it with a bit of ribbon—making quite a festive little parcel of her one valued possession which she was parting with now for ever.

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She slipped it into Silvia's hand when saying good-bye, murmuring, "It's just a bit chain which belongs to the watch David gave ye the night."

CHAPTER II.

"Did you ever, my dear May, see anything quite so deliciously quaint and out of date?"

Miss Harding put up her long-handled eye-glass and took another exhaustive survey of the newly arrived Silvia, sitting at the other end of the long drawing-room beside her aunt, enduring a painful experience of acute discomfort. Everything was terrible; she could lay hold, as yet, of no crumb of comfort. No. 54, Lancaster Gate, awed and distressed her beyond expression; she was conscious of being all wrong, of looking totally unlike her cousin May, or that other lady, Miss Harding. Her new shoes creaked whenever she moved, and made her blush for their square-toed, noisy vulgarity. Her new blue merino was as vulgar in its way as the creaking shoes. She quite understood the little glances Miss Harding bestowed on her from time to time; they expressed so entirely her own consciousness of her unsuitability to her present surroundings. She wished with a sick childish longing that she were at the Manse, or at home. Anywhere but in this grand room with its mirrors, soft chairs, numberless tables, stands of flowers, and confusing multitude of lovely things. She could only sit very upright and press her hot little hands together, forcing herself to say: "Yes, Aunt Porter," or "No, Aunt Porter," as occasion required.

Mrs. Alexander Porter was a very different woman to her sister Mrs. Dewar; with far more power, strength, and moral backbone. Her experience of life also had been far wider, and her natural ability had been aided, educated in fact, by all the advantages of travel and society. Poor little Mrs. Dewar had never been further from Scotland than to the Cumberland Lakes on her wedding tour, and her society had been confined to the denizens of View Forth and Kindrach; what little there had been as a basis to work from in her character, narrow at best, had shrunk to a smiling, gentle inanity of purpose, and perfect content with the homage of Kindrach.

"You mustn't say 'Aunt Porter,' dear! I can't have you shy

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with me, your own mother's sister; you must call me Aunt Silvia!"

So she delicately silenced her niece's objectionable form of address which almost made her shudder. It was the custom at Kindrach; every one said "Aunt Muir," for instance.

May Porter looked across the room also at her forlorn little cousin.

"She is wonderfully pretty," she said, in answer to Miss Harding's remark; "a little doing up and pulling together will soon make her more than presentable. Miss Porter was too well aware that her own more cultivated beauty far surpassed Silvia's lesser charms to feel any ignoble feminine twinges of ruffled vanity. She was tall and striking-looking, wonderfully graceful in her languid movement; most perfectly self-possessed with charming manners; that is to say, she had charming manners, though she did not always choose to parade them before the gaping multitude, therefore some people looked on her as changeable, and others, less fortunate, who had been treated with unwarying coolness, denounced her as "stuck-up!"

"We must go on artistic lines," she went on slowly, without taking her large, sad-looking eyes away from the unconscious Silvia. "She will never make a successful girl of the period, so we will turn her into something Early English—her hair will be effective."

The late Mr. Dewar's hair had been red; Silvia's was a lovely subdued coppery shade of that colour. Though she wore it demurely parted down the middle, and closely plaited into a modest knot at the back, yet its natural rebelliousness of disposition caused it to break out on every side in frizzly little curls and love-locks.

"No, we could never make her stylish," said Miss Harding, complacently smoothing down the waist of her perfectly fitting gown which displayed the curves of her admirable figure to great advantage; "it would take too long to civilize her sufficiently."

Miss Etta Harding was herself eminently civilized. Her only claim to good looks lay in the possession of a certain quality usually denominated *style*. She lived with the Porters as a sort of girl friend, or companion to May, who was an only daughter, delicate, and apt to fall into fits of nervous depression, arising greatly from weak health, and also in a measure from having nothing to do. Miss Harding was supposed to supply, from the

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doctor's and anxious mother's point of view, any deficiency in May Porter's life and surroundings which would account for these moments of depression.

"We must get John White's assistance," said May, languidly. "He is sure to be very suggestive, and it's just the sort of thing he enjoys; I have often thought of presenting him with one of those wax dolls from the Lowther Arcade to dress and amuse himself with." She spoke with a little lazy scorn.

"And now you will present him with the pretty cousin instead." Miss Harding's tone and smile were, like John White, "very suggestive," though she tittered a little to carry off their first bald effect.

May merely moved her eyes away from Silvia and turned them on Etta.

"The sleeves of that dress are put in shockingly, Etta, dear, they make you look quite round-shouldered," she said gently, and, rising, went across and sat down by Silvia, whom she proceeded to fascinate and enslave by the sweetness and tact with which she set that poor little mortal at her ease.

Between them they did in a very short space of time utterly transform Silvia into "something like some one out of an old picture," according to Etta. John White proved very suggestive.

He was an artist; and, intimate to a certain degree with the Porter family generally, between him and May Porter there existed an intangible something—not an engagement, by any means, hardly an understanding, but a mutual interest which might drift into the former, or drift on into nothingness. He was one of those fortunate beings whom every one likes—men, women, and children, fell indiscriminately under the spell of his cheery, hearty, happy-go-lucky nature. A big, fair, handsome man, blessed with unfailing good-temper and perennial high spirits, capable of touching tender bruises and ruffled feelings with all a woman's gentleness, and endued with a wonderful capacity for seeing the world from the same point of view as others saw it. His blue eyes had their own especial peephole, but they were not glued to that one look-out as most people's are—they readily shifted and applied themselves promptly to his neighbour's peepholes. From the troubled, blurred perspective of a disappointed child, to the wider visions and higher aspects of men and women, he saw as they saw. In this facility of perception lay the root of his popularity.

He found Silvia's peephole at once (perhaps it might not have

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been so soon discovered had she been plain and uninteresting), and won her entire confidence by delicately insinuating his sympathy with a comprehension of her present troubles and perplexities. She was perfectly unconscious of these insinuations in their direct bearing. All she felt was the sense of ease his society naturally (considering the bent and tone he took) brought with it. "He is so funny!" she told herself. She found it funny and amusing to be called "Annie Laurie," instead of the formal Miss Dewar others accorded her; she found it funny, but very pleasant, to have flowers brought her. He affected a teasing manner—offending May by this little failing, but Silvia thought that funny also, and highly entertaining. He played the banjo remarkably well—an instrument Silvia had never seen before; she thought his nigger songs the funniest things imaginable, though May invariably left the room when that form of entertainment began. His stories and jokes were immensely amusing, they were all so deliciously new and fresh to her; altogether John White's friendly hand proved to be a sort of sheet-anchor to which she naturally clung after emerging, confused, dazed and miserable, from the first shock of her plunge into this new and strange experience. She supported herself by it, and gained courage to strike out feebly for shore, and by-and-bye feeling power returning, and the sense of cramp and numbness giving place to the glow and vigour of renewed life, she abandoned her grasp of the sustaining hand and paddled along very contentedly by herself.

They took her about a great deal—to picture galleries, entertainments, theatres, concerts, flower shows, afternoon tea-parties and musical evenings. The Porters were very hospitable, and dinners and receptions at No. 54 were numerous. Mrs. Porter's "Wednesday Nights" were much thought of and always well attended. Silvia, had she known it, heard some very brilliant and witty talk, but failed to see the flash and sparkle. She heard also on these occasions excellent music, which in a dim way gave her greater pleasure than the duets from "Il Trovatore" and Kate's French songs. But it was not in these things she took greatest pleasure; the daintiness of her own appearance, the knowledge which struggled quickly to life that she, as well as May and Etta, had her own little circle of admirers amidst the throngs that came and went in her aunt's drawing-rooms, these were pleasurable experiences, far out-weighing the mere delights of music and wit; but to these conclusions she did not come all

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at once. At first she lived in a state of breathless amaze and bewilderment, but the same adaptability she had shown with regard to the household at the Manse, came to her aid in this novel atmosphere. With a wonderful celerity she entered into things, catching May's little graces of manner, and reproducing the ways of those about her with clever instinctive imitativeness. The facility with which women generally are capable of taking up and appropriating to themselves the manners and customs of those in whose society they may be suddenly thrown was largely developed in Silvia. She slipped into her place at the Potters with the same little air of appeal, the same gratifying exhibition of a desire to learn of them, and to be guided by their experience, which had won Aunt Muir's heart with reference to the lessons in porridge-making and bread-baking. If she did not succeed in winning the hearts of those in her aunt's household so effectually, it was not due to any flaw in this little innocent unconscious *rôle* she had adopted; but perhaps at Kindrach hearts were more easily won.

Though she had seen so much, and heard so much, and learnt so much since coming to London, her letters home were not interesting. She had not the faculty of expression with pen and ink very largely developed certainly, but the weekly notes sent to Kindrach were the merest fragments of communication.

"Well an what does the lassie say?" Aunt Muir would ask with keenest interest.

"No a verra great deal," returned David a trifle grumpily. "She just ses' her Aunt Porter's verra kind, and she's enjoying herself and goin about considerable, but there's nathing o' the places of interest she has been to see; nae mention of the Cathedral of Saint Paul, or Westmeenster Abbey, or the Monument, or the British Museeum. Things I would like to hear aboot fine."

Silvia had been away perhaps six weeks or so. May had merged into June, and June was at the point of midsummer, when David astonished his aunt and Janet by announcing his intention of taking a fortnight's holiday—an unheard-of proceeding in the annals of Kindrach history!

"James M'Kenna will take m'ah work, and be glad of the change from the toun yonder to fresh country air for a week or maybe twa."

"But where will you be goin, David?" enquired Aunt Muir, peering over the top of her spectacles in mild amazement.

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"To London," he answered shortly.

"M'ah certy!" ejaculated his aunt, dropping both hands on her knees.

"An wherefore no?" asked David a little roughly, nettled at her too evident surprise; "ither folk have taken their ways to London before now, and no lost their lives!"

Aunt Muir was apologetic at once. "Its no that, David; ye ken richt weel ah'm no saying ye couldna tak care o' yoursel, but sic an awfu journey! and the hay all doun," she explained vaguely.

"The hay wunna hurt," he said crossly.

"Nae, nae; dinna let the hay disturb ye're mind, mither; I'll see to that," interposed Janet. "Ye'll be going to fetch Siller?" she continued, turning to David soothingly, "an get acquaint with her aunt and cousins; it'll just do ye a warld o' good, an ye can see they gran things for yoursel,—the houses, and Catheedrals, and places!"

"Preecisely!" returned David loftily. "Ah'm going to fetch Siller, to show her relations a little proper attention at the same time; it's only right that the Porters sud see their niece's future husband. It will be payin' Siller a compleement also, therefore on consideration, ah've thought it a necessary step to take."

He spoke slowly and guardedly, for in his inmost heart he knew that these "considerations" were after-thoughts, and that the root of the matter lay in an intense desire to see and be seen of the Porter family. There was a streak of worldly wisdom running through his character which showed its lines very near the surface at times.

The Porters were rich and influential. Who knew what future benefits might arise from the present formation of a personal knowledge of each other? "When they saw the man Siller was going to marry, and exclaimed among themselves that she was doin' well, verra well for herself, might it not form another and stronger link than even the sisterhood of Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Dewar?" For David did not hide from himself that Mrs. Dewar was "a puir creeture," "a weak-like body," not one to be inordinately proud of, or made much of, or sought out and set on the pinnacle of Porter approbation. Moreover she was but "one o' they feckless woman-folk." And David did not rank the best specimens of that feeble class very highly.

"Set him up! wi' his Porters and his notions," said Aunt

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Muir indignantly, unconsciously touching the very spot in her resentment at the tone her nephew had used towards her.

"Oh mither!" said Janet reproachfully "it's no' that, it's just that he is longin' and longin' to see Siller, and does'na like to say so. Canna ye see it a'?"

"Oh aye, I can see it a'," sniffed Mrs. Muir still resentful. But nothing further was said, for David's word was law and his decisions sacred.

Two days later he departed for Edinburgh, where he invested in a new hat, also a pair of black kid gloves—thus equipped he proceeded to London. Arrived at the Great Northern terminus he was plunged into a bustle and confusion, and rushing and roaring; a medley of many sounds, and crowds of many people, which, to him, seemed nothing less than pandemonium itself. "Eh, ma'ah wurd!" he ejaculated several times in undertones; but outwardly he preserved a staid, even stolid demeanour, and shouldering his portmanteau—having no notion of trusting it into other hands—he hailed a conveyance and was driven to a small Temperance Hotel in the Strand, the name of which he had obtained in Edinburgh.

The next morning he sallied forth—not in quest of the Porter mansion, for he knew enough of the ways of the world, he flattered himself, not to pay calls in the forenoon—but to take a general look round and see what this great City held. He had not informed Silvia of his intended visit, and he had requested silence from the others also on the subject, holding the view that pleasure is enhanced when unexpected.

The hurrying crowd of men streaming City-wards—for it was between nine and ten, the hour when suburban trains pour forth a continuous flood of humanity—struck him into a condition of passive wonder. "I never saw the like before," he told himself in tones of suppressed concentrated amazement; but the sight exhilarated him also. The morning was bright and sunny, the June air sweet even in the Strand, and everything around was a thrilling experience. He kept a sharp look-out at first for suspicious characters, also for the Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey, or the British Museum, expecting to come upon one or other at every turning, but all particulars soon faded and blended into the whole. There was no discerning suspicious characters in a crowd like this. The great sights were lost in this great multitude of lesser lights. He was very satisfied and pleased with his morning's walk. He even pur-

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chased a rose from a flower-seller to take to Silvia—though not without a wrestle over the sum she asked, "Three pennies for yon bit blossom? Eh, m'ah wurd! here's one forrit and dear at that." But the woman showered such a voluble outburst of refined English in a stream of indignation, expostulation and vituperation upon him, that David reluctantly handed forth the remaining two coppers and swung himself out of the little crowd which their altercation had immediately attracted. He was standing gazing about him in Trafalgar Square, at the façade, pillars, and little steps of the National Gallery, at the lions, and Nelson's Monument, when, looking up, he caught sight of the dome of St. Paul's rising high above the smoke and chimney tops, and glittering in the bright sunlight.

"That will be the great Cathedral!" he pondered thoughtfully. Seeing a small specimen of the street-arab tribe peering up at him from the gutter, where he was dabbling his feet in a delicious bath of dust and refuse, he asked in a loud cheery voice, pointing with his umbrella at the same time, "Hey, laddie, is yon Saint Paul's?"

The imp continued gazing up into his face, but with an air of contempt gathering on his pinched elfish countenance. Slowly he put up one grimy hand, and pulling down the lower lid of his left eye, protruded his tongue at the same time; it was done in perfect silence; then with a shrill yell he slipped into the roadway.

"Yah! d'yer think I wos born yesterday, Old Solemnity? try ye're tricks on some other feller! ye doan't catch me at that game."

"An' if ah cud catch ye ah'd catch ye as sound a clout as ye've iver experienced," said David wrathfully, advancing a menacing hand; but the creature disappeared like magic, and David strode away amid the roars of some cabbies in a line of hansoms drawn up for hire.

This little incident sent him back to his Temperance Inn with somewhat reduced elation of spirits.

After disposing of a modest but substantial dinner, he proceeded to array himself for his call at Lancaster Gate with a feeling, which in any other man might be described as approaching nervousness, but in David's case perhaps such a description scarcely conveys a true idea of his sensations. He was anxious (though not consciously aware of any such anxiety) to appear before the Porters to the best advantage, to impress them

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favourably; though not touched with any dread that he would fail to shine, yet the very novelty of the desire created a disturbance of his usual complete serenity.

When finally completed, his toilet gave him great satisfaction. His coat hung down to his knees in ample folds of shining broadcloth, with two creases across the surface of his broad back, showing where it had been folded—but its newness and extreme respectability, its dumb witness to the solvent and well-to-do condition of its wearer, were alone apparent to David. He carefully fitted on his new black kid gloves, somewhat baggy about the palms and finger-ends, and wrapping the rose he had bought for Silvia (at such an exorbitant price) clumsily in a bit of thick note-paper, he started. Having obtained instructions from the young woman at the bar as to what omnibuses he must take, and having, with much forethought, noted down the same, he reached his destination without much difficulty.

The exterior of the Porter mansion he found disappointing.

"It's no so verra wonderful after all," he thought, standing in the portico of No. 54 and glancing upwards at the plain square frontage. There were balconies to the windows on the second floor, lined with boxes and pots of bright flowers and hanging creepers; these alone broke the monotonous straight lines of high buildings running round three sides of a square, a large church occupying the fourth. The man-servant who opened the door he pronounced also "nothing wonderful;" he had expected something more gorgeous than this plain-looking individual in black and white—something in plush and powder, gold lace and silk stockings. "Is Mistress Porter within?" he asked, with a certain resumption of all his old ease and confidence.

"Not at home," answered the butler, with swift precision edging the door forward as he spoke, for this person had not the appearance of a visitor to whom any great show of deference was necessary.

"Wait a bit, my man," interposed David, laying a broad black hand on the advancing panel; "is Miss Silvia Dewar within?"

The man stared and hesitated. "Not at home," he repeated presently, with a perfectly unmoved countenance but in a louder key.

"That's verra unfortunate," cogitated David audibly, laying hold of his chin with a considering thumb and forefinger; "ah'll just step in and wait," he concluded calmly, placing a foot on the topmost step; "it's a long way back to the inn where ah'm

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stopping," he continued explanatorily, "and maybe they'll be in verra shortly?"

"You can't do that," replied the man-servant, still unmoved.

"Hoots! Can't?" began David. "You don't know what you are talking aboot or to whom you are speaking."

The man grinned in what David felt to be an offensive manner.

"Dooks, earls, and markisses do go around incog. now-a-days. It's a fashion they are partial to, I've heard; but anyway, I'll have to run the risk of offending your lordship," he said glibly, and winking knowingly. Before David could express any of the wrath which rushed upon him at the man's impertinence, some one from within addressed the butler. He heard a lady's voice call "Rogers!" and the man abandoned the door, turning with a sudden access of obsequious deference to the speaker. David seized the opportunity, and stepped forcibly into the hall, coming face to face with Miss Etta Harding in outdoor attire, evidently prepared to sally forth.

David removed his hat, and made an angular movement with his body and head, intended for a bow, which civility Miss Harding encountered with a cold stare.

"It's verra unfortunate Mrs. Porter and Silvia should be out," he said, smiling blandly, "but ah'm in no hurry, ah'll just wait till they return. Miss Porter, I presume? You'll have heard m'ah name—David Fairfax?" He paused for this announcement to take effect: it produced nothing, so he put in—

"Minister of Kindrach!" and paused again, crumpling the edges of his soft hat together in his large hands, still smiling. This also was empty of produce.

"I am your cousin Silvia's affianced husband!" he added finally. The effect when it came was sufficiently vivid.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Etta involuntarily. "Rogers, go and tell Mrs. Porter to come down at once," she said authoritatively to the apparently deferentially deaf but highly interested butler.

"I am not Silvia's cousin," she said, turning to David as the man moved away, "but I live here, and know all about the family. I—— None of us knew she was engaged. It's—it's very astonishing! You are Mr. David Fairfax, minister of Kindrach, and engaged to Silvia?" she questioned with a rapid precise arrangement of the facts.

"Yes," returned David shortly and reservedly. Since she

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was not a Porter, he did not feel called upon to enlarge this account of himself. Etta had taken in the situation, and was not a little pleased. Silvia was not a great favourite of hers; she was too pretty, and made too much of by every one. All the ridiculous fuss about her charming Scotch accent and quaint Scotch ways annoyed and irritated Etta. Now she saw the prospect of a sufficient downfall before the designing, deceitful little minx. To have lived six weeks in her aunt's house, receiving every kindness, and not once to have mentioned the fact of her engagement! Oh, yes! Etta foresaw much tribulation awaiting Silvia with the appearance of this uncouth suitor.

"What is it, Etta?" asked Mrs. Porter, not coming down the last flight of stairs, but bending forward and speaking a little impatiently from the landing above. "I told Rogers I was not at home, but he is so tiresome, and so stupid, he lets in every pertinacious person who——" But seeing dimly that some one was standing in the hall besides Etta, she stopped abruptly.

"That is Mrs. Porter. Come up and speak to her," said Miss Harding quickly to David.

She was pleasantly excited and stirred by this unlooked-for event—it promised to be too funny.

"It's some one to see Silvia, some friend from Scotland," she said, running up to where Mrs. Porter was standing.

On the landing was an organ, with gleaming pipes rising to the roof; some low chairs, tables, and lounges, and a mass of palms and ferns, against which Mrs. Porter's figure stood in relief: the afternoon sunlight pouring through a stained-glass window falling on the folds of her long, loose, dead-black silk tea-gown, and touching the pale orange bows in her soft lace lap. She had perfectly white hair, which she wore *à la* Marie Antoinette, drawn up high from her forehead, a style which suited her still fresh, fairly youthful complexion admirably. Her figure was fine, though matronly. Altogether she was an imposing woman to encounter, but David felt little on this score. He was nettled at the announcement Miss Harding had made of their ignorance of Silvia's engagement. Also he was gravely surprised at having caught Mrs. Porter telling a deliberate untruth. With his own ears he had heard her declare that she had desired that man Rogers to say she was not at home, being all the time comfortably within doors. Engrossed with these thoughts he came heavily and steadily upstairs, noting nothing about, or the two women standing above him.

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"Ah'm sorry to disturb ye, Mrs. Porter, mam," he said gravely as he mounted the last step, and stood face to face with Silvia's aunt. "A grand-like woman," he thought, but her appearance sent no thrill of fear to his heart.

"Ah'm sorry to disturb ye, but dinna fash yoursel'. It's just Silvia ah came to see," pronouncing his betrothed's name laboriously.

Mrs. Porter did not smile, or put out her hand, or even bend her head in recognition of his speech. She only looked at him with amazement written in every perplexed line and furrow.

"Yes?" she said coldly. "And what is your business with my niece?"

"Business?" returned David, "business! It's no' business ah cam' upon, it's mere pleasure. A man comes to see his sweetheart for that reason ordinarily—not business!" he smiled broadly, and looked knowingly from Etta to Mrs. Porter.

"Ah'm glad also of the opportunity of meking your acquaintance, Mrs. Porter, mam. Siller's aunt, all her relations and friends, in fact, are my relations and friends likewise."

Mrs. Porter allowed her limp impassive hand to be cordially shaken by David during this speech, scarcely knowing what was taking place; but as he swung it up and down heartily the action roused her from her momentary bewilderment. She drew it from his clasp swiftly.

"Am I to understand that you are engaged to my niece—to Silvia?" she said sharply.

"Precisely," returned David tartly, annoyed by her manner. "Has Siller no told ye a' aboot it?"

"I've heard nothing—nothing," replied Mrs. Porter emphatically. "I think there must be some mistake."

David drew himself up. This hint and suspicion of a doubt roused his anger mightily.

"A mistake, hoots! Take me to Siller; ye'll soon see there has been no mistake. She has, may be, felt shy of speaking of her betrothal to strangers."

"Silvia is in the drawing-room," suggested Etta, her eyes bright with interest.

Mrs. Porter frowned, and for a moment stood undecided, then she turned with a little hasty gesture towards a curtained doorway, followed closely by David and Etta.

(*To be continued.*)

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Thoughts on the Last Wimbledon Meeting.

I.—The National Rifle Association.

"THE object of the Association is to give permanence to Volunteer Corps, and to promote rifle-shooting throughout Great Britain," is the first clause in the constitution of the National Rifle Association. Her Majesty the Queen inaugurated the Wimbledon Meetings by firing the first shot on Wimbledon Common on July 2, 1860; since when, year by year, with almost continuous progressive prosperity, the meetings have been held on the suburban common, and the Wimbledon Meeting, Wimbledon Camp, Wimbledon rules and regulations have passed into household words throughout the English-speaking portions of the world. The Meeting of 1889 is the last that is to be held on Wimbledon Common, and it has been thought that this great crisis in the affairs of the Association affords a fitting opportunity to take stock of its work. Originally it was intended to hold an annual shooting meeting "in such part of Great Britain, varying from year to year, as shall be deemed by the Council most advantageous for the advancement of the objects of the Association," and it was decreed that "every third meeting shall take place in Scotland." But the magnitude and cost of the preparations for the meeting of 1860 led to the abandonment of the proposed peripatetic character of the shooting meetings; the representatives of Scotland, Lancashire, and Yorkshire acquiesced in this decision; and men from all parts of the Empire have come up to Wimbledon, year after year, agreeing that all the conditions necessary for such a Camp and Prize Meeting, were combined in complete perfection on the healthy, breezy Surrey common. When it was known that the Association were obliged to give up Wimbledon, proposals for

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land for the shooting came from many places, some that were impossible, and but few that combined all that was wanted. The Secretary's office for months looked like a map shop; plans and sketches littered tables and floor, while the walls were literally covered with Ordnance and other maps. Seldom have a body of men had a more difficult task than fell to the lot of the Council: it was not easy to find a site that would do, it was perhaps harder to reconcile all the interests involved. The duty became all the more delicate and responsible, in that the Chairman, Lord Wantage, V.C., most generously offered an admirable site, suitable in every single particular save one, worth about £20,000, which, with characteristic liberality, he offered to convey to the Association as a free gift. This noble example was not less nobly followed by the landowners of Staffordshire, who expressed their readiness to buy, and convey free of cost to the Association, an excellent site on Cannock Chase. I need not dilate on the numerous proposals of varying character; on the work and labour of love; on the enthusiastic devotion with which the members of the Committee set themselves to weigh the merits and demerits of the various sites, most of which were inspected, several of them being visited on several occasions; but it will suffice to say, up to the very day on which the Council arrived at their decision, Lord Wantage's site on the Berkshire Downs, Cannock Chase, Bisley Common, Dunstable, Lewes, and two sites near Brighton were still left for choice. I am betraying no secrets when I add that the three first-named sites were the three which were left in for final choice, and that a numerical majority voted for Bisley Common. The chief hesitation which any one felt in voting for Bisley arose from the fact that it might look as if the liberality of Lord Wantage and of the gentlemen of Staffordshire had not been fully appreciated.

Nothing was further from our mind: the paramount necessity for being as near London as possible weighed most, and with a majority; the advantage of drawing more closely the connection between the army at Aldershot and the National Rifle Association influenced many; while the admirable fitness of the site itself, and the interest shown by the military authorities in the selection of Bisley, completed the conquest of some who were doubtful. It is satisfactory to be able to add, that at the General Meeting of the Association held the other day, at which H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge presided, some of those who had vigorously opposed the

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adoption of Bisley, expressed their approval of the site, and their intention of supporting the Council in their endeavour to make the New Wimbledon as successful as the Old. I wonder whether any rich man, member of Council, Volunteer, or otherwise, may chance to read this article who wishes to give undoubted evidence of his patriotism, for I beg to inform such an one that the move from Wimbledon will swallow up all our reserve; in what we conscientiously believe to be for the interest of the Association we have been constrained to refuse the free gift of a site; we shall have considerable expense in establishing ourselves at Bisley, and the gift of a few thousand pounds would be most acceptable. The L. & S.-W. Railway are helping in many ways to smooth over the change, and the military authorities are giving the National Rifle Association such help as is in their power.

A generation has passed since the Association was established; stalwart competitors of twenty-eight years of age were yet unborn in 1860; a generation has passed, and with it the first Patron, the lamented Prince Consort, who aided and supported the National Rifle Association from its inception; and the first President, Mr. Sidney Herbert, who, as Secretary of State for War, built up the Volunteers on the foundation laid by General Peel; while out of the first forty Vice-Presidents not more than half-a-dozen remain; and out of the first twenty-six members of Council but nine are alive, and only four are still members of Council—the Duke of Westminster, Earls Spencer and Wemyss, and General Sir W. M. McMurdo; the veteran Secretary, Captain E. St. John Mildmay, is still to the fore. The following statistics, which I have reduced to a minimum, will enable the reader to estimate the progress which has been made.

The National Rifle Association in 1860 was a very small and modest affair. There were 24 targets; 67 prizes, 40 of which were open to all comers, and 27 restricted to Volunteers; the value of the prizes was £2238: there were only 299 Volunteer competitors, and the total aggregate of Volunteers who entered for prizes was only 594. For the All-comers' Prizes, 17 Swiss and 1 Russian competed; the number of entries being 720, giving a grand total of entries of all kinds of 1314. The result shows how little rifle-shooting was known in the Kingdom, and it also shows the inferiority of the rifles; for the winner of the Silver Medal did not make 50 per cent. of the highest

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possible score for the first stage Queen's; while 11 competitors failed to hit the target at 300 yards; 36 missed all their shots at 500 yards; 59 missed the target altogether at 600 yards; one man failed to hit the target at any distance. But the quality and inferiority of the shooting in 1860 is perhaps most clearly shown by the fact that 35 points being the highest possible score and 17 the winning score, out of the 299 competitors only 98 made 10 points and upwards. The meeting has now become immense and the shooting excellent. In 1888 there were about 125 targets at Wimbledon, 2814 prizes; the value of the prizes, exclusive of Challenge Cups, was £9824, and the total aggregate of entries 41,670: in addition to which the enormous number of 80,188 entries were made for Pool, the Running Deer, and Man and Revolver Pool. In place of 299 Volunteers for the Queen's Prize, there were 2185 competitors; and whereas the highest scorer in 1860 did not reach 50 per cent. of the highest possible score, the winner in 1880, firing no less than 66 shots, made the excellent score of 280 marks out of a possible 330; and the lowest scorer who fired through the whole of the ranges made 224, and he was 98th on the list.

But the Grand Aggregate Prize gives the most conclusive proof as to the excellent shooting. In this competition there are no less than 125 prizes, for which the competitors have to fire at eleven distances; the highest possible score was 385 marks, and the highest scorer made 337; the man who was 50th made 317, the man who was 100th made 313, and the last winner made 310.

In 1860 there were 106,443 efficient Volunteers, and the numbers have steadily increased in 1870 to 170,671; in 1880 to 196,938, and in 1888 to 220,124. I do not claim that this most satisfactory increase is altogether due to the National Rifle Association, but I remember that in the early days of Volunteering we hardly dared to expect that the movement would take root and spread. Few believed that the Volunteers would last many years or become a part, much less a permanent portion of the defensive forces of the country. That they have done so is due to a variety of causes, amongst which must be recognized the patriotism that initiated the movement, the enthusiasm which has sustained it, and the personal advantage of health, of discipline, of steady habits, which the individual members purchase for themselves by their sacrifice of time and money.

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Nevertheless I do claim that shooting, that target practice, company, battalion, County prize meetings, have exercised, and do exercise, an immense influence on the vitality of the force ; and I claim that what the University is to the various schools—perhaps, speaking strictly, I should say—what an examining University like London is to the schools which connect themselves with it, that is the Wimbledon Meeting to class, company, battalion and County shooting. The result of the shooting training in every part of the country is made abundantly manifest at the Annual Meeting of the National Rifle Association. There are a few Volunteer officers who dispute this ; they know not much about Wimbledon ; they disregard the fact that Wimbledon is a meeting only for shooting, and for shooting under circumstances which will give the best shooting results ; that it is not, and never will be, a meeting for drill and tactics ; and that if the National Rifle Association became defunct, the County meetings, many of which can hardly now be maintained, would rapidly follow ; after which battalion meetings would not long endure : class firing alone would not support the Volunteer force, and we should see a rapid and incurable consumption take fast hold of the Volunteer force ; and it is well to bear in mind that for a galloping consumption such as would then set in, no cure can even be suggested.

It must not be forgotten that the National Rifle Association Meeting affords the only meeting-place of friendly competition of Army, Navy, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers ; the only place at which our comrades in arms from the Channel Islands, Canada, Australia, India and other Colonies and possessions can test their progress, and give visible demonstration of their Imperial brotherhood to our home soldiers, our sailors and Volunteers.

I am firmly convinced that we may expect to make progress and to improve in many respects at our new and beautiful shooting-ground ; for Bisley will not be more distant in time from London than Wimbledon : we can only get 1000 yards at Wimbledon, while Bisley will allow ranges of 2500 yards. We have about 125 targets now, to be increased to perhaps 170 at Bisley : at Wimbledon competitors shooting in the late afternoon are bothered by the sun in their eyes, from which they will at Bisley be free. Our buildings will, after 1891, be permanent ; while, owing to our tenure at Wimbledon, they have been temporary ; thus the expenditure of yearly erection and

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removal will be avoided. We shall be free from the effusive crowd of the "Middle Sunday." Though the residents at Putney and Wimbledon will miss us more than they think, we shall henceforth be guiltless of causing any annoyance to our neighbours, for we shall not have any neighbours except the Guards in the adjoining camp. Last, though not least, we shall be able to make new developments to meet the requirements of the altered condition of things military. Many other advantages might be enumerated, but the above will tend to show that having fought as hard as we knew how to fight on behalf of our old love, we intend very much to get on successfully with the new.

With more targets and longer ranges, with improved rifles and more favourable atmospheric conditions, the meetings at Bisley will convince the most sceptical that the advance which has been made in the art and science, the practice and skill of rifle-shooting has been as distinct and indisputable since the first meeting at Wimbledon as the advance in any other branch of modern life. In 1857 Brown Bess was still in use in India: in 1860 the Enfield rifle was not a very reliable weapon: in 1862, so imperfect was the Government manufacture that thirty-four rifles issued for use at Wimbledon did not pass the Government test: in 1860 but few men in England had ever fired a rifle: those who shot best, shot badly: the match rifles of that day, except Mr. Whitworth's, were of a very inferior quality. But little was known of ammunition, of wind-gauges, of the flight of bullets; while the experience of rifle-shots was almost restricted to the few deer-stalkers who shot their quarry at very short distances. Our match rifles and those who use them now take the highest rank in the world; the Government rifles are of infinitely better quality. Our Wimbledon shots have beaten all previous records; while the science of shooting is known and thoroughly understood, I think, by more men in these islands than in any country in the world. As Sir Henry Halford said not long ago, "We have taught the army to shoot"; and to the National Rifle Association is it mainly due that many hundreds of thousands of men in this country have added rifle-shooting to the pastimes of England; and though cricket and foot-ball are our national games, there are more men in the country who shoot than play cricket. So far as numbers are concerned, the rifle has more than taken the place of the bow.

I look forward to the influence which the proximity of Bisley

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to Aldershot will have on the shooting of our soldiers and the friendly rivalry between the services as amongst the most important of the advantages we shall gain. It has been suggested that the Queen's Prize should be thrown open to all branches of the service; there is much to be said for this, but also against it. It must rest entirely with the Queen to say whether the valuable prize which Her Majesty has generously given for thirty years, the thoughtful presentation of which exercised untold influence on the early days of the National Rifle Association, and which was given to encourage the unpaid Volunteers, shall be thrown open to others. There is something very pleasant in looking forward to the friendly rivalry of soldier, sailor, militiaman and volunteer for the Blue Riband of rifle-shooting, but the conditions under which the competitors would be trained would differ *in toto*, and it might well happen that in many a regiment a very promising young shot would be exempt from duty and encouraged to practise every day, and all days, with a view to his obtaining the much-coveted prize for the honour of the regiment, while most Volunteers have difficulty in finding time for practice. The Queen's Prize has been won by men of most classes and almost all ranks of life: by a barrister, an artist, a clerk, a merchant, a farmer, a shopkeeper, a secretary, an undergraduate, and by those of many other classes and professions, but never, I think, by an idle man. The winners of the Queen's Prize have been found amongst men actively engaged in the affairs of life, and for the most part hard-working Volunteers; and I, for one, am of opinion that the time has, at any rate, not yet come, when we should ask Her Majesty's permission so to alter the conditions of the Queen's Prize as to render it possible that it might be taken by an officer or private of the army, the navy, or the militia. But I should like to see a new prize commenced at Bisley in 1890, at the same distances and on the same conditions as those of "The Queen's," open only to the army, navy and militia, provided there were not less than 2000 competitors: it might well happen that after a few years such a prize might be merged in the Queen's, and all shoot together. Doubtless gradual changes will be made as the years roll on at Bisley. I believe these changes will be beneficial, and will tend to advancement and improvement; and although from the very nature of things the year 1919 cannot be expected to show as material an advance over 1889 as this year does on 1860, yet we may hope and expect that the National

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Rifle Association will in 1919 have as large a measure of the confidence of those for whose benefit alone it exists, as it has obtained in the past, and enjoys at the present time.

II. The Volunteers.

Lord Wantage, V.C., is a soldier of distinction who brought his military experience to bear on Volunteers in 1859, and has ever since commanded a noted Volunteer Battalion, and who for thirty years has sat on the National Rifle Association Council. He said a few days ago, speaking in the presence of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, "I regard the National Rifle Association as the key-stone of the Volunteer organization." These are words of wisdom, the result of ripe experience, as true as they are wise. They show that the Association has succeeded in the past thirty years in carrying into practical effect the object for which it was started, "to give permanence to Volunteer Corps, and to promote rifle-shooting;" and this brings me to the question of the Volunteers, their conditions of service, their value and place as an integral and permanent portion of our Defensive Forces.

By an early statute, "every freeman between the ages of fifteen and sixty years was obliged to be provided with armour to preserve the peace, but he was protected from leaving his country or shire, save (A.D. 1285) upon the coming of strange enemies into the realm."

I do not know that any Act has ever been passed, by which the duty of personal service for the actual defence of hearth and home has been taken away from the men of this country. If such an Act had been passed I do not suppose that any able-bodied man would refuse to do what was in his power to prevent an enemy landing, or making good his position after landing in this country. We have, thank God! to go back to the beginning of this century to realize what probability of invasion meant, although we were perhaps not very far from realizing it in 1859.

Mr. Pitt, speaking on this subject in 1803, when invasion was felt to be probable, said, "I was formerly and still am of opinion that to a regular army alone, however superior, however excellent, that to the regular army, even aided by the militia, we ought not solely to trust: but that, in a moment so eventful, in a crisis so full of danger—we ought to superadd to the regular army some permanent system of national defence, either to a certain degree

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compulsory, or formed upon the voluntary zeal and patriotism of the country itself. This ought to be resorted to as the grand source of domestic security. The army must be the rallying point; the army must furnish example, must afford instruction, must give us the principles on which that national system of defence must be formed, and by which the Volunteer forces of this country, though in a military point of view inferior to a regular army, would, fighting on their own soil, for everything dear to individuals, and important to a State, be invincible." Some will say that, owing to the alteration that has taken place in warfare, the more exact training, the use of artillery, the rapidity of movement, and other reasons, the principles laid down by the great statesman are no longer applicable. This I am inclined to deny; the chief difference between 1803 and 1893 would be in the use of artillery and rifles. As to the artillery the fault will be with the military authorities if they do not make adequate preparations, so that we, fighting on our own soil, should be better furnished with guns and trained men to fire them, than any possible enemy who will have to bring his guns with him and land them on our shores, in face of active opposition. I have as much confidence in Englishmen of 1889 as Mr. Pitt had in his contemporaries of 1803. We have vastly improved during the last half century in athletics, in cricket and football. Many more men hunt and shoot, play golf, run, bicycle, and climb Alpine peaks than in any period of our history; and if properly trained and commanded, the citizens of England will be able to give a better account of any invader than she could ever give before.

The enthusiastic author of "The British Volunteer," published in 1799, wrote at a period when the exigencies of the State required assistance from its members—when the ravages of foreign warfare had drawn the regular forces from our shores. "Then did Great Britain triumph—then did her martial sons stand forward in her defence. The noblemen and those of landed property no longer spent their day in idleness or dissipation; the tradesman and merchant were no longer tenacious of their accustomed relaxation. All thronged in voluntary haste to guard the standard of their country's glory —thus have they become familiar with the use of arms."

This sounds like empty boasting, but is true in spirit. For when the "levy en masse Act," was passed in the reign of George III., by which Volunteers were exempt from service in

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the army or militia, out of 500,000 men liable to serve, no less than 420,000 offers of voluntary service were received.

The number of Volunteers enrolled at five years at the commencement of the century and for the last five years are as follows :—

1804	380,195	1884	215,015
1805	360,814	1885	224,012
1806	351,518	1886	226,752
1807	334,910	1887	228,038
1808	336,404	1888	226,469

Inasmuch as the population has increased from 10,000,000 to 25,000,000 the burden of voluntary service which was borne by our grandfathers was very much greater than that which our sons have now to bear. Nevertheless I am quite confident that if we were in like danger, our young men would not be found deficient in self-denial, self-sacrifice, and patriotism, and would offer themselves in sufficient numbers to be trained. Of that I have no doubt, but whether the War Office would equip and train them is quite another matter. England neglects to use her time of preparation in a variety of ways.

I suppose that I am right in thinking that H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief and Lord Wolseley agree with the military authorities of the Continent that "Field manœuvres," "Autumn manœuvres," as we call them, are of very great value to the troops, and specially to the officers. Such movements take place annually in Austria, France, Germany, Russia, and even in Switzerland. The Autumn manœuvres of 1872, when the southern army had a staff composed of Wolseley, Herbert, Evelyn Wood, and poor Hume, revealed to the country the brilliance of the military talent which we possessed in that small staff, and elsewhere. Those movements led to the shelving of some, and to the eventual promotion of others who distinguished themselves in the mimic warfare.

Switzerland, with its small financial resources, has its "field manœuvres;" England, with all her riches, alone does not make the outlay necessary for such movements, and as a makeshift confines herself to the Aldershot chessboard, where almost every possible movement is known to the contending generals, and the game greatly depends on the opening gambit.

If I am right in thinking that our military leaders, like the Continental soldiers, are alive to the untold value of such

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movements, it is a crying shame that we do not have them. The money would be provided if the military authorities would insist upon the necessity which exists for such annual exercises.

As with the army so with the militia. While every one knows that our militia can by training be made as good as line regiments, while many of us remember the excellence of the embodied militia—such as Wiltshire, Lancashire, Stirling Battalions, after the Crimean War—not a single expert pretends that the amount of training which our militia regiments now get is sufficient. We cannot, forsooth, afford the cost of the training which is necessary for thorough efficiency!

I should like to see a standing militia camp at Aldershot, at which militiamen and militia officers could serve for six months or a year at a time, and thus be ready to take their places at the head of the defensive forces whenever required, and be far more useful than at present. If such a plan were adopted, we could pass the best of the militia officers into the army after a searching professional examination.

As with the Army and Militia, so with the Volunteers. It reflects great credit on the present Lord Mayor that he should signalise his Mayoralty by a patriotic endeavour to provide adequate clothing and proper equipment for the Metropolitan Volunteers: but the exact measure of the praise which we are heaping on Lord Mayor Whitehead, measures the exact amount of blame which we must pour out on the successive Ministers of War, who have systematically—in spite of cheap and honeyed words, and small additions to the capitation grant—neglected their duty to the Volunteers. For neglect it is, if the Volunteers who were drilling on that most dismal Whit Monday last month were wet to the skin for want of a great-coat, and laid up for want of a havresack in which to carry their rations.

We spend a good deal on our services, and although there is always some grumbling at the amount, the country invariably grants whatever the responsible ministers declare to be necessary. Ministers of War, Lords of the Admiralty, and Chancellors of the Exchequer, who neglect to make proper provision for the defence of the country, will not be able to plead, when the angry passions of all classes are excited by the invasion of England, that the country would not find the funds, but will have to confess that their fear of "the Opposition" alone made them neglect the obvious duty for which they were retained and paid. I wonder whether the popular notion is correct—I have no means

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of knowing—but the belief is very common that money, sufficient for all our naval and military purposes, is provided, but that it is not wisely expended—hence the confessedly unsatisfactory provision for our home forces.

This will never be fathomed by a Royal Commission examining officials; but the truth might be ascertained by the internal employment of one or more experienced men of business with power to examine for themselves. It is a thousand pities that the Admiralty and War Office cannot be disconnected from party politics, with which, as most men of common-sense agree, they ought not to concern themselves.

It must be taken for granted that the invasion of England is possible. How possible—nay, probable—it was regarded by our grandfathers can be ascertained by any one who will read the numerous pamphlets at the British Museum which were published on "Napoleon Buonaparte" at the commencement of this century. If invasion were decreed to be impossible, I confess it would be difficult to justify the military expenditure on Volunteers, though perhaps the Board of Health might claim the right to spend some such amount, as Volunteering is so beneficial, its physical and social advantages so great, to the men themselves and therefore to the country.

Should invasion take place, it will almost certainly occur after the defeat of our navy, and of our army, after a Continental or Asiatic—it might be an Egyptian—war; but if so, our existing small militia will have been drained for reinforcements for the army, and the people left in this country will have no organized force between the enemy and their precious selves—the Bank of England, Woolwich, and the hoarded wealth of centuries—except the Volunteers. Hence I take it, that as we insure our lives and our houses, so we ought to insure our shores, not only by paying the first premiums, but by seeing that the policy—the Volunteer service—is properly maintained.

We must bear in mind that the existing Volunteer service is "an armed force limited exclusively to defensive purposes," and not only can the Volunteers never be sent out of England, but they never would have been called into being except for the purpose of protecting our shores in the event of invasion. It seems to me that the very greatest caution is necessary in dealing with the conditions of service of this branch of our forces, and in the place which we assign them in our system of defence. We must never forget that most of the men are "conditioned"

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are not free men, are engaged in obtaining a livelihood, and I deny in the most emphatic way that it is fair to measure their value or their patriotism by their unwillingness, or, I should say, their inability, to accept any place which is designed for them in any plan of military organization, except that of resistance to invasion, for which object alone they exist. It has been proposed that the Volunteers should be constrained to accept conditions of service which will render them liable to be embodied—and embodied for a long time—when European complications exist in which England is mixed up. This has for the moment not been acted upon. But an able military writer has recently suggested that the value of the Volunteers as a part of the defensive force of the country is to be measured by their acceptance of such new conditions. I am absolutely certain that the spirit of self-sacrifice and patriotism so completely animates the Volunteers, that one and all would accept the condition, *if they could.* But as an immense proportion of them are altogether precluded from doing so, those who advocate such a condition are endangering the permanence of the force, and should remember that we have not had an invasion panic since 1860.

If England *was* threatened with invasion, commerce would be disorganized, the routine of everyday life would have to yield to the force of circumstances; trains would convey troops and not men of business; the postal deliveries would be irregular; and nearly all men, except those employed in the preparation of food, or military stores, or equipment, and the working of telegraphs and railways, would be free to defend their country.

But when John Bull's heart was not failing him, when there were only rumours of war, or the thunder of artillery was beyond the reach of English ears, the ordinary routine of life would be maintained, and doctors, barristers, solicitors, bank, insurance, and stockbroking clerks, builders, tailors, shoemakers, labourers, engineers, mechanics, miners, drapers, bootmakers, farmers, all of whom are represented in the Volunteers, would be obliged to go to their work as usual. We are told that it would be worth seeing a list of the firms and employers of labour who would dismiss their employés if they undertook the new conditions of service. Such a list would never be prepared, but the Post Office, War Office, Admiralty, the Bank of England, and every public department, every railway and almost every large business and profession, would look with disfavour on such a change.

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It would be altogether impossible that the commerce, the legal, mechanical, agricultural and all other branches of business from which the 226,000 Volunteers are furnished should all be crippled, and in many cases cease to work, except under the pressure of dire necessity. Numbers of the men would be ready, many of the officers would be ready, all, in fact, who were free to please themselves would be ready to accept such conditions; but with very great deference I venture to suggest that the militia is the service on which such duties should devolve, and that the Volunteers should, as at present, be reserved for duty only when we are threatened with invasion.

We must never let our last line of defence be used until it is absolutely necessary, for we have no reserve of any kind behind the Volunteers.

We must not allow even our best soldiers to organize our Volunteers out of existence. This is not the first time we have had to resist their well-intentioned misreading of the powers and principles of Volunteering. A few years ago, a leading soldier, now a warm friend and an honorary Colonel of a Volunteer corps, misunderstood the movement when he wrote, "every shilling of money spent upon the militia and Volunteers is so much money thrown away. We might nearly as well spend millions upon erecting fortifications of lath and plaster round our coast." Another well-known soldier said, "The idea of the Volunteers protecting or delivering the country is ridiculous." This is all changed. No one now questions their value. The organizing soldiers of to-day think so well of them as to wish to promote them to a higher and more important position in the system of national defence which happily they are preparing.

If the requirements of the country demand that more men shall be embodied before the apprehension of invasion, we must increase the militia. To this end, as many of us have been asking for the past twenty-five years, enforce the ballot for the militia, exempting only efficient Volunteers.

If England were not surrounded by the sea, if we had been sufficiently demented to have built the Channel Tunnel, we should now be considering conscription or effacement. We should then, like Switzerland, recognize our danger, and, like her, I suppose every male between ten and sixty would be liable to serve in one line or another. We have not got the tunnel, and we have the sea, nevertheless we must be prepared for the possible, and the Intelligence Department deserves our hearty

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thanks for the plan of defence which it is maturing. I only wish to express my opinion that they are running very great risks in their endeavour to put forward the last line into the place of the second or third. I would with deference say,—leave the Volunteers on their present conditions, but increase the militia, and raise sufficient for the weighty purpose you have in hand.

Most men admire Switzerland and the Swiss; even those who dislike republican institutions agree in thinking they suit the Swiss national life. We may well take a lesson from the brave and hardy Switzers. They are surrounded by powerful kingdoms, they never know what may happen to them, so that out of a population of 2,920,723 they have an army of 202,479 and a landsturm of about 296,000. We saw in the war of 1870 that they were ready to fight for the neutrality of their country if any Power failed to observe the neutrality which all the Powers have guaranteed. The lesson we should learn from Switzerland is her mode and system of equipment, and I ask why we should not equip our Volunteers as completely as the Swiss do their soldiers, and why we should not complete the equipment of every Volunteer.

"The Swiss soldier keeps his entire kit, rifle, knapsack, cloak, in his own home, and every man takes an honest pride in having each article in good condition, and in readiness for inspection at any moment. This can be tested by any one going to the homes of the men and asking to see rifle, uniform and accoutrements. The inspection of arms held annually in each district is conducted with much strictness: if found dirty, the rifle is sent to be cleaned at the holder's expense, and to return from inspection without a rifle subjects the man to the chaff of the young men and the taunts of the girls of his village. When the Swiss soldier crosses his threshold for service he may be said to be in full marching order, he has not even to apply for a railway warrant, but steps into the train at the nearest station." *

The great subject of the Volunteer service cannot be exhausted in part of an article, and ideas for its improvement and development crowd upon one; but space forbids.

In conclusion, I would urge upon all concerned not under any circumstances to allow the very last line of defence to be pushed forward. The Volunteers must be reserved for the final supreme effort of the actual defence of these islands when they are

* 'The Swiss Confederation.' Adams and Conningham, 1889.

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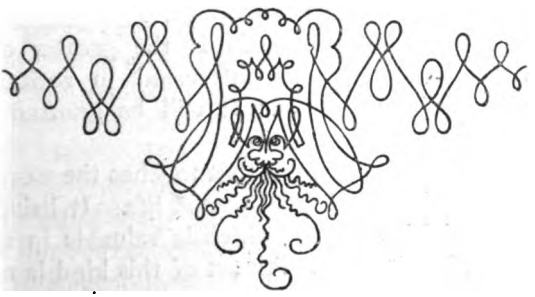
threatened with invasion. All troops that are required before the culminating crisis should be obtained without destroying our last reserve. If the Militia Ballot were enforced, efficient Volunteers alone being exempt, we could obtain as many men as we required, and we should have no complaint of the dearth of officers or men either for the Militia or Volunteers. But every man who serves should be efficiently and completely equipped at the charges of the country, and should have rifle-ranges provided so that he may learn to shoot, and keep himself in practice so as to enable him to go to Bisley Common and shoot for his battalion at the meetings of the National Rifle Association; and enable him to assist in preventing any enemy landing on these shores, and to give a good account of "any strange enemy" who succeeds in landing. We have been so long without serious national disaster, and so long since an enemy landed on these shores, that we are not very apt at learning that what has happened to other nations in Europe may happen to us. But the lesson is worth learning, and we ought to take it to heart.

"This England never did—nor never shall—
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

S. FLOOD PAGE.



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The Art of Recitation.

Part I.

Recitation may perhaps be roughly defined as being the art of speaking written words dramatically or rhythmically, with appropriate gesture and facial expression.

The first method—the dramatic—gives to the spoken words spontaneity and life. It finds the best way to bring out their full meaning, and to drive it home to the listeners. It is the combination of the drama of the voice and of gesture, used in their most natural and yet typical forms, to identify the words spoken with the speaker. For the time being the words are not the author's, but the speaker's; and it is to be supposed that they are being heard and uttered for the first time. The second method—the rhythmic—gives voice to the music of the words rather than to their drama. It preserves in truest intonation the cadence of the poet's verse, and the measured movement of a spoken song. The words are not uttered so as to make them seem to be the speaker's, nor is he supposed to be speaking them for the first time. He is but a mouthpiece or instrument. The poet speaks through him.

The first of these two methods is the greater and more difficult art. To most persons interested in recitation this statement will require no proof. It will be granted at once. But proof is not wanting.

To begin with, it is the method that touches the words of the poet with new meanings and unsuspected life. It brings something to the material it employs which is valuable in itself. It not only receives, but it gives. An art of this kind is nothing if it cannot interpret to the listeners that mysterious voice which speaks in all true poetry and in all true music. The lesser arts should hear this voice, and translate it to the world in such

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fashion that the world too hears something of what the poet and musician heard. This is work of a high kind; and it is work that dramatic declamation can accomplish. It has done so again and again on the stage. By its means the dark soliloquies of Hamlet, and the dainty fancies of Mercutio's dream of Queen Mab—which would be "like a song of little meaning," to one half the audience, were they delivered in rhythmic utterance—become fired with life for the whole theatre; and hundreds of minds, that would never else have felt any answering glow of thought and imagination, are quickened for the moment into insight and elevated with a sense of awakened emotion. I would go further, and say that dramatic declamation of a high order, if touched with genius, can put into the words more than they actually seemed to possess. It is, in this sense, like the art of a great painter. He paints from nature, as truly and as faithfully as he can, losing and missing much, necessarily, but still working his best; and when the work is done we find in it a something that even Nature herself never possessed—a spirit that transfigures the whole—"the light that never was on sea or land." So it may be with dramatic declamation at its best. It would be able to give, in the recitation of a noble poem, such revelations of underlying meaning, and such a spirit of freshness and vitality, that the poet himself, were he present, would own that the words were the richer for the voice that had uttered them, and had gained something that they had not before.

Secondly, recitation, as will be seen from the foregoing, must rest its claims to be considered an Art on these results of dramatic declamation. Any art that claims the dignity to be so called must be able to show that it has a separate existence, an entity, apart from the parent art. It must not be a mere appendage. Singing, acting, and the playing of instruments, can each show this right to be judged from its own point of view. They are indeed children of the greater, creative arts; but they are grown-up children. They have individuality and character of their own, and claim the liberty and responsibility of full life. Recitation, if it desire a like honour, must show a like power of individual life. And were rhythmic declamation its highest expression, it could hardly do this. For no one, I believe, could give us rhythmic repetition of verse better than a poet. Nothing can be finer or more impressive in this way than a poem declaimed by our Poet Laureate. Yet it would

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be justifiable to say, "if this is all, or the best, that recitation can give, there is no reason for calling it a separate Art, it is clearly only the outcome of poetry—the voice and audible expression of the highest form of Literature." But it is quite a different matter when we come to the dramatic method. Here the poet who could read perfectly in the rhythmic manner, might, and in all probability would, fail egregiously. For this requires special training, and is indeed a thing to which Literature, in itself, is no gateway, any more than it would be to acting or to singing. Here, then, we find recitation proves its individuality, and here rest its claims to be considered an Art.

We find yet another proof in the fact that this method may be said to be the one that the universal voice of the public demands. And although it would be dangerous for any art to accept public demand wholly as its criterion of taste, or test of excellence, still when it is found to coincide with the best convictions of the artist, and to afford the opportunity for the best development of the means at his command and the peculiar gift he possesses, it is allowable to quote it as a strong witness in the case.

But the most important proof of all is that this method is in touch with the age we live in. The rhythmic method has a suspicion of pre-Raphaelitism about it. The dramatic has caught the modern spirit. I hope to show later on that the rhythmic method is indeed a lingering echo of ancient custom. This very fact endears it to those who like it. But it is not in tune with the note of our time. It is archaic and scholastic; and from having been the instinct of the untutored, has, strangely enough, become the favoured utterance of the schools and of a class. It is the voice of the past, whilst the dramatic method is the development of the present. The latter rings true to our own voices as we pass through the scenes of life's drama. This sympathy with, and presentment of life as it is, must be always allowed to be a final test of good art.

Thus I say that of the two methods of recitation, the dramatic is unquestionably the greater.

The second method, however, must be permitted a fair place, although its claims would be disputed by many. On the other hand they would be strongly advocated by most scholars, poets, and literary people. And the reason of this is obvious. It is not surprising that a poet, for example, should not care to have the drama of a poem developed for him. His own imagination

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can do that—actually does it, whenever he reads or hears the poem. His imagination needs no outside aid. His inward realization is far richer and more picturesque, far more vivid and heart-stirring than anything the reciter can conjure up for him, "charm he never so wisely." A listener of this kind will often find the actual embodiments of the stage—the scenery, the dresses the action, the whole *optique du théâtre*—no aid to his imagination, but rather the reverse. All these things limit and lower his conception, and he naturally cares little for them, even perhaps sometimes finds them ludicrous. Naturally, therefore, he cares little for the art that concerns itself with these things. He scarcely sees or realizes the presence of such an art at all, because he looks for something it cannot give, and holds lightly all it brings. He is no true critic or judge of it, because he is outside it all the while.—It is, in less degree, the same with reciting. The trained tone of the voice, the well-studied gesture, the significant facial expression, so far from adding anything to the verse that is being recited, or illuminating its meaning, are, to such a hearer, merely so many somewhat tiresome claims for personal notice, alien to the matter. Actors and reciters do not sufficiently realize this. It is natural that such a listener should be vexatious and mortifying to them—as all their work is literally thrown away—not so much disliked as positively unnoticed! And they do not therefore consider how much is to be said on his side. The mission of the actor and reciter is to people who have not got this—what I may call—*technical imagination* of the poet and of the man of letters; or who, having it, are willing to throw it generously into what they hear and see; or to those who love the dramatic art; or still more to those many who must confess to having, when unassisted, very scanty power to realize and vivify the printed page.

The two methods I have named may be said to cover the two classes of audience to which a reciter has to appeal, and whose relative claims he must consider. One, it may be broadly stated, come to hear the reciter, the other to hear the recitations. The former are quickly alive to the reciter's art, and generously open to its appeals. They may be cultivated and artistic, or merely popular. The basis of their criticism and judgment is the same; and the answer they give, in varying degrees of cultivation and refinement, is the same in kind. As the art that they value most is undoubtedly the best art the reciter has to give, so in

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return they make the finest audience he can appeal to. He is quickly *en rapport* with them, no point is overlooked, the give and take between them is perfect, each raises and quickens the other, and the result may be good alike to both. The more professionally literary audience bring certain qualities that the reciter must highly prize, but a good half of his most difficult and delicate work is simply lost on them. They will put up with much coarser and less artistic handling (granting of course the same material) than the former audience will accept. Nay, I think I would say the less delicate handling of the material suits them best. The more of the author and the less of the reciter they get, the better they are pleased. Such an audience will sometimes positively bring their books with them, and follow the disconcerted reciter with finger to line (ill-directed intelligence can surely go astray no further!)—and if he preserves the verse, and gives the words verbatim and with the peculiar flavour and sculptured form that is pleasant to the mouth and to the ear of the man of letters, they are content. The whole performance should be, in fact, to their mind, one of Literature. And they would, not unnaturally, argue that such a view of it was the truest and highest one. But that, I hold, is a mistake—and an ignorant one, for it is viewing the matter from the wrong point of view. The first condition in criticising every art is to judge it from its own standpoint and from within.

Nevertheless there are pieces that are eminently suited to this rhythmic method of declamation. Occasions also may demand it, as I have said. That is to say, a piece that usually is given in the dramatic style, may on occasion, and in some very large building, demand the rhythmic treatment. A good reciter will therefore know both methods thoroughly, that he may use them at will. Even in the most dramatic and natural reciting of a poem it must also be noted that a certain respect should always be paid to the verse—a consciousness of the rhyme—and a preservation of the music. This is the temperance that may give it smoothness. But this is only a part of true dramatic declamation. It is curious that, by the larger and perhaps less cultivated portion of the world (very cultivated people will be found, however, who hold this view), rhythmic declamation would be abused and actually laughed at as something elementary and silly, or, at best, as mere dull pedantry. It is called "sing-song"—an expression, by the way, that, as has been often pointed out, is an unconscious tribute to the correctness of its method for the

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utterance of verse. It is thought, by the uncultivated, to be a schoolboy way of reading. I am afraid that it is also, by the irreverent, sometimes designated "parson's reading." If these phrases be accurate, it is clear that schoolboys and parsons know, more or less—as they should—how poetry has been and is read by the greater number of scholarly readers. This intoning of verse (for that is what it is in reality) is of undoubted antiquity, possibly of unknown age, and can boast a strangely picturesque history. One is minded to believe that Homer himself, if ever he declaimed the story of Troy Town, would have given the sounding verse in this swinging "sing-song." The Greek Chorus, with its forgotten art of mystic movement and utterance, seems to hint at some sort of answering cadence. In the Jewish Synagogue the priest and people still read the Psalms in a monotonous rhythm, which is possibly a lingering echo caught from the far off service of the first Temple, and that

> . . . . . "chorus intoned,
> When the Levites went up to the altar, in glory enthroned."

The Gregorian chants that rise and fall in waves of sound through many a minster, church, and cloister to-day, may be but other expressions of the immemorial custom. A long procession of Bards, Greek and Gothic, pass before us, and the sound in our ears is still that of a rhythmic chant. In the songs of Minstrels from Provence, and Sagas from the fiords of the North, we catch the same intonation. Dante, we think, as he meditated beneath the pines of Ravenna, thus heard the voices of whispering winds and singing birds which he describes in his Paradise, and the "Venga Medusa" of his Furies at the Gates of Dis. Shakespeare, in the water meadows of Avon, if he repeated the passionate avowals of his love-sonnets, would surely have found their measured music fall into this spoken song. For could any one of the great poets of the past be summoned to speak to us a line of his own immortal verse, no one, who knows anything of poetry and of the utterance of living poets, could doubt but that we should hear some form of this same great rhythmic Chorus. Even that most modern and least conventional of poets, the poet of the New Democracy and the new order, Walt Whitman, tells us how as a boy, "on the long, bare, unfrequented shores of Coney Island," he loved to race up and down the hard sand, and declaim Homer and Shakespeare to

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the surf and the seagulls by the hour; and later on we read that he would recite in the roar of Broadway, "passages from Julius Cæsar or Richard." And, reading these passages, we feel sure that his young voice took its lilt and poise from the old, unbroken instinct, from the measured roll and plunge of the waves, and the scarcely less measured roll and wavelike pulse of the crowded street.

And whilst we find our poets and scholars thus preserving a habit that comes to us from the far past, it is curious to note that the instinct still remains with illiterate persons. To such repetition of verse seems to necessitate the monotonous "sing-song" which, in higher form, the author of the verse himself would probably employ. Thus—repeating in another place and age the scene described in Macaulay's last cantos of "Horatius"—Sir Walter Scott tells us, in "Waverley" that the recitation of poems delivered in "measured and monotonous recitative, recording the feats of heroes, the complaints of lovers, and the wars of contending tribes, forms the chief amusement of a winter fireside in the Highlands:"—whilst Tennyson, again, represents this same "monotonous recitative" as the custom of the scholar when he makes his poet, introducing the "Morte D'Arthur,"

> " . . read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,
> Deep-chested music."

Must it not, then, be considered a strange fact that this rhythmic recitation of verse, which undoubtedly is the primæval, barbaric, natural way of chanting verse, should find its survival in the two opposite classes of extreme illiterateness and extreme culture; whilst the general public demands the refined and cultivated method of dramatic recitation, which is the outcome of advanced civilization?

It is because the rhythmic form is of this undoubted age, because it is the habit of very many cultivated people, and because, when well given, it is a very beautiful and impressive way of rendering verse, that it must be allowed its place in the art of recitation. It is not tenable to laugh at and condemn the almost universal custom of scholars and poets. Teachers of elocution and actors have too long done this, at the bidding of the popular voice. To press a dictum of Joubert, quoted by Matthew Arnold, into the service of elocution, "one should be fearful of being wrong in poetry when one thinks differently from

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the poets." I am myself bold to say that I believe that this rhythmic method of delivering verse is the true way of reading poetry, and that it may be occasionally used in declamation. It commands attention and respect, coming as it does from remote ages in the past, and in the present from those who have the highest right to pronounce judgment in some sort on all matters connected with words.

I have dwelt at some length on this second method, because it is one that has received scant attention hitherto, even if it has not been wholly ignored, by reciters; whilst the first method is so sure of itself that it needs no emphasis.

A complete knowledge, then, of these two methods of declamation forms the basis of Recitation. And the only word to be used for this branch of study, I suppose, is Elocution. The word has an uncertain sound. Much has been written on this vexed subject. It has been girt about with a great deal of elaborate nonsense as well as a good deal of excellent sense. Nothing has suffered more than it has at the hands of some its self-styled professors. It seems to float about somewhat homelessly on the outskirts of education. It has again and again tried to obtain a "local habitation"; but still it remains only "a name," and one that is apt to be looked at a little askance by the Schools. Not unnaturally—for many reasons which I need not enter into here. The wide and really important question as to the advisability of an authorized study of elocution in our schools and universities is not a part of the matter in hand. For the present I need only deal with it so far as its study affects recitation.

Even here we find ourselves beset with difficulties of statement. The field is a wide one; its laws, save in the mere preliminaries of the management of the throat and voice, or pronunciation and the scansion of verse, are at present too much a matter of personal judgment for any one method or set of rules to possess any great authority. The best teacher of Elocution is Practice, and the next best is Observation. It may be assumed that no one who has not what is called a "natural gift" for it would attempt recitation as a profession. Elocution, it must be remembered, to the preacher, to the barrister, and to the statesman, is not vital. It affects only one part of their work, and some may consider not the one that is the most important. Therefore we may find—nay, I think it may be stated that we often do find—men in the Pulpit, at the Bar, and

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in the House, who have no "natural gift" for speaking; men who nevertheless are truly and evidently in their right places and doing valuable work. For them the study of elocution has possibly a distinct use and a clear advantage. It is a question we need not enter into here. But no one would take up recitation unless he has, in his own mind at least, this special talent, as I have already pointed out. And where this talent is given, I own I am doubtful if the "professor of elocution" is needed. The natural gift is the best of professors. When work and observation are added, the staff of teachers seems complete.

It is difficult, of course, in any executive art to formulate accurate rules, or lay down an articulate system. This difficulty is increased when individual characteristics and style form an element that is to be encouraged, within due limits, rather than weeded out and replaced by one acknowledged academic manner. In every art there is a large element of the Unteachable. But in declamation this element seems to preponderate so heavily, that it outweighs the materials which at present exist for making good dramatic speaking a matter of accurate, ascertained training. When we take other executive arts we find that there is much that has been built up into a system for students, the result of long experience and gathered knowledge. There are well-established schools and methods of singing, of playing, and of acting. But for dramatic declamation where may we find the established school or system? The art, as an art, is a young one, and has no very long experience and gathered knowledge which has gained the diploma of authority to which we may appeal. Certain laws for the beginner are indeed drawn out and have become admitted rules. But I know of no system of training for declamation in England that has any sanction or authority beyond the merely personal and arbitrary one of the teacher who puts it forward. Something, however, may be taught in this way; and I do not doubt but that experience on the subject will gather, and, in time, harden into some school of training for the student, though I am inclined to doubt if it will ever be developed into such distinct proportions, or gain such acknowledged authority as can be claimed by the schools for song and for executive music, or even by the traditions of the stage. All the more, therefore, is it necessary that most careful thought and constant practice, corrected by self-criticism and observation, should be given by reciters to the study of declamation. If it be true that Practice

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is the best master, it is clear that only by hard work will he gain the true knowledge of how to work.

From this study of declamation in both methods, we pass to the necessity for a thorough knowledge of gesture and facial expression. I wish to emphasize this strongly; not because I hold that it is of really greater importance than declamation in the art of recitation, but because it is less obviously a part of it, and is too often disregarded by reciters and by their audiences. It is therefore well to insist on its importance, and to point out that it is less likely to be a natural gift than dramatic speaking, and unquestionably can be more definitively studied. It is possible that many persons who recite, or who like listening to recitation, may loudly deny that gesture, or even facial expression, is any true part of recitation. The drama of the voice, it would be argued, is the beginning and end of the whole matter. To such I would point out that this necessitates—if true, which I entirely doubt—an absolute quietude on the part of the reciter. And any one who knows anything of the difficulty of facing an audience knows that this quietude, at once natural and unaffected, is the last and highest exhibition of skill in action. To stand still well is the most difficult thing to do, either on the platform or on the stage. The person who deprecates the need for study of action in reciting, demands the quiet ease which is the attribute and distinguishing mark of a finished actor.

Even in the days of "Readings" gesture was employed, and was always the result of study and knowledge. Mrs. Fanny Kemble brought to her "reading" the best knowledge and traditions of the stage, and the experience of her own career as an actress. Miss Glyn was well known to London audiences before she read "Antony and Cleopatra." Mr. Bellew had a conspicuously graceful and descriptive power of gesture, and was a pupil, I believe, of Macready's; though he was not always careful, as far as I can remember, to discriminate between the narrator and the impersonator. Charles Dickens was notably a clever actor, and I am told (for alas! I never heard him) he used action plentifully. It is still the same. Mrs. Scott Siddons knows the footlights as well as she does the platform. Mr. Brandram's gestures are as excellent and graphic as his declamation is fine. No one who has watched him can be unaware how largely his illustrative and descriptive action influences the effect of his speech.

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A reciter has generally to employ one of four distinct kinds of gesture. Each type has an essential difference, although many of the practical rules apply to all. He may be the impersonator of a story, or its narrator; he may be the poet who speaks through the verse, and therefore for the time, in the person of the reciter; or he may be a sort of "entertainer" talking to his audience. As examples of these four types we might take Browning's "Martin Relph;" Crabbe's "Patronized Boy;" Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind;" and Thackeray's "Little Dinner at Tymmyns's."

Gesture has been brought almost to a science in the French schools of acting. It has been argued out and reduced to positive rules which are most useful to know, and give great resource of action alike to actor and reciter. Thus it is that gesture is a thing that may be actually studied and taught. Facial expression, in less degree, is also a matter of ascertained rule. It has, so to speak, been brought to book. Darwin has written, and Lavater has delineated. English people who have to cultivate these natural expressions of drama should surely not neglect such means of study. For we are not, as a nation, gifted with the speech of gesture or of the face. The Frenchman's hand is often a distinct feature, intelligible and eloquent. The Englishman's, as a rule, is only a development of the paw, and rarely seconds his words with anything more than mere emphasis. The immobility of the ordinary English face has been often noted and confessed. We are nothing if not dignified; and significant gesture and a very expressive play of feature are not thought, it would seem, to be very desirable things on this side of the Channel. We prize highly the excellent virtue of reticence. Then, too, we are almost inconveniently alive to the ludicrous; and in our searching and ruthless criticism of others and of ourselves, we naturally find the pleasantest thing on the whole, in all personal matters, is self-restraint. We have our reward. We also pay the price. And we pay it, in one way, in the conspicuous stiffness of action and in the set conventionality of our faces. It is true that Englishmen and women have often the grace that comes from athletic training; but this is personal rather than significant, and finds its best expression in the field, on the river, across country, over the highland moor, or up the mountain side. It has nothing to do with emotion or with drama, and therefore, admirable as it may be for ordinary social life, it is little aid or guide

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for one who wishes to study the expression of personal feeling and picturesque imagination. Perhaps it is because we suppress, as a rule, all such statements of emotion and drama that we are so prone, when we do attempt them, to fall into exaggeration and over-emphasis.

Yet reciters often seem to think that this part of their work requires very little thought and less practice. They rush with untimely haste on to the platform, having scarcely thought out any plan of gesture, or even what position they will adopt. They do not know what to do with their arms and legs, and are embarrassed by the apparently unexpected gift of hands. They have sometimes not even prepared themselves to withstand that inclination to move and shuffle about from mere nervousness, which besets almost every one who faces an audience. The popular reciter who affects current literature, chiefly of a colloquial and "penny dreadful" style, is generally as over-liberal with his gestures and expressive glances as his lines are with strong adjectives. He will, if asked to recite in a drawing-room, go mad in a corner, or give a death-scene in an easy-chair in a way that adds a new terror to society, and a new danger to domestic furniture. On the platform he ranges at will, with realistic and imitative gestures, which not only "make the judicious grieve," but are likely "to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh also"! The literary reciter, who often recites pieces which can gain nothing by recitation, as a rule has no action at all, save that indeed of emphasis and nervousness—two sets of gesture that it would be better to dispense with altogether. The intention in this case is to stand still, and let the words tell their own story. An excellent intention, if carried out. But we notice usually in such cases that sundry feeble motions of a hand moved from a stiffened wrist, of a wrist moved from a rigid elbow, of an unintelligent finger that is pointed to mark, not the drama of the words, but certain words themselves which the speaker specially likes, destroy all effect of repose and quiet without giving any compensation of significance. In the first case gesture is "over done;" in the second it comes "tamely off."

A reciter, I hold, should never actually change his place on the platform, though he has often to give the effect of movement. I remember hearing Delaunay recite once. It was at a private party. In the excitement of the story he gradually moved half way across the room; and when he ended his recitation he was

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some yards from the place where he stood at first. It gave me a curious sensation, as of a picture out of drawing or proportion somewhere—beautiful though the recitation was in voice and gesture. I think it may be permissible to move slightly during a recitation, if care is taken to return, naturally and unobtrusively, to the place where the reciter stood when he began. But even so, it should be rarely indulged in ; for directly the reciter begins to move about, it seems as if he had gone beyond the limits of his art, and was literally treading upon acting.

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

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Varieties of Indian Sport.

IT may be that tiger-shooting is the first of Indian sports. Of this I have had no experience, so am unable to judge; but assuredly hog-hunting, or, as it is now universally called, pig-sticking, ranks next, if it does not excel it. Delhi, when I knew it a few years ago, showed most excellent sport in this line. It was inaugurated by the —th Regiment, then quartered there, and one of their number was secretary and manager of the "Tent Club" (as clubs for pig-sticking are called). At an early period of the hunt's existence he received his "baptism of fire" by a drastic experience. In riding after pig he was caught by the branch of a tree, which severely cut his throat, but did not deter him from future exploits. The "Tent Club" was everything it should have been, except that there was no tent! For beaters we had an organized band of "Sansis," or Indian gipsies, a wild lot of tatterdemalions, good for nothing but sport. Their chief was Baldeo, a picturesque free-lance and keen shikari, who spent "off" days in marking down game for the next meet. But perhaps the most important members of the hunt consisted of the motliest group that ever was seen of all sorts and conditions of curs, in all stages of attenuation, with their skins scarred and seamed, but game to the backbone, and never failing to turn out any pig that might be present. This was all they were used for, as, of course, they had no share in the chase and kill, though "squeakers" occasionally fell a prey to them. The weekly military holiday was the regular hunting day, and the season when sport was at its best was midsummer—the hotter the better. We had a wide selection of meets all within a ride of the city, but the most convenient of all was a spot immediately under the city walls, in the bed of the river. This was a *show* meet, where sport was subordinated to the gallery. A gay company would meet for

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tea and badminton on the ramparts, and, on a boar breaking from cover, would run to the edge and see the sport below. On one of these occasions we had a native regiment to beat for us —men with a passion for sport, and reckless to a degree. A boar broke cover, but shortly after turned back and made for the line of beaters in the open. A sepoy squatted down, put hands and heels together, and actually *fielded* the pig! He was of course bowled over, and got a cut in the leg, but not too serious to make him very proud of his adventure. He was well laughed at for his simplicity in trying to field a wild boar.

But the best meet we had was at Burâri, the *beau ideal* of a pig-sticking country. Our horses, spears, and equipage would go to the spot in the afternoon, and we ourselves would canter out in the evening on our ponies. We had a standing diversion for the road. We would find a peacock a mile or so from his village, and intercept him. Then began a most exciting chase at full gallop; by flights of diminishing length he would keep ahead till he tired, then he would run at a great pace till finally caught by the leading horseman, who, precipitating himself from his pony, would seize the tail, which paid the penalty of a feather or two as a trophy. Arrived at the rendezvous, we would find everything ready, beds prepared and dinner laid under the trees, and our horses picketed close by, and too excited (knowing what it all means) to touch their food. After dinner Baldeo appears and reports most favourably. The pigs' habitat is an island. This sounds queer to the uninitiated; but pigs care naught for a river, and they feel safer behind one. At night they swim across and forage inland for their food, returning to the island by the first streak of dawn. Our plan of campaign with them was as follows. The beaters wait till about midnight, when the pigs have crossed the river, and then line the bank and light fires, and so bar the pigs' return. Some move uneasily about in the open, but most betake themselves to a good patch of cover about a mile and a half inland. The hunters are now aroused by a "reveille" sounded on an inverted tin wash-basin, and, after a hasty toilet and cup of tea, are in the saddle and ready for action. A line is formed with beaters and horsemen, and proceeds across the open country towards the cover. Perhaps one or two of the uneasy ones who have not taken to cover are accounted for at this stage of the proceedings. In any case, a move is made for patch of cover, and, while the line of beaters goes round to the back of it, the horsemen dismount and conceal

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themselves in front of it. A signal is given, and, with a mighty roar, the beat begins. Our hearts palpitate with excitement as the stirring sound reaches us. From where we are hidden we command the sharp outline of the cover's limit, and scan its length with eager eyes. After sundry false alarms, caused by deer and jackals, at last a boar breaks in real earnest—a splendid fellow. He comes from the cover with a crash, and glances round with flashing eye and foaming tusk. Our hearts stand still as we gaze at him in breathless excitement. Will he take to the open or double back?—that is the all-important question. He is of two minds—doubtful whether to choose the cover with its howling throng, or face the unknown dangers of the open. He trots forward a little, and thinks again and listens. We mark his grand proportions, and long for the word to mount. As he looks, at last, like going, we sneak down to our horses. To mount is difficult with horse and man in equal agitation. We manage it somehow, and grasp the spear. Now we see that the die is cast, and that the boar has decided on the open. He sets his head towards the river and canters off. Now the word is given—"Ride!" Then we all wheel off to get between the boar and cover, and, having managed this, we settle down to ride our best. The boar now learns his new danger. What is this unwonted clattering behind him? None ever dared before to hurry *him*. Can anything make *him* run? But this is something new—men and horses in swift pursuit; he must try his unwonted paces. He does not hurry till we are getting rather near, and we see him looking out of the corner of his wicked eye, and see the gleam of his white tusks. The inexperienced think he is caught. Not so. He now lays himself out to do his best, and a sudden spurt shows that he has the legs of us for the next half mile at least. We are now all doing our best, and going racing speed. But the pace cannot last; we have now come a mile or so, and he begins to tire. Each now strains his utmost to obtain the coveted first spear; but the race is not always to the swift; the leading horseman gets up to him, and prepares to deliver his thrust, when the boar gives a jink, sharp as a hare, and throws the rider out by twenty yards. This lets another in, who, with better fortune, draws first blood.

This will be the signal for the boar to stand at bay. Undismayed by numbers, he is ready for anything. Come one, come all, he cares not. So he fights to the last and dies game without

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a groan. Then we return to cover and repeat the process. After a few such runs the sun begins to get intolerable, and we and our horses are getting exhausted. So, after seeing the trophies laid out in a row under the trees, we mount our ponies and gallop home. Such was a day's sport at Burâri.

Hunts elsewhere were much the same, though there was generally some variety of detail adding piquancy to the sport. On one occasion a man had a stirring adventure. He was riding a hard-mouthed dangerous beast who threw him at the critical moment of the fight, and his master was in a nice dilemma—whether should he flee from the furious boar on the one hand, or from the vicious man-eater on the other! Finally we rescued him from both dangers. Pigs do not usually charge unless wounded or hard pressed, but I once encountered one who required no treading on his tail to make him fight. I ran him untouched into a patch of sugar-cane, where he was quite safe; but safety was not his *rôle*, and as I kept watch by the side of the field he came out at me full charge. I received him on my spear, and he retired into the sugar-cane to review the situation. He then returned again at the charge, and received the same welcome; but he returned no more, and was soon after pulled out dead from the cover. It was a wonder that pig did not cut my horse to ribbons, for he was a jibber, and, notwithstanding my spurs, he stood stock-still at the critical moment, and had the pig under him slashing away at his pleasure, but, *mirabile dictu*, without result! This horse was not a hunter, and was only ridden as a makeshift, but we did not let a meet pass for want of a proper horse. I once rode a thirteen-hand pony who after a long run got me second spear, and in good form too, for the pig crossed my bows as I delivered the spear, and the little pony cleared the pig and all. By letting go my spear I escaped a fall, but falls were common enough, and once I saw seven falls in a field of seven in one run. I could laugh as I had none, but another man had two. They were going down like ninepins, but no one was hurt. I myself later on went to the bottom of a river, spear and all, as the result of a too impetuous pursuit of a boar who took to the water. A twenty-mile ride home in a June sun did not fail to dry me effectually. On another occasion I began a long day by getting out of my depth in crossing a river. My horse swam well, but of course I got drenched to my waist. Having stood on my head on the bank to eject the water from my top-boots, we proceeded to

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business, and, though unfortunate for a long time, our efforts were crowned with success, for out of one field of sugar-cane we got no less than three fine boars one after the other. Each obligingly deferred breaking from cover till his predecessor had been disposed of and we had had time to return to the field.

Near Delhi there was a fine belt of grass cover where I have seen as many as fifty pigs cross an open glade in one beat, but it was difficult to get them to break. One splendid fellow did break one day and three of us rode him. I was up first, and as I raced alongside of him he made a side charge. I speared him, but he charged with such violence as to wrench my spear from me, throw me nearly over the horse's head, knock my reins from my hand, bend my right spur, and cut my boot with his tusk. This was fair for a beginning. He gave us a great deal of trouble before we despatched him, for, besides cutting the other two horses, he left a scar on my horse's stomach about two feet long, but fortunately without breaking the skin. That horse, besides being a puller, would never let me mount alone if once off, so I used to be in a fix when I lost my spear. What with his pulling and the spear to manage, I was in a bad way on one occasion when the wind and the pace had bonneted my sun-hat over my eyes. Picture the situation—racing pace, razor-like spears all around me and a heavy one in my hand, a pulling horse under me, a fighting pig ahead, and my eyes blinded by a pith helmet!

Pigs would often be found in improbable places. I have assisted in the slaying of several which we found lying out in young wheat. I have also kicked them up like hares out of bushes when out shooting small game. This is ticklish work, and they should not be treated to a charge of small shot, which is what I foolishly gave one on a certain occasion. Once also, while we were at lunch by the coverside, a boar was announced in the immediate vicinity. We flew hither and thither for horses and spears, and somehow or another managed to bag him. A boar's head is no doubt a capital thing at lunch if it is not attached to a vigorous and offensive body!

Pig-sticking has many virtues which make it unique as a sport. First, there are the delightful preparations, accessories and sanguine anticipations; then comes the great satisfaction of finding and driving from cover so grand a quarry, whose courage is unequalled and swiftness scarce excelled; then follows the run, in which racing pace is combined with the

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keenest spirit of emulation for the coveted first blood; finally, there is the glorious fight, in which no helpless creature is miserably done to death, but in which the wounds and bloodshed are not all on one side, and a noble animal dies staunchly on the field of battle with his face to the foe, and fulfils a nobler destiny than by perishing ignobly of old age and disease. His pursuers have tasted for a brief moment of the concentrated joy of existence, and return to their work with quickened pulse and brain refreshed.

From pig-sticking we turn to its exact antipodes, ibex-shooting. In the former we were in the sweltering plains, striving in emulation against a formidable foe. In the latter we are amongst the snow-capped peaks, stalking with patient and silent labour a timid animal, which can be secured by skill alone. What is it that makes ibex-shooting such a splendid sport? It is a combination of various qualities, not one of which could be dispensed with. There is the splendid scenery, the solitary grandeur, the exhilarating air. The animal is of noble proportions, and its head a splendid trophy. Lastly, there is its great scarcity, and its surpassing wariness and difficulty of approach. We camp overnight at the foot of a likely spot, my little tent is pitched in a pine forest. The cook has gathered a few sticks, and in a wonderfully short time has produced an appetising meal. After dinner I look to the rifles and other paraphernalia, and then smoke outside by the camp-fire, surveying the scene of the morrow's expedition, glistening in the pale moonlight, and dream of success. The shikari and coolies are squatting round the huge bonfire where they will spend the night,—altogether a scene and an occasion not to be forgotten. What perfect delight it is to be in these magnificent scenes, amidst these glorious forests and glistening peaks, and alone, as it were, on the roof of the world!

We turn in betimes, as an early start is necessary. At four or five o'clock we are up ready to start. The hunting-knife is buckled on, and field-glasses slung across the shoulder. The shikari takes the rifle, and a coolie or two accompany, carrying the breakfast, and to bring home the bag. Then comes an hour or two of steep ascent, steady collar work for 4000 or 5000 feet without a break. This takes all our breath, and silently we climb in the dim twilight. As day breaks we reach the ground. Here we rest and scan the hillsides with the glass. Not a sign of life is visible to the inexperienced eye, but the shikari has

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marked the game. With difficulty I find the spot with the glasses, and, sure enough, there is a herd of ibex with two or three greybeards with noble heads amongst them. A long draught is taken of the delightful vision. The heart leaps with joy, and I inquire eagerly how we are ever to get near them, for, as usual, they are in the open without a perceptible stick of cover within 300 yards; but the shikari knows better, and has quickly laid his plans. There is a small watercourse within shot of them, and this we can reach by a long and difficult detour. We retreat a bit and drop down a desperately steep, dry, torrent-bed, slippery to the last degree. During the descent I slip and tumble twenty times, but the shikari, with his grass shoes and experience, saves me from serious consequences. At last, after slipping, and sliding, and falling, and going round dreadful corners for a thousand feet, we get to our lowest point; a detour round the next hill brings us within reasonable distance of our objective, and then begins the stalk proper. With painfullest grovellings on hands and knees and stomach, we creep along the torrent-bed, scarce daring to breathe, and with hearts thumping loud enough, it seems, to scare the game, and finally attain a likely point for reconnoitring. The shikari rises from the ground with incredible caution, and looking over a rock sees that we are on the right track and near the ibex, though not sufficiently so for a shot. Again we take to our snake-like progression, this time with enhanced anxiety, and a still more palpitating heart. The shikari again reconnoitres and then beckons me forward. Scarcely daring to move and scarcely able (from cramp), I, too, peep over the edge, and there see a vision indeed!

But there is no time for admiration—they sniff danger, and the sentry is already whistling the alarm. I cover the big one of the lot with my rifle and pull the trigger—one agonizing moment of suspense till the smoke clears off, and then, O triumph! the greybeard is down to rise no more.

A parting shot at the retreating herd is unavailing, and we rush forward to secure the prize—a splendid fellow with horns over forty inches long! After feasting my eyes on his noble proportions, I get out the breakfast and eat with uncommon zest and lightest heart, while the ibex is being stowed away on the coolies' backs. Then we proceed to another stalk with a like result, and so home at last to camp, bearing our trophies, a triumphant procession.

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Such is, in brief, a day's ibex-shooting, which, when successful, is delightful and exhilarating to the last degree; but success is not always an accompaniment, and I shall never forget my *début* in the sport. I had climbed an immense height, and was getting faint, weary, and despondent at seeing nothing, when suddenly the shikari spied a herd. They were lying in a most unusual place, a small hollow, where they could be easily approached, and from which they could keep no proper look-out. Perhaps this was owing to the absence of wary females—males are not so particular. In short, without any circumvention or risk to my neck, I succeeded in creeping unobserved to the edge of the hollow, and on looking over I saw, to my wonder and admiration, no less than seven full-grown greybearded males, all with splendid heads. They were lying down, and were within forty or fifty yards of me.

Their unexampled proximity was probably fatal to my success—never very probable, as I was raw to the business, and was using an "Express" rifle which I had "not proved," and which threw high at close quarters; my nerves, too, must have been too agitated for taking aim. To be brief with a sad story, I had four shots at four separate animals, and missed every one! Off they all trotted unscathed, filing by with their great horns waving in the air.

Let us draw a veil over my feelings at that moment. Never was there such an opportunity as this, and never was one so miserably thrown away. If I had but bagged all four (and there was no real difficulty about it), and these the first four I had ever seen, my experience would certainly have been unique in the annals of sport. Writers of sport usually describe only their successes, but to be honest they should note their failures too. Any way, this disaster of mine was so portentous as almost to attain the dignity of a success, and deserves to be chronicled.

In following ibex, we come across red or snow bears, game not indeed to be despised, but unworthy of attention if ibex are at hand.

I was once sitting at 14,000 feet, on the look-out for ibex, when a particularly fine red bear issued from a cave 1000 feet above us. As there was no sign of ibex we followed him. He disappeared over the shoulder of a hill. We climbed the 1000 feet as fast as possible, and topped the shoulder and then raced down his tracks, which were a foot deep in the loose snow.

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Soon we came upon him grubbing for his supper. I got within about forty yards of him and raised my rifle; he was then hidden by a rock, all but his head and the hump on his shoulder. I waited till he should take one step forward, when I would get a shot at his shoulder. At that moment he scented us and made off at a gallop. I had a snap shot and missed, and my vexation was indeed great, for he was a splendid specimen. I regret his loss more than that of any bear I ever got a chance at. He must have been about seven feet long, with a splendid coat three inches deep and as thick as it could stand.

On another occasion I had better fortune. I went out one evening to look for bears, and had just sat down to scan the hillside when a female and two cubs came slithering down the slopes of snow to feed not very far off. I marked a big rock behind which they disappeared, and made for that. I got all ready, and peered cautiously round, and there was the great brute with her cubs only a few yards off. I secured the old one, and one of the cubs, a good bag for about one hour's shooting. They were extraordinarily white from living at such a height, nearly as white as polar bears. On another occasion I had a narrow escape from a red bear. I got a shot and followed the bear up a very steep hillside. I presently saw him looking at me over the roots of a tree immediately above my head. I took a hurried snap shot at his head, and he took a header straight down amongst us, which made us scatter pretty smart. There was nothing to be done but to get out of his way, and he, fortunately, got out of ours.

I was once present at a great fair at the capital town. While at its height a bear was viewed on the neighbouring hillside. I hurried up with my rifle, and shot him from above between the shoulders, but, instead of dropping, he rushed headlong into the middle of the fair and squatted in a bush. The people foolishly crowded round and so prevented my getting a shot. Presently he rushed forth, and, passing a grain-dealer's shop, he gave the owner a slap on the face and passed on, but that slap took out a semi-circle of his jaw with seven teeth attached! The man's nerves were so little affected that he presently held up the piece of jaw with pride for our inspection when we visited him at the hospital, and he was at his work again in a few days. The bear was soon despatched after he left the poor grain-dealer. Though the deadly wound I gave the bear failed to stop him, I was more fortunate with another bear which I got

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a shot at going full gallop, and I rolled him over with one shot, so that he never moved again. He was a big one, but doubled up just like a rabbit.

Stalking bears is just a trifle tame, as they are so easily approached and afford so large a mark, but driving them is more exciting. There is all the excitement of noise and numbers, and it is more difficult of course to hit them. In the Himalayas we had some wonderful spots for bear-driving. In one drive ten bears were secured. A quaint old planter used to join in these battues. He had a perfect armoury of guns and rifles, but none of them modern or precise. He used to take his blacksmith out with him, who would, on the spot, adjust the bullets to the required gauge, and hammer them home when a tight fit! His many and erratic weapons caused us more anxiety than the bears. He had a way of claiming as his trophies all that were shot. He could not tell, I suppose, what he had not hit!

I was once on a bear-driving expedition when a sad mishap befell me. I had left home the night before with nothing but a tent, a bed, and a rifle. As I prepared for the drive next morning, messengers came to say that my house had been burnt down. As I knew it was too late to do anything, I went on with the drive, but with a most heavy heart, and afterwards rode home, to find my house a shell, and all my property gone. Oh, the bitterness of that moment, when one realized that the accretions of half a lifetime were gone at one swoop, and one stood there with the clothes on one's back "et præterea nihil!" And the sting of the thing was, that without doubt (though I could not prove it in court) the fire was the work of an incendiary.

These drives were not confined to bear. We used to have very fine battues of Himalayan chamois and "thàr" (wild goat). What an exciting scene when the word to begin was given, and perhaps a thousand voices would resound on the mountain's side. It would not be long before some animals would be rushing scared hither and thither. How difficult it was to hit them, and what a triumph when one succeeded!

While stationed in the Himalayas I had an extent of about 6000 square miles of shooting almost to myself—ibex, leopards, bears, chamois, pheasants, woodcock. I had a fine battery of guns and rifles, and the usual sporting paraphernalia; with these and my ponies and my dogs, I thought that here

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indeed was realized "the plan that pleased my childish thought."

Leopards were very difficult to get at, and although pretty numerous, one scarcely ever saw one. They are rarely man-eaters, but occasionally they are very determined ones. At one time a man-eater infested the immediate neighbourhood of the populous hill station of Murree, at the height of the season. He caused much alarm amongst nervous ladies. He carried off a herd-boy about once a week for some time. We made great efforts to secure him and had several drives, but in vain. At last a native shikari met him in the woods and despatched him. They are very bold creatures, and have been known to snatch dogs out of the verandahs of houses, and indeed from under the very chairs of their mistresses!

At Delhi, too, they were fairly numerous. One came into one of the city gardens and was despatched in an old ruin. On another occasion a friend and I heard of one some miles out by the canal. We sent out Baldeo and his dogs and drove out. We beat a narrow patch of jungle and found him at once. He rushed about roaring frantically, and at one time there was only a tree between him and me, but I could not get a glimpse of him for the brushwood. My companion at last got a shot, and the roaring ceased. We walked together gingerly to where he was supposed to have fallen, and there, sure enough, he lay dead.

Blackbuck were very common in the neighbourhood of Delhi. They afford very fair sport, and have fine heads. The best sport they give is, when not despatched by the first shot, to ride them with a hog spear. It is wonderful what a run they will give. I have also tried the African style of shooting from horseback, and then riding them. They let you get wonderfully near on horseback if you ride round them gently in a narrowing circle. When you think you have got as near as possible, you suddenly set spurs to your horse, and before they know what is up you are almost alongside and can get a fair shot. This is distinctly good fun. On one occasion an amusing incident occurred. I had a country bumpkin with me leading a horse. I used it as a stalking-horse, and the man led it up to a herd of deer. As I was creeping along, the rifle went off by accident, to my horror, as it just shaved the man. I at once expressed great regret at the *contretemps*, but the man was neither annoyed nor alarmed, but excused any slight discomposure on the ground that he was "not accustomed to this sort of thing!"

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Just imagine being *accustomed* to a heavy rifle going off by mistake a foot from your ribs!

It is delightful about India, and a delicious experience to a youngster from home, with his new gun and unwonted nag, that all the sport is free to every one, but none the less most abundant. Practically, none of the natives shoot, and the country is large, hence there is good sport almost everywhere.

If no experienced friend introduces you to the sport of the neighbourhood, you have only to reconnoitre the likely spots during your morning rides, and on the first opportunity make your arrangements for a day's sport. How delightful are such days! You make your cartridges over-night and get everything ready, sending a messenger ahead to get beaters ready against your arrival. At Delhi we had some splendid localities of this sort. One was at the Kutub, a place of extreme interest owing to its unequalled ruins. This was a drive of eleven miles, which we did in the fresh morning air. Arrived there, everything was ready; breakfast despatched, we would go off for the day and have splendid black-partridge and hare shooting, and rattle home at night with the dog-cart full of game. Black-partridge shooting is exceedingly pretty. They are such handsome birds, and rise and fly so well; and there were many places near Delhi where you could make enormous bags. Snipe and duck, too, simply swarmed.

I have seen snipe so thick in the paddy fields in September that every step you took, or prepared to take (for that was enough), ten or a dozen birds would rise and just bewilder you with *embarras de richesse*. Duck-shooting, too, would often be *too* good. One would fire a shot and there would be a report as of thunder from the rise of thousands of birds all over the swamp; the only thing to be done then was to lie *perdu* in the reeds, and get a shot now and then as they flew wildly about, for they don't fly away, and with what a plump did they come down when hit! What a paradise of sport were some of these "jheels," where the winged game was not confined to snipe and ducks of all sorts, but included sometimes wild geese, pelican, and even flamingo!

In the Himalayas I was once so fortunate as to be at a place where in winter, for a few days, woodcock abounded. You could shoot the whole day, mostly right and left, and you could vary your bag with an occasional pheasant. These were splendid woodcock, and what sport they gave, dodging in their ghostly

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fashion behind the trees and shrubs! I shot so many I did not know what to do with them all, and had perforce to make them into soup!

Hunting proper is not so common as in England, but there are packs of foxhounds in some places which show good sport with jackals. Though I never got hurt at the more likely sport of pig-sticking, I got a severe fall once after jackal. My horse fell at full gallop and rolled over me, the whole weight coming on my right shoulder, which was badly crushed. Of all conveyances for a sick man I got about the worst, for an elephant was the only one that could be procured. What excruciating jolting the beast gave me as he rolled homewards! When I first began pig-sticking I thought the stiff shoulder would interfere with the use of the spear, and therefore I first tried my 'prentice hand on a "squeaker," whom I got all to myself, and he gave me a splendid run, jinking and throwing me out in great form, and fighting gamely to the end; his quickness at turning, and diminutive size, added to the difficulty of securing him; but it was not legitimate sport.

The subject of not strictly legitimate sport recalls adventures in the allied pastime of destruction of vermin. Cobras have often caused me some excitement. I remember one Christmas-day we were a party at dinner, when a cobra was announced in the fowl-house. We each seized the first weapon that came to hand. These were pretty varied, and included the jaw of a crocodile—a drawing-room ornament!

Several of us entered the fowl-house, a place about six feet square; the cobra was seen retreating down a hole. A native seized it by the tail, and, instead of drawing it gently forth, whipped it out with a sharp twitch into the middle of us. We made a dash for the door, which, opening inwards, closed by our pressure and cut off our retreat. Horrors! the only thing to be done was to turn and face the foe, which we did, and despatched him; but the half moment when we were at close quarters in the doubtful light was frightful. On another occasion a man had a cobra in an earthen pot, which he brought for a reward, thinking it was dead; as I approached, he shot the cobra out of the pot on to my very toes, and, behold, it was alive! The place where this happened was notorious for snakes, and I was never without a stick by me, and always kept one eye on the door—not in vain on one occasion, as I was reading in the evening, for in walked a huge snake! My stick came in handy then.

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It is also not strictly legitimate sport to fish for crows; but this was once done by a young scamp living with me, who attached a hook, baited with meat, to a string tied to the verandah post. Picture my horror on finding that not a crow had been bagged, but my favourite little terrier, Sam, who had swallowed the whole thing, and was now tied by his inside to the verandah! I could do nothing but cut the string off short at his throat, administer a dose, and hope for the best; but he lived to a green old age, and was none the worse. It was not Sam, but another terrier of mine, that went mad and bit me. The doctor, having cauterised me, took me for a drive, and beguiled the way with dreadful stories of hydrophobia!

Of the proper kind of fishing there is much of a first-rate description to be had in many parts, especially in Northern India. "Mahseer," the Indian salmon, gives splendid sport, and runs to fifty or sixty pounds weight. Tangrot, at the debouchment of the Jhelum into the plains, is the headquarters of this sport, and in certain seasons it is magnificent; but good fishing is confined to such spots, and though fish are plentiful in other parts (I have seen fish in the Jumna literally jostling each other, and lying so thick together as to stand out of the water, but there was a special reason for this—a dam without an exit up stream), they do not show much sport.

Quail-shooting is another form of sport much in vogue; if it is lacking in quality, it makes up in quantity; immense bags can generally be made. The *modus operandi* is this. The quails immigrate in great flocks at night. In the evening a number of call birds, in cages, are put out near some likely crops; these call all night and attract the birds, who alight, and are found in the crops when the sportsmen come in the morning; but this is not such high-class sport as finding the game for oneself in a state of nature.

Here are some other forms of artificial sport, only to be justified on the ground that the animals are vermin and must die, and may as well give sport while they are at it.

A hyena gave trouble to flocks in my neighbourhood. The people, knowing my fancy for sport, did not, as ordinary people would have done, slay it as best they could, but actually went in for catching it alive. They smoked it out of its den, and seized it on its exit and tied it up, notwithstanding its formidable nature. The coolness and pluck of such people is certainly remarkable—it was of the same sort as that of the Sepoy with

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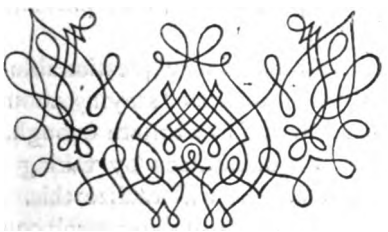
the pig. They brought it to me to be loosed in the open and give a run with horse and spear, and by these means he came to his end.

Wolves have several times been caught in traps and brought to me thus. Handsome rewards are given by Government, and the wolves have to be slain, and at least it gives them a chance of life if they are given a start in the open, instead of being knocked on the head with a stick. One of these gave us an exciting adventure. We took him to what we considered a safe distance from the station and let him loose, and away we went after him with spears at a terrific pace. He kept well ahead, and to our consternation we found him gradually edging round in a circle for the station. Nearer and nearer did he approach, till finally he entered the compound of a house, and lastly the house itself!

In this we knew there lived a lady and a small baby, and we were horror-struck. We jumped off our horses and found the brute in the lady's bedchamber. I made a lunge at him through the head of the bed, but missed, and finally we despatched him under the dressing-table. Then we addressed ourselves to making the *amende* to the lady, who fortunately had just before gone out with the child to see the excitement, by the very door the wolf entered by. However, no damage was done, and all's well that ends well, and so may here also end these reminiscences of Indian Sport.



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The Schoolmaster Abroad,

IT is as well to own an obvious fact at once, and so it may as well be confessed that there is a certain social disability which still attaches to schoolmasters. A fashionable and undeniably intelligent lady to whom I was talking the other day was compelled to admit this; she owned that it would give her a sort of pang—unreasonable, no doubt—but still a pang, to think that any one connected with her at all closely should be a University Don, or a schoolmaster, or a solicitor, or a doctor. The Army, the Church, the Bar—these were somehow different; in fact, beginning with the University Don, as she sank from level to level, an indefinable professional taint crept in. An officer and a clergyman need not be supposed to put their hands very seriously to the plough; their income is more or less fixed, and does not depend upon their active exertions; a barrister is somehow innately respectable, and must be regarded as an exception; whereas the Don and the schoolmaster, the solicitor and the doctor, are face to face with the coarse fact that their incomes, or at any rate the size of them, does depend to a certain extent upon their exertions; or rather, that, roughly speaking, the more pupils, clients, and patients they have, the larger their income will be.

Any one who undergoes that very questionable kind of pleasure that may be roughly described as "staying about" will recognize this. A schoolmaster who is fortunate enough, as I have been, not to alienate his acquaintances by taking the irrevocable step of donning the buckram, will realize this. The clergyman will be seen almost everywhere, making meek conversation in the corners of rooms with the neglected members of the party—for he has to work rather hard, unless he is very rich or well-born, for his position; the barrister is in great request among the older men for whist-parties in the smoking-room; and the

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Colonel, dull dog though he may be, is wanted everywhere. But the schoolmaster is not in request. When he goes to a new house, say to one of his pupil's homes, people are rather laboriously polite to him, as if they thought he was likely to feel slightly uncomfortable; and when he has fallen into familiar ways, he has to work rather hard, like the clergyman, for his position. He must be down in time for breakfast, or the Squire will think he is setting George a bad example; he must not look bored or yawn when Sir John is giving him his views on the Irish Question, or Sir John will say that he gives himself airs; he must not sit and read the papers for long in the morning, but must pass about with a smiling face and be disposed to make himself useful. The young men are very civil with him, but do not treat him with any camaraderie; he is, in fact, a sort of clergyman (even though a layman), without that particular respectability which the cloth confers.

I am personally an enthusiast for my profession; I find myself counting the weeks in the holidays; and my schoolroom and study at G—— are the only places in the world where I am quite certain of never being bored; but in spite of that, when I go to stay in a new house with a new lot of people, I am glad (in a shamefaced sort of way) if my profession does not transpire till I have won my way into the confidence of the household on my general merits. The young lady whom I take down to dinner, if she is an intelligent person, will soon begin to talk about my profession. Out it comes. "A schoolmaster! are you really? well! I'm sure I should never have guessed it" (this encouragingly, as if I had said that I was a shoeblack); "and do you really like it? I'm sure I should never have the patience to teach all those horrid little boys grammar. I should always be wanting to box their ears." And then I am aware that a subtle veil has fallen between us, unless my fair neighbour is an unusually intelligent girl, or (which may the Fates avert) has been to Newnham. I feel that I have gone down a step or two, whereas if I had been merely a dangling dog with a competence, I should have kept my level; and then my little jokes and criticisms begin to go for nothing; the trail of the profession is over them all. And the tone of genial intimacy into which we were beginning to slide so naturally, suddenly stiffens—and I am aware that the first thing that mademoiselle will say to my hostess, when I have closed the door behind their shimmering trains, will be, "Oh Lucy! why didn't you tell me that

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Mr. Smith was a schoolmaster! what a very odd thing it is for him to be! what a mercy I happened to ask him, or I might have said something which would have hurt his feelings!" and so forth. And then it requires an extra day and extra exertions, until I have got back the status with which I should naturally have been credited.

The other day I went to lunch with an old schoolfellow in London. There was a large family party; his grandmother, the Countess, a benevolent old tyrant, like a fairy godmother, presided; I sat between Lady Mary and Lady Jane. Lady Jane begins to talk about a young *protégée* of her own, who, to her great disgust, left the tranquil post of companion to her ladyship to teach in a High-School, and, to make matters worse, actually fell in love with a private schoolmaster and married him.

"It really is too much," says Lady Jane; "those teaching people are tiresome enough by themselves, without going and being doubly tiresome together. I suppose I shall never see Margaret again. I don't want a heavy usher creeping about my house."

I see from this that my profession is at present unsuspected, and only fervently hope for every one's sake that this will pass unnoticed; but the friend of my youth cannot let slip such a chance of making every one uncomfortable "Well, my dear Aunt Jane," he says, "you *have* put your foot nicely into it by saying that to Mr. Smith." Lady Jane, whose one article of faith is not to hurt any one's feelings, especially those in a dependent position, looks sharply round at me, makes a rapid inference, and says with her most ingratiating smile, "Oh, Mr. Smith, of course I don't mean University tutors, they are *quite* different, it's only schoolmasters:" at which that brutal Jack bursts out into a loud laugh and says, "Worse and worse; why, didn't I tell you that he was a master at G——?" Poor Lady Jane flushes up all over and says meekly that she is very sorry. I murmur something about its being a high compliment to me; that my profession evidently has not set its trade-mark hopelessly on me—and so forth; but epigrams of this kind sound better in the recording than when fresh from the mint, and really the whole thing is a very painful social crisis. The dear ladies won't be persuaded that I haven't been hurt in my mind, and Jack gets a severe lecture afterwards for not telling them all about me first—at least so he says; whereas I more

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than suspect that the Countess warned him against bringing persons of that nature to the house at all.

But it is quite unnecessary to amass instances to prove a point which is incontestable. The world at large can hardly bring themselves to believe that a man can take up the profession from pure love of it. They insist on thinking that it is only with a view to making money. They could not conceive a schoolmaster being left a fortune and not instantly retiring. They would call a man of means who adopted it by choice as a profession, eccentric to the verge of madness.

Personally, I cherish a heresy which is as dangerous as it is profound—that boys are the best company in the world if you take them seriously; if you lay yourself out to talk to them as if they were real people. Let them have their say, listen politely, even respectfully; don't attempt to talk to them, as clergymen say at a children's service, "just a little in their own way;" not liking them only as Guinevere liked the conversation of the little maid, "that cheered her with a babbling heedlessness that often lured her from herself," but meeting them earnestly and on equal terms; not overlooking them for grown-up people, and keeping your engagements with them—that is a point which dull folk so often neglect. There is no fear of this making them old-fashioned and sententious, as wiseacres pretend—whereas it often does do away with that very thing which children who have been treated childishly often find so painful an experience on entering into life—that feeling which is not humility or natural shyness, but a self-conscious shamefacedness, a galling sense of unimportance, which unfits them for easy companionship long after they have become perfectly capable of it.

To the child-lover, it is true that there is a certain pain attending the outset of the teaching profession. He is disgusted at finding himself in stiff relations, created and consecrated by centuries of lumpish pedagogy, with a lot of jolly boys with whom he would chat and race to his heart's content if he met them in their own or his own domestic circle; and the problem is in many cases how to do away with this stiffness; how to make these relations natural without sacrificing the dignity and supremacy which the teacher of a class must possess. Well, the ideal schoolmaster has this innate dignity:—there is an undefined and indefinable line over which boys must not pass, and know they must not pass; they are free, they are

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natural; they ask questions and give outspoken answers, but they are conscious with a real master, the moment that they or any one else passes over this line. And in a really sympathetic class, with a man at the head of it whom they admire, the unconscious hush of disapproval with which they greet a *faux pas* of this nature, is all the rebuke that is wanted. A look is generally enough; there is no storming, no setting of punishments—there is a sense of failure and unhappiness in the air, and somehow the offence is not committed again.

A man may of course be a perfectly adequate teacher without this particular touch which, indeed, is a kind of Θεῖον πάθος, and can no more be reached by an ordinary hand than any other gift of God's. And, unless he is perfectly sure of his ground, he had better not attempt to be familiar. To be successfully familiar a man must have a great charm of character and power of attracting affection; and next to this he must have the gift of racy speech, not sarcasm, for this is a cruel, heavy weapon which must only be used in the direst necessity; and lastly, he must know exactly what he wants; what sort of attention, lively or concentrated; and the obedience which his boys render to him must be absolute; their mood must vary instantaneously as his does.

But such an ideal, however worthily fulfilled, has its compensating dangers; it is not an easy task for a man to be absolutely supreme week after week, hour after hour, in a circle of inadequate minds, and to emerge from these petty triumphs unspoilt and humble-minded. The man who has been accustomed to have his way in things small and great, with no resistance worthy of the name to encounter, will be apt to carry this supremacy into social circles, where he does not deserve it and will not get it. His jokes will go for a good deal in a market where the supply is entirely his own and there is a great demand—and yet when he goes out into the world, unless he is content to tyrannize over a small domestic circle, he must prepare to have his fun unnoticed or snubbed like other people. In his school-room he may be as long-winded as he pleases; he has probably mistaken this quality for clearness many a time; but he must not be prolix in a country house, or people will say it is just what they would expect. The successful schoolmaster, indeed, who carries the habits of the class-room into the world at large, may generally be known by the fact that he is unwilling to let you off anything; you must have the whole of a story, and

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an explanation in its entirety; yet every one knows that conversational supremacy is obtained quite as much by knowing what to leave unsaid as by knowing what to say. Your schoolmaster will never have done with his period; he is loth to leave it: he turns it out as he would turn out Latin prose; and he forgets that the *aposiopesis*, or the art of breaking off, is the most brilliant of all conversational *friandises*. Another peculiarity of the typical schoolmaster is a kind of diseased activity varied by periods of torpor—recuperative rest, he calls it. In the Alps, for instance, your schoolmaster will climb in a feverish manner for five days out of six, and the other he will spend in a cane-bottomed chair—a deck chair would be unprofessional—in a kind of stupor over a pipe and a view of the Matterhorn.

He does not even carry about a large book with a marker in it like other people; he thinks he has earned his lethargy, when he is of all men the one to whom it is most fatal. Sometimes, if he is a morbidly conscientious man, he will perform athletic feats in order to deepen his moral influence over his pupils, like the gentleman of whom his colleagues said that he went out to the Alps because he was so fond of taking higher ground. The fact is that a schoolmaster, whose duty is above all things the study of humanity, should beware of solitary travelling, or still more of limiting himself to the society of his colleagues. Instead of accentuating his own peculiarities and exalting his caprices into laws, he should be learning in the holidays how to become like other people; he should endeavour to regain in ordinary home-abiding society a little of that common nature which he is so apt to lose.

There is an amusing passage in a novel of Besant's which describes how the hero encountered a party of young public-school masters holiday-making on the Continent, and watched with mingled horror and amusement the extraordinarily self-centred and complacent view which they took of the world at large. Of course every right-thinking man believes the society in which he moves, and the profession to which he belongs, to be the pivot about which the rest of society and other professions vaguely revolve; but these young gentlemen believed it to be not only the foundation of society, but the superstructure too; not only did they disbelieve in the vitality and excellence of other institutions; they were not even dimly conscious that there was anything worth describing as life outside their own.

The fact is that schoolmasters do not, or at any rate ought

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not to need for recuperative purposes all the holidays they get. Their life is not a very hard one; their hours are early and regular; they have a good admixture of leisure moments, and ample opportunities for outdoor exercise. Of what other profession can we say the same?

It is to a certain extent a drain on nervous force, and we now know that to recuperate nervous vitality, the medical profession are beginning to recommend going to bed: it is certainly a great mistake, as Kingsley found out, to attempt to repair mental wear and tear by overtiring the body. A young and vigorous schoolmaster ought not to be conscious of any great lassitude at the end of an ordinary school term, and may loiter a little in the open air if his tastes dispose him to; but a schoolmaster does need all his holidays for other purposes. To teach well, a man ought to be full; a good many hours' reading go to make an effective one-hour lecture on a historical or literary subject; because a lecture is not effective if it consists in poking and prying into a number of books with paper-markers. No one ever riveted the attention of a class by a system of peeping and muttering. The mouth to be effective must speak out of the fulness of the brain; the eyes and ears must be absolutely at liberty to detect the slightest inattention, the smallest confusion of thought, and a man to teach at full power must have his subjects at his fingers' ends. No doubt some men are wonderfully ready—aye, lucid—with their tongue when backed by a very moderate basis of reading; a shallow, clever man who can "get up" a subject at an hour's notice, and has a knack of exposition, is very often a scandalously effective teacher; but this is not a common gift. If then a man is to do himself and his pupils justice; if he is, to put it coarsely, "to earn his money," a considerable period of the holidays ought to be spent in making himself perfectly familiar with the subjects he is going to teach; but when he has done this he is still only an unprofitable servant. If he takes any but the most commercial view of his position, he must do a great deal more. He must be storing his mind all round with allusions, telling facts, apposite illustrations, and this, like gold-washing, can only be done by turning over a vast amount of very unpromising-looking rubbish. Schoolmasters now-a-days live so much with their boys and are so intimate and easy with them, that it is their duty, if they have any intellectual views at all, to make themselves into a kind of sponge of knowledge, ready to supply a few drops upon

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the slightest impulse. At the same time this must be done easily and naturally, without affectation or pedantry: or it must not evenly dimly suggest Mr. Barlow. It is quite an exception for a boy to pick up much in the way of intellectual cultivation at home; but as he spends far more time in the company of his tutor, his tutor ought deliberately to endeavour to supply such deficiencies himself.

And therefore the holidays ought to be a time for the silent imbibing of new facts and new ideas, not a time for lengthy and wearisome iteration of facts already acquired. A philosophical trainer of youth may be doing his duty by observing and studying the needs of humanity at dinner-tables or in the smoking-room; he will probably be serving good ends if he is slowly ploughing through volume after volume of standard or contemporary literature. But he is neither fulfilling his own ideal nor any one else's if he is laying down the law on very insufficient premises, or intent upon dinning into the ears of weary auditors threadbare facts expressed in elaborate and epigrammatical language. Above all let him avoid the subtle approaches of egotism; his personal peculiarities and individual tastes are to a certain extent a matter of interest and amusement to his pupils; but the larger world is absolutely indifferent to them. As a schoolmaster he is probably even less interesting to an ordinary circle than he would be if he was a member of any other profession, and thus of all topics which it is his duty to avoid, there is none which is so fatal as the interest which he may feel, and is often not slow to express, in his own identity and his own peculiar idiosyncrasies.

A schoolmaster, like every other professional man whose occupation abounds in small and absorbing details, ought to find some hobby, some pursuit quite apart from his ordinary work, to which he can give his leisure moments while he is at work, and his leisure spaces in the holidays. It matters very little what it is, whether it is sketching, or antiquities, or botany, or photography, or gardening, or literature, so long as it is something. He will get additional zest for this because he will never get as much time for it as he would like; and there is nothing so stimulating as having to tear yourself away from an occupation at the very moment when it is most absorbing.

There is a very serious question, moreover, impending over the hundreds of lay schoolmasters whom the multiplication of subjects and the diminution in the size of classes has called into

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existence. Thirty years ago classes were large, subjects were few, and most schoolmasters took Orders as a matter of course. The anti-clerical reaction, which is still affecting—in spite of ecclesiastical assertion to the contrary—the Universities, has not really had time to complicate the problem as it is sure to do; what is a schoolmaster to do when he has served his time? Freshness is imperative in the profession, and, except in cases of preternatural vigour, very few men are really adequate teachers after they are fifty; they are still capable of teaching or rather lecturing men, but they are not likely to be sympathetic and inspiring teachers for unruly and unwilling boys. What are they to do? It is difficult, except by great prudence, to save enough to live as they would like to do, and to retire to a semi-detached villa in a suburban town; to see morning after morning all your neighbours hurry cheerfully up to business by morning trains, is not an enlivening way of spending the evening of an honourable and industrious career; it is ceasing to reign in heaven in order to serve in hell. Arsenius in the Laura at least enjoyed the friendship of the Abbot and exemption from petty regulations; but our hero is nothing but a retired schoolmaster, which in the eyes of his neighbours means a man who has exchanged drudgery for penury.

Well, if he is a philosopher, the schoolmaster will reflect that the world does not crown those by whose humble and self-sacrificing exertions it has rolled so contentedly along; if he is an imaginative man, he may believe that some day the craft, like actors, from holding a position despised of all men, will rise to social prominence and become the pets of society; who knows? Will the day ever come when an heir-apparent will surround himself with retired ushers; it does not, it is true, seem probable, considering what heirs-apparent and what ushers are. If he wants statistics, let him reflect that about ten per cent. of deaneries and bishoprics are held by ex-headmasters, and that it is believed by some that Lord Sherbrooke, an indeterminate number of years ago, taught the rudiments of mathematics. Let him aspire to a viscount's coronet; he will then take precedence of those humbler clerical brethren who have won their way to the Bench and spiritual peerages.

But meanwhile, for his consolation let him turn his eyes upon his task and see how fair and noble a one it is. Day after day to be brought into close contact with all that is most innocent and generous and pure in humanity; to live in the presence of

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creatures whom our Saviour Himself selected as an example for devoted men; to be surrounded with high hopes, and pretty imaginings, and dowered with affection, if a man will but hold out his hand for it, which is ardent and unstained as few of the passions of human beings, one for another, are. To have soul after soul, in its freshest, most impressionable age, with all the grace of eternity, all the infinite possibilities of the future carved out in gentle faces and lying half-hidden in loving eyes, placed in your hand so freely, so confidingly. "Do with it what you will." To feel that a few words, a touch, affectionate interest, a question now and then, a syllable of encouragement, a little self-repression, a look, a sigh, may wake a sacred sleeping impulse, or draw a life from a shadow cast by the very Spirit of Despair.

If a man is not sometimes touched, as it were, on the shoulder by such thoughts as these as he looks at the childish faces upon which life is preparing to write strange histories—if he is not haunted, in some halting-place of his busy life, by some sense of responsibility, some shuddering fancies of neglect—he can be hardly human. "It takes a poet to see these things," said a friend half-contemptuously to me when I tried to give him a glimpse of the thoughts that press insistently even into such a life as ours. It is not so; even if in common work-a-day moments, when we are shouting questions or supplying answers, steeped to the ears in dulness, irritability and inkiness, they hang too high above our heads, let a man be brought face to face, as all must be, with one of the tragedies of school life, a glimpse into a boy's soul, a home made desolate by some careless, shameless act dragged to light, and they will not escape them then.

Any one who lives such a life truly and with passion will be apt to be misunderstood by the world; he will leave the best of himself behind him, shut up in dusty schoolrooms and barred and shuttered studies, and take a mere phantom away. If the world could realize how much—I say it in all humility, in no spirit of self-exaltation, for it is a spontaneous necessity of giving which cannot be denied—we really give to our boys, they would not blame us for having so little to bring abroad.

SCHOLASTICUS.

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A Ghostly Manifestation.

BEFORE I tell my story, it will be well for me to make it perfectly clear that it is a perfectly true one. As a lad, and as a young man, neither ghosts nor the idea of ghosts ever troubled me. I heard strange stories of them, told with all the vivid description which would tend to frighten sleep away—told too when the wind was howling outside, the rain pattering against the windows, and the only light visible that which found its way through the chinks in the shutters to the "pitch-dark" outside —told when everybody was ready for bed. But they never disturbed my slumbers. I could listen to any number of them at any time, and they never had any effect on me. In fact I disbelieved them thoroughly, and though I could not doubt the veracity of the narrator, I always regarded them as the outcome of a strong imagination, or the result of too heavy and too late dinners. A white tombstone in a churchyard did not frighten me on a very dark night, nor did the mysterious movements of a donkey which had broken into it, cause me to start, as he moved in the darkness in and out amongst the graves. So that I was thoroughly unprepared for anything like a personal experience, and considered myself one of the last persons likely to be affected by anything like a ghostly manifestation.

But now to my story, which I shall tell simply as the affair took place, leaving it to the reader to draw his or her own conclusion.

And to make it quite intelligible I must explain the accompanying ground-plan of the house where it happened. The house itself was a large one, built of brick, and was what is called a "flat;" that is, it had no regular upstairs rooms, though over the ceiling there was a great deal of room under the roof; and the lower inside walls had been carried up to the roof to support it, a doorway being made to get from one part to the

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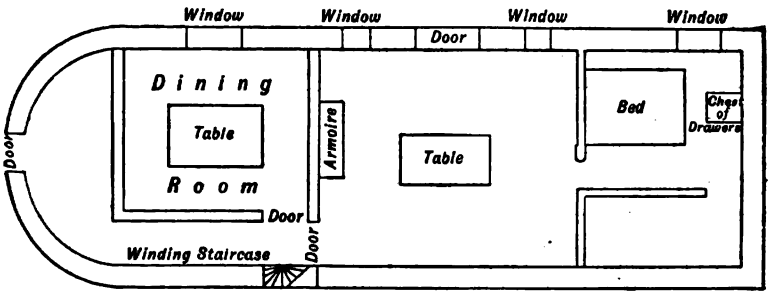
other. The walls were thick, and the doors and windows were made of heavy hard wood. There was not a pane of glass in the house, and both doors and windows—except two doors, of which more presently—were fastened by unusually strong iron bolts. My wife and I—for my wife was with me and shared all my experiences—always entered the house by the big doorway leading into the large semicircular porch, where our palanquins were kept. Passing on, we came to the passage. Going along this we came first of all to the door on our left hand, opening into the dining-room. On our right, directly opposite this dining-room door, was another door at the foot of a circular staircase, in the thick wall leading up to the empty spaces under the roof. Straight in front of us was the door leading into the great central reception-room, which contained no furniture except an armoire, a table and a few chairs. There was a large front door to this room, but it was seldom open, and we rarely used it, our visitors coming mostly through the porch and passage. Going further on, we came to our bedroom, which contained only our bed, a travelling chest of drawers, which served as a dressing-table, a wash-stand and one or two chairs. Leading out from this was another room which we did not use, simply because we did not need it.



GROUND PLAN OF HOUSE.

And now I must call your attention to our bedroom door. It was made of wood, the lower half being panelled, but the upper half was fitted with framework to receive panes of glass, which had not yet been inserted. The door had neither lock nor bolt. There was only an iron ring, hanging loosely, by which the door could be pulled to. But it could not be closed, for at the bottom, close to the side on which the hinges worked, it caught against the sill, which had not been sufficiently planed away to allow the door to shut properly, and so it was always

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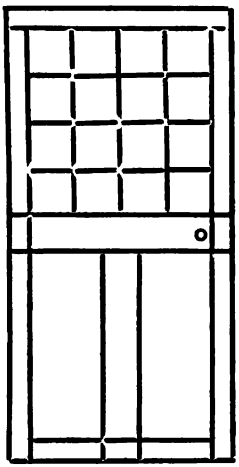
ajar, and could very easily be shaken backwards and forwards, as it worked on the place where it caught; and in shaking, the iron ring, to which I have referred, clattered against the door, making a great noise in a more or less empty large house. The door was like this:—



The only remark I have to make about the other door, leading up into the spiral staircase is, that it opened outwards, and was simply fastened by an ordinary door-latch.

The affair of which I am writing took place in a large island in the East, far away from England—in a country full of ghost stories, and equally full of a belief in all kinds of ghostly manifestations. I had heard, but had taken no notice of them. The native town to which we had gone in search of health contained very few foreigners, and fewer acquaintances; consequently we had to "shift for ourselves," and with the small amount of luggage we took with us, found our home in this large house, which we rented from a native. We liked it; the air was fresh, very pure and bracing; medical help was at hand, and with our cook and servants and my pupils we settled in; the house was surrounded by its own grounds, and the kitchen, as usual, stood away by itself.

We were simply on a visit: we did not burden ourselves with unnecessary furniture, but were content with buying what few things we needed, and servants and pupils did not add much to our burden, for during the day they were all engaged in one way or another, and, provided they had a fairly comfortable

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mat or mattress on which to lie, did not care very much *where* they slept. Cook, a swarthy son of Madras, guarded his kitchen and cooking utensils at night; my pupils curled up on their mattresses upstairs, in the "room" at the top of the spiral staircase under the roof; and my wife's maid slept under the dining-room table on her mattress, which was removed every morning the first thing, and brought in the last thing at night. I always saw them all safely in the house, and go each to his or her own apartment, before retiring myself, and made it my nightly practice to see that all the doors and windows were securely bolted—for we did not care to lose the few things we had with us, which in such a far distant place could not easily be replaced.

The few days we had been in the house had passed pleasantly and the nights undisturbed, save by the howling of dogs outside, when one night our pupils were later than usual in coming in to retire for the night. I went out to look after them, and found them and the maid all gathered round the bright fire in the kitchen, busy in amusing and interesting conversation. Their eyes were glistening in the fire-light, and their laugh was very hearty.

"Come, boys," I said, "it is time for you to be going to rest now. And you," to the maid, "bring in your mattress, for it is night."

Immediately there was a dead silence. The laughter was hushed: gloomy countenances at once appeared, and a kind of furtive enquiring glance was cast from one to the other. Not one of them attempted to move, except the maid. I may here say that the boys' ages ranged from about ten years to fourteen.

"Come, boys!" I repeated, "come along; it's time for going to rest now: why do you wait?"

Still there was no answer.

"Are you not tired?" I enquired.

Then one vouchsafed an answer.

"Please, sir, we are afraid to go!" he said in a trembling voice.

"Afraid, my boy!" I exclaimed in surprise, "afraid of what? There is nothing and nobody here to harm you: what are you afraid of?"

"They are afraid, sir!" chimed in the maid.

"Afraid of what?" I again demanded. "Have you seen any thieves about?"

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"No, sir," she replied; "but they are afraid to go;" and that was all I could get out of her.

"Come along, boys! and don't be mere children," I said to encourage them: "the light is ready for you, and the house will be safely fastened up as usual."

"True, sir," said one of them, John by name; "but we are afraid. Last night——"

"What?" I enquired in wonder.

Last night, sir," he went on to say, "there were fearful noises upstairs where we sleep. We heard men fighting, and we trembled——"

"Nonsense!" I cried. "Cook, what did you give the boys for their supper last night?"

"Only beef and rice, sahib," he replied; "the same as they always have."

"And no more? nothing else?"

"No, Sahib."

"Then you boys were dreaming, or heard the rats. *I* heard nothing and saw nothing. So come along!"

I went into the house, and they followed me. On reaching the door at the foot of the spiral staircase I gave them their lantern (not an open candle, for fear of fire) and one of them again exclaimed——

"We are afraid, sir! we cannot sleep up there."

"Nonsense, boys!" I replied, firmly; "there is nothing there worse than yourselves! I am down below, and the maid sleeps in the dining-room right under you; there is nothing to cause fear, so go along."

Without another word they took the lantern, and filed off upstairs. When the last had gone I carefully latched the door, saw the maid into her sleeping quarters under the dining-room table, examined all the bolts as usual, and went off to bed.

I told my wife what had happened, and she put it down to nightmare on the boys' part. However it passed out of our heads. We always kept a light burning in our room at night—a small hand paraffin lamp. This was kept on the chest of drawers against the wall opposite the foot of the bed. In course of time I turned it down very low, and got into bed, with my head as usual quite close to the door. It was a small room, rather, and the bed came almost up to the frame of the door. Meantime, I had, of course, pulled the door to, as far as it would go, but could not actually close it, so it hung ajar at the

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place where it caught the sill. The framework for the glass we had covered with a curtain.

I was tired and glad to get some rest and sleep, more particularly as I was just recovering from a very sharp attack of a weakening illness. My wife very soon went off to sleep, soundly, and I quickly followed her. The house was perfectly quiet, and I was fast asleep, when!

"*Scratch, scratch, scratch, scratch, rattle, rattle, bang, bang, rattle, rattle, bang, scratch!*" and up I jumped, upright in bed, my wife jumping up at the same moment. In an instant all the blood in my body seemed to curdle, my face grew pale and cold, and we instantly asked each of the other in a whisper,

"What's that?"

Scratch, scratch, scratch, scratch, rattle, rattle, bang, bang, bang, rattle, scratch, scratch, scratch, at the door close to my head, as if a thousand or ten thousand cats were scratching and tearing away furiously at one of the lower panels, and the vibration of the door caused the loosely-hanging iron ring to make a fearful din as it was brought in contact with the wood.

We listened—breathless! A pause! only for two seconds, however, and then it set off again, *Scratch, scratch, rattle, rattle, bang, bang!*

"What is it?" I enquired of my wife.

"I don't know," she replied—she was all of a tremor; but "This won't do!" thought I, and out I sprang from bed, the noises meanwhile continuing with unabated fury, and I rushed to the lamp and turned it up. Instantly the noise ceased! I scarcely seemed to *think* what to be about—if burglars were in the house I was powerless against them—if the noises were of supernatural origin, what then?—if the result of some cleverly designed plan to frighten us, it must be exposed. These thoughts seemed to flash through my mind, and, quick as thought, I slipped on my dressing-gown, seized the lamp, and made for the door. It was as I had left it exactly! I pushed it open, and went out into the big central reception-room, which the small lamp scarcely lit up. I looked behind the door where the sounds came from, and there was nothing! Next, I went carefully to every door and window, looked into every corner, examined the armoire, everything was fastened, the house was perfectly silent—there was nothing!

I went back to my room.

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"Have you seen anything?" my wife asked me.

"No," I replied; "everything is fastened, and just as we left it. It is strange."

I turned down the lamp again, and got into bed, wondering all the time what it was, and what it meant, and little inclined for sleep.

No sooner was my head on the pillow than,

Scratch, scratch, scratch, bang, bang, clatter, clatter, bang! began again.

I flew out of bed, hurried into my dressing-gown, turned up the lamp, again sallied forth, and with the same result. Instantly the noise stopped! All was quiet; every door and window was safely bolted—all as I left it! But thinking that, perhaps, the natives might be playing tricks on us, I examined the neighbourhood of the door, whence the sounds came, very, very carefully. There was no string, no wire, either at top or bottom, or nail to which it could be attached. The wall, every inch of which I examined, was solid as bricks could make it. The floor? I examined that too. It was a beautiful floor, inlaid with different kinds of wood forming an artistic pattern. Every bit of wood was in its place,—there was no trap-door, no sign of interference of any kind. Hence there was no trickery, or cunningly devised means of frightening me out of my wits as well as out of bed. I was puzzled and beaten! Again I went off to bed, after turning down the lamp, and again, no sooner was my head on the pillow than!

Scratch, scratch, scratch, bang, bang, clatter, clatter, bang! it went again.

"That's right! go it!" I cried, as I again sprang out of bed.

"It's getting tiresome though," I said to my wife; "I can't make it out! But if I can only get hold of the evil-doer, he shall feel *this*," for I felt angry at the continued disturbance, and seizing a huge stick with one hand, and the lamp with the other, out I went again. But the noise had stopped as quickly as before, and again all was quiet. Again I examined every window and door—all were safely fastened!

It then struck me that perhaps, as the noise was so terrific and peculiar, that possibly my wife's maid had heard it, or could account for it. I must confess I felt hopelessly puzzled, and, without being alarmed, was certainly very uncomfortable. What was the noise? Who or what made it? The iron ring made that awful banging, but what caused the clattering sound

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and the furious scratching? So going into the dining-room I called to the maid by name, and said—

"Are you awake?"

"Yes, sir," was her reply; and she raised herself on her mattress and threw back the cloth in which she had enveloped her head.

"Why are you awake?" I enquired; "I too can't sleep. Have you heard the rats racing about?"

I shall not forget the look she gave me as I held the small lamp near her and its light lit up her dark face. But the eyes seemed to light up of themselves, and a look of disgusted weariness crept over her features.

"Rats!" she exclaimed. "*That's* not rats, and I am afraid. *I* heard them!"

"Heard what?" I asked. "If the sound did not come from frolicsome rats, what made it? There are no people in the house except ourselves, and the boys are upstairs asleep."

"They are spirits!" she exclaimed. "I heard them, and a row they have been making. I have been listening to them—but I kept my head covered for fear. I heard them rushing with a kind of noiseless step to your door; then scratching and rattling it; then I heard them rush back to the door at the foot of the stairs and rattle, rattle away at the latch; then back to your room again, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards. They *have* been making a row. They are spirits, and I wish they would rest, for I want to sleep!"

"So do I," I replied. Still her words rather staggered me. Yet account for these noises on any other hypothesis I could not. But spirits! and in my own house, and close to the head of my bed! Strange; but what was it? I was as wide awake as possible. Every faculty was in good working order, and now the utter disbelief of years gone by was to be rudely—and I thought it very rude of them so to intrude on my rest and peace of mind—shattered.

The maid threw her cloth over her head again, and retired under the table; but her room, too, was innocent of anything capable of being turned to account for causing the noise.

Again I retired to my room, but would not tell my wife what the maid said. Quite enough for me to have my own thoughts on the matter without disturbing *her* peace of mind.

"However," I thought to myself, "if I can put a stop to this, I will. If I can only get this door over the 'bad place' at the

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bottom, whoever or whatever they may be won't be able to make it shake again, and we shall be saved all the clatter." So with a great effort I lifted the door so as to bring it over the uneven place, and then with a strong pull I closed it tight at last.

"Now shake it if you can!" I thought, and turning down the lamp once more went off to bed.

Vain hope of peace! The enemy, whoever or whatever the enemy was, seemed to be simply infuriated with my attempt to baulk him, for no sooner was my head on my pillow again than the scratching was renewed with tenfold vigour as if the very door would be torn to pieces. It was simply awful, and I seemed to expect to hear shrieks of anger added to the frightful scratching. I sat up in bed, and looked at the door. It could not, and did not move, and the iron ring hung motionless; but down in that far corner, that poor panel seemed to be the point of attack of a thousand fiends. Suddenly I cried out in the native tongue,

"Be quiet, and listen, O ye, whoever and whatever ye are," and strange to say, no sooner did I begin to speak than perfect silence—dead silence reigned. "Listen, O ye, whoever and whatever ye are," I continued, "for *I* don't know; only yourselves know. Ye are free to come to my house and visit me during the daytime, but now it is night. I am tired and want to sleep, so get ye to your houses! If ye be friends, speak! if if ye be not, depart; or if ye will not depart, be quiet and enjoy yourselves in peace, for I am tired and want to sleep. So good night!"

Alas! my little address had no effect. Quite the contrary! At it they went again, and I pitied the poor door. If they scratched furiously before, now they seemed to tear away at it mercilessly. How they did peg away at it! and the noise was almost deafening. However there seemed to be nothing more to be done. I had been out and examined everything. All was safe. I had used plain words and words of persuasion, and they had no effect. So I gave up in simple despair, and left the "spirits" to their own sweet pleasure.

It was now long past midnight, and quite tired and worn out I dropped off to sleep to the music of the scratching and tearing close to my head. Uneasy sleep it was, and in the very early morning I woke to the sweet music of the scratching which still continued!

"I must find out what it is, if I can!" I thought. Just

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then I heard the door in the porch at the other end of the house open, so I knew some one was going out. Is the mystery about to be solved? No, for the scratching still continued with unabated fury! There was the attack on the panel still going on as hard as ever. But the open door allowed a certain amount of light to get through to our door, and I thought I would avail myself of it.

"I'll catch you this time!" I thought. "If there be springs or trap-door, wires or string I'll see what they are."

So whilst the noise was still progressing I very quietly and noiselessly drew myself up in bed, ready for a spring. I stretched out my left hand, and pushed aside the curtain over the frame for the glass in the door very quietly and cautiously, sprang out of bed, and in less than half a second my head was through the opening for one of the panes, and I was gazing at the place whence the sounds came, and narrowly searching for something, though *what* I did not know. But quick as I had been, it or they had been as quick! for no sooner was my head through the opening than the noise ceased! there was no wire or string to be seen, no trap door of any kind, a mouse could not have got away, all was silent!

"I cannot understand it," I said to my wife. "But I shall get up now, and go for your early coffee."

I partially dressed, put on my dressing-gown, threw open the windows, and was going out to the kitchen to get the usual morning coffee for my wife, when, just as I got opposite the door leading to the spiral staircase, I met the boys coming down. I saw at once there was something wrong. The poor boys' faces were gloomy and of a pallid hue—there was not the usual cheery "Good-morning, sir"—and depression and even anxiety seemed to be written on their countenances.

"How have you slept, my boys?" I enquired of them—and they knew absolutely nothing of my night's experience.

"Slept, sir?" they enquired in return, in astonishment; "we have not slept. How could we?"

"Why?" I enquired.

"Tell him, John," said one of them; whilst the other broke in, "Although you command us to sleep up there again, we cannot. We are killed with fright!"

"What is it?" I again enquired.

Then John spoke.

"It was awful, sir, and we cannot bear it. It was this. What

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we heard the night before last we also heard last night, but it was far worse. There were, as it seemed to us, two men upstairs engaged in a fierce struggle. They seemed to be in the middle of the house, under the roof, and they fought desperately. We heard a kind of whispering, quarrelling, as it were, but we heard no words. It seemed as if one was wearing boots, and the other was not. Then the one wearing boots ran, and the other ran after him, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, all in the dark; down they ran, down the stairs, and we heard them rattling the latch as if they wanted to get out. Back then they would come, and rush past us, and as they passed the air was icy cold! Then they would fight and struggle again, and we heard the whispering sound; then again they would run, the one wearing boots ran first, then the other after him. Down they would run, down the stairs again, and rattle the latch, and I was terribly frightened," the poor boy added, almost crying, "for once as they were going down, one of them seized my leg and dragged me half-way down. His hands were like ice," he said, drawing his shoulders together and shivering at the remembrance, "but he let go and I crawled back to my place again, trembling. This went on for a long time. Then they fought again, and at last the one without boots threw down the one with boots; he then danced about, then fell himself. Then all was quiet."

It was strange, and I was silent. What to think I knew not, nor do I to this day. The other boys confirmed John's statement, and stood looking frightened and sorely puzzled. I am perfectly certain that *I* was not mistaken; the maid had heard the extraordinary sounds, the movement of "spirits" *down*-stairs, and the rattling of the latch; and now confirmation came from the boys of something terribly uncanny. In the full-flood light of day I examined every inch of wall and floor near that door, but there was neither mark on it, nor place for string, wire, or trap-door near it. All was perfect.

I mentioned this extraordinary affair to a Doctor living near, and he and his wife arranged to sleep in the house with us the next night. We spent the evening at his house, and we all went to our own about 9 P.M. Sitting outside, round the door of the porch, I found my servants, together with the son of the landlord, to whom I had sent word of the affair.

"Well, lads," I said, as we approached them, "have you seen or heard anything?"

The landlord's son answered—

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"We have not seen anything, but whilst we have been sitting here we heard a sound, as of some one having hurled a big stone against your bedroom door."

"Was any one in the house?"

"No, sir," they all answered.

We went in and examined everything, but found neither stone nor mark.

The Doctor and I turned down on a couple of mattresses in the reception-room on the floor, opposite the front door. His wife slept with mine; and the boys had again gone upstairs with the men-servants and the landlord's son, feeling safe in their company. The Doctor soon fell asleep, but I kept awake. At about 11 P.M. I heard a steady march over me of one—only one—marching backwards and forwards. This was kept on at a steady pace till 12. Then there was a furious bang at the front door as of a huge stone having been hurled against it. There was then a howling of dogs, and then all was quiet. I heard nothing more, neither did those upstairs, but that was the last night I slept in that house. Others tried to live there afterwards, but had to leave. What was it?

Now for a bit of history by way of explanation, *if it can be explained.* The king of the country had a few years before been assassinated—strangled. He was surprised in his palace, *and in full dress as he was, chased from room to room by the assassin, until at length he tried to find safety in hiding amongst the rafters, just under the roof. From his hiding-place he was dragged and slain.*

The actual regicide died in the house where I lived, on a bedstead close to the door whence all the noises proceeded—*he died there about three months before I took the house, within three yards of where my pillow was!* Of this fact I was not then aware.

I can only ask, how is it to be explained? and add, that this story is absolutely true in every respect.

A CLERGYMAN.*

* I may be permitted to add (if any one should feel disposed to doubt the truth of this story) that I have fully explained to the Editor of this Magazine, whilst supplying him privately with facts, the reasons which have led me to withhold my name. I can only repeat that it is absolutely true, and that if suitable means could be found, I shall be happy to give any one, privately, the details of where and when the affair occurred which I have described.

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Two Voyages.

II.—LIFE IN THE FOC'SLE.

In January, 1879, I was in Melbourne, and wished to return home to England; but though I had some thirty or thirty-five pounds in my pocket (a most unusual thing, by the way), I determined to spend no more of it than was absolutely necessary, for I considered fares and passage-money luxurious expenditure which a poor man and a Bohemian should always dispense with. Even now I feel injured when I pay a fare, and mindful of my latest experiences of "beating my way" in Western America, I often feel inclined to try whether I cannot induce the railway or steamship people to look on things in a broad light, and make a reduction in order to secure my patronage and prevent my going by a rival line.

I had, on leaving the Lachlan Back Blocks in New South Wales, made up my mind to return to the "old country" before the mast, and thus to earn money instead of spending it. Had I been a professional sailor there would have been nothing risky or out of the way in my so doing; but although I knew much more about ships and a sailor's work than most landsmen, I had only been one passage in a sailing vessel, and that in the character of a passenger. During the hundred and two days from the Tuscar Rock, off Liverpool, to Cape Otway, I had, with an eye to future contingencies, learnt the names of all the ropes and gear, their leads and uses, and had so persisted in going aloft that I was at last capable of service there. Hence I considered myself something of a "sailor-man," and thought that with the faculty I have always possessed of learning most simple handiwork at sight, I might easily pass for a trained man, considering that I was yet young, and looked even younger than I was.

My first step was to put up at a sailors' boarding-house in

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Williamstown, one of the ports of Melbourne, and I went there in a cheap slop rig of seaman's serge, which suited my complexion, burnt to a dark mahogany tint in the New South Wales sun, and my walk, which was a queer compound of a sea roll and a cavalry stride, due to two years spent almost entirely in the saddle. The boarding-house was one of the very rowdiest and most disreputable places in the town, which could boast no few dens in which a new chum would have hesitated to set his foot.

In this "hotel" there were two doors to the bar, which was backed by a gaudy glass and gaudier bottles of spirits, with piles of cheap cigars in boxes and bundles. The space in front was half choked with barrels, some stowed on their bilges, each of which rocked with an intoxicated seaman or loafer, and some on their chimes, which held spilt beer. Here and there were piles of seamen's bags thrown on the barrels, together with ragged coats discarded on account of the heat or for purposes of personal combat; while the floor was covered with the "doddle" from the bottom of juicy clays, with old cigar-ends, with saliva or beer, and the atmosphere reeked with tobacco fume in conflict with the subtler and more persistent odour of spirits. The customary occupants of this den were certainly admirably placed in such a *milieu*, for few of them were either clean or sober by the hour of noon; while there was a perpetual din of argument, of beery chuckles, of angry oaths, or of violent laughter, which rose and fell but never wholly died away, until the last man was violently ejected at closing-time or dragged out by some more sober companion. I remained in this house seven days, and during that short time I witnessed or took part in eight fights. How many others occurred in my absence I cannot tell; but as a general rule some one or other was adorned by a new bruise or black eye each time I returned from town.

The eating-room in this house was an extraordinary apartment, and deserves more than the few words I can bestow upon it. The rough pine-tables and benches, which had been hacked by generations of boarders with dinner and sheath knives, were securely clamped to the floor, which was only occasionally swept and apparently had never been washed, in order that they might not be broken up and converted into weapons if any general row should arise at meal-times. The windows were fixed at least six or seven feet from the floor, and higher still at one end of the

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room was a strongly-nailed notice, bearing the peremptory legend, "Order *must* be preserved," which sufficiently declared how very liable the peace was to be broken. The meals we got in this charming place were what might have been expected, served as they were on the bare deal with unpolished knives and two-pronged forks, with potatoes boiled in their skins in tin dishes, and steaks which the strongest-jawed and most sharp-toothed seaman could scarcely chew, even when impelled by hunger; while the tea and coffee were infusions of some mysterious herb or berry, which tasted sufficiently like neither to pass, under stress of circumstances, for both. Our waiters were a slatternly girl, and a boy who wiped his hands upon his dirty face as though it were a jack-towel.

I had been accustomed to roughing it in the bush, but this was a trifle rougher than I liked, and I made preparations for getting away. To ship in most ports, at least where seamen are plentiful, a "discharge" from another vessel is usually indispensable. To use the phrase of common domestic service, this paper constitutes a man's "character," and as I of course possessed none, I was obliged to buy a certificate from some one else—a proceeding by which I believe I laid myself open to the charge of a misdemeanour of some kind, punishable by fine and imprisonment. I went to the "runner," who looked for ships for the men in the house or touted for new-comers, and told him that I wanted a vessel for England, offering him at the same time a sovereign if he shipped me within a week. That was sufficient to render him anxious to get me off his hands, and I had no fear that he would not exert himself on my behalf, if I danced attendance on him at the shipping office.

Just at this time there was a feeble sort of strike for higher wages in existence among the "deep-water" sailors of the port. Five pounds a month for able seamen was what captains were giving, and the men wished to obtain six. On my first visit to the office I was accosted by their recognized leader, and by him invested with a small piece of blue ribbon in token that I too was on strike, a proceeding that caused me no small amount of inward amusement, considering that I had no right to call myself a sailor. But I took it seriously, and for some days marched about with a band of about two hundred, sometimes carrying a banner and sometimes simply walking in the ranks, answering with my new friends and fellow-strikers the chaff of the bystanders, who laughed good-humouredly at Jack ashore. Yet the strike was a

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mere farce; there were too many idle men for it to be sustained, and some were constantly shipping at the ordinary rate. On the fifth day the runner called me in, and I signed, under his own discharge, which he sold me on our original bargain, as Edward Mitchell, A.B., or able-bodied seaman in the barque 'Wessex,' bound to London. On coming out I was laid hold of, and being asked for what rate of pay I had signed, I said six pounds a month, for if I had not lied in company with the others who had shipped with me, I should have been mauled by the strikers then and there, and have made enemies of my shipmates for the passage home.

That afternoon I devoted to buying what things were necessary, and it was at a scandalous den of thieves that I purchased a big monkey-jacket, that was a regular "Cape Horner," a suit of oilskins, a pair of gum or rubber sea-boots, a sheath-knife, which I still possess and shall keep as a memento of the past, a tin plate, cup, and a knife and fork. The boarding-house keeper, who was as big a ruffian as I have ever foregathered with, and I have known many, looked hard at me as I produced five or six pounds to pay the bill, which was probably no more than 300 per cent. too much, and said earnestly—

"If I had known that you had as much money as that, my boy, you wouldn't have got out of my house for a while!"

He meant it, and didn't mind my knowing that he did. I smiled amicably.

"Thank you," I said; "but I didn't mean you to know. However that's the lot, and now I'm nearly dead broke. So there's no more to be got out of me."

This was not true, for I still had twenty pounds in my belt; but I was scarcely fool enough to let him know that, for I should most assuredly have been drugged and robbed that very night. Yet in spite of his ignorance I was glad to get on board the 'Wessex,' a barque of rather more than a thousand tons, at five o'clock the next morning.

I confess to feeling somewhat scared about the step I had taken. It is a serious thing to profess oneself an able seaman on board a vessel about to make a long passage. On land any obvious incapacity to do what is expected only results in being told to go elsewhere; but a man cannot be discharged at sea, and failure to do his duty brings down on him the wrath of the officers, together with the grumbling, and, if they dare, the ill-

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usage of the crew, who have to make up for his short-comings. Nevertheless I determined to do my best to be second to none, to learn all that I could, and above all to be very "willing," for that covers a multitude of sins at sea. So if there was anything I could do, I jumped to do it; I was first up aloft and the last down, and being always ready to take anything off my next mate's shoulders, and always cheerful, I had my reward.

At ten o'clock we mustered aft, and were put into watches, with the result that I occupied the proud position of "foretop-man" in the starboard watch, there being another of the same denomination, a young Dublin fellow named Jack Reynolds. With him I hastened to make friends, telling him I had not been to sea for a long time, and that the discharge I had shipped under was not mine. He was a good-tempered, easy-going round-faced man of about twenty-three, and my judgment of confiding in him was not at fault, for he made a regular chum of me, and often saved me from reprimand.

For four days we lay at anchor in Hobson's Bay, off the watering-place called Queenscliffe, waiting for a wind, and during this time I had to keep my eyes open and my wits about me to an extent that almost fatigued me. Every little thing that I saw done, but did not know, I managed to learn; everything I heard I caught up, and I watched every one out of the corners of my eyes. If anything was going on that I was ignorant of, I skulked most skilfully, and made up for it by jumping like a cat to do anything that I understood. Sometimes, however, I got fairly caught, and had to exercise ingenuity which, until it was required, I did not believe I possessed; but day by day my confidence and knowledge grew, until I began to think myself a real seaman and not a mere make-belief.

The 'Wessex,' though of such a size, carried no more than six able seamen in each watch, with two boys in mine and an ordinary seaman in the other. Besides these, there was the bos'on, and each watch had a bos'on's mate, who lived in the deckhouse. Our foc'sle was forward, and was dark, draughty and uncomfortable. There were no proper doors to it, and when a heavy sea came over the bulwarks it usually found its way amongst us under the tarpaulin screen which but ineffectually kept out the wind. Our dining-table was the hatch over the fore-peak, where the spare gear was kept, or more frequently our knees, and we sat down on chests, on the deck, or on a low partition which ran fore and aft just where the cable lay when

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the chain was bent on to the anchors. It was in these quarters that I made a more intimate acquaintance with my shipmates as we grumbled over the quantity or quality of the food, or told strange and surprising adventures of our last ships, which in my case were partly apocryphal, or drawn from the vessel in which I had gone to Australia as a passenger. I even excited envy because my story included the narrative of that outbreak among the Lascars on board the 'Seringapatam,' which I have already related.

My mates included an old seaman of sixty, called Mac, who had followed the sea since he was ten, and had become by natural endowment and foremast education a great and admirable liar. His yarns were mostly received with silence, except by Jack Shaw, a discontented old grumbler of a man, who would argue and, if need were, fight about anything. But as these two had tried conclusions in Melbourne in a fight in which Jack had been victorious, Mac only received his contemptuous comments in sulky silence, which lasted until there seemed a reasonable chance of reeling off another stiff yarn, which outdid the last. Shaw and I often bickered, because he knew I carried a "purser's name" (*i.e.* one not my own), and was not quite so experienced a seaman as I should have been. But as he was lame from an old injury to his knee, and I bore no malice, but on the contrary often did things for him, we never really quarrelled. Yet he invented a nickname for me, calling me "Lord Paget," and not content with conferring this brevet nobility upon me, professed to be anxious to reach England in order to see my father arrive with a coach-and-six to bear me to some palatial residence. He took me for a runaway apprentice, and deemed me a marvellously well-educated man when it turned out that I knew enough French to read what was said outside some tinned meats which bore directions for cooking in that language. This indeed was sufficient to make me an authority on anything, and I was frequently appealed to on points of difficulty, such as the relative quantity of ice above and below water in an iceberg. Here, however, my decision was received with scorn, and it was only when I established my dictum by an appeal to a book in our doctor's possession that I recovered and confirmed my authority.

By the time affairs had become as settled as this, we had been at sea for some time, and had experienced a gale far to the south-east of New Zealand in the same latitude where the

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'Somersetshire' of our line had once been totally dismasted. The chief mate seemed quite superstitious about the locality, and from his nervousness one might have imagined that he considered this part of the ocean a kind of Quilp's yard, with a gale lurking on one side or the other ready for a spring. It was due more to him than to the captain that we hove the vessel to in only a moderate gale of wind, moderate at least compared with some I have seen before and since, and drifted to leeward for about twelve hours. For my own part I was glad when we were hove to, or running under shortened sail, for then, barring accidents, there was nothing to do, and the watch on deck might retreat to the foc'sle and smoke. Perhaps it is not positive comfort to be idle if all one's clothes are damp, and to sit in a wet shirt with wet oilskins is not wholly cheerful, yet I confess to liking it better than hard work.

On such nights the scene in the dim fok'sle was in its way picturesque. The gale is blowing hard, but everything is made snug, the ropes coiled on their pins, and the "That'll do the watch" of the officer on duty sends both watches below, one for sleep and the other for shelter, until some unwelcome order is bellowed from the poop. In a few moments the port watch are in their bunks, their hanging lamp is extinguished by the last man, while on our side the dim oil burns and swings with the variable roll and pitch of the vessel. It requires some time to discern by its light that the fok'sle is wedge-shaped, and that the bunks line both sides in a double tier. Each of these is about two feet wide and eight inches deep, while there is so little space to spare between the bottom boards and the deck above, that I sometimes bump my head if I am called very unexpectedly. There is no prospect of our being wanted for a while, so taking off my sou'-wester and oilskin coat, I throw myself into my bunk, with my wet sea-boots over the edge, and smoking a short black clay pipe, I look down on the others. Jack Reynolds, my fellow foretop-man, sits on his chest beneath me, with his black, painted oilskins shining in the dim light as his hands move slowly about an apparently endless task of making a round sinnet chest-lashing. In the darkest corner sits little old Mac; I can guess it is he, for his glowing pipe is so low down; and on his own chest is Jack Shaw, mumbling and grumbling as usual while he rubs his left knee. He once fell from a vessel's main royal yard, and struck the side with his leg, going overboard. His companion fell on the deck, and never spoke again. If I

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turn my head, I see various sea-boots projecting from the other bunks, and on the deck are streams of water, for as she plunges and dives into the head sea, it spurts in through the ill-plugged hawse-pipes, or holes in the bow for the cables, and drips through the cracks of the scuttle or hatchway above us. Every now and again a heavy sea strikes against the bow where I am lying, for we are hove to on the starboard tack, and makes everything shiver and groan; while outside there is a vast and perpetual harmony of stringed instruments, for every stay and shroud sings strange music, and even the braces are bent inward by the wind and tautened like bars. On deck over my head is our look-out man, and I hear his steps as he walks to and fro in the steadier intervals, or his stamps as he tries to restore the circulation in his feet.

It was already March when we rounded the Horn, and very fine it was, with none of the traditional hard weather to make work. The long westerly rollers were unbroken by the steady wind, which allowed us to keep most of the lighter sails set, and would not have prevented us shaking out the royals had not the yards been sent down on deck some time before. We passed far to the south, even of the Diego Ramirez Islands, which sailors, with their extraordinary faculty of mispronunciation, usually call the "Dagarammarines," and had been in the Atlantic forty-eight hours before the fine dry days came to an end. But then a sample of weather fit and appropriate to those latitudes came howling after us.

For nearly three weeks we were in a succession of gales, and it was "Hands shorten sail," and "Hands make sail," alternately with a persistency which almost wore us out, for we were, as is now only too usual, much undermanned; and it still blew hard, even when we shook out a reef or set the top-gallant sails above the reefed topsails. Long before this I was able to sit astride the yard and haul out the weather earing myself, and do everything that came to hand, so I considered I had that right to growl which may fairly be thought due to a man who knows his work and is exceedingly uncomfortable. Indeed some home-keeping youth might consider our plight deserved a stronger epithet. For one thing, the fok'sle got more and more leaky; my blankets, by reason of the dripping from the deck above, the perpetually moist air, and the water I was forced to import into my bunk personally, became almost as wet as when I had camped on the Lachlan river in three weeks' rain, and one by one my few clothes

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were soaking as well, for it was impossible to dry them. When I went below, I had to turn into a cold, moist bed, which soon began to steam as though I was wet-packed in a hydropathic establishment; but before I did that, I took off my shirt, gave one end to Jack Reynolds, and then wrung the superfluous and unusual water out of it. For a certain quantity always remained. Then I hung it up, and when one of the watch on deck came and roused us with, "Starbowlines ahoy! turn out, you sleepers!" the wet shirt had to be donned once more, then a wet jacket, and perhaps damp and dripping oilskins too. Yet I never suffered from rheumatism, nor did I have even a cold until I reached England and slept in comfort.

During this spell of bad weather we were served out no fresh water for washing purposes, and though we rinsed our faces every now and again with salt, we became darker and darker in complexion, until I, whose skin had been burnt to mahogany by more than two years of Australian bush life, began to look somewhat darker than a dirty mulatto. Yet as this melasma grew on us together, there were no remarks made until we ran out of the storms into fine warm weather, and were allowed some water to wash ourselves with. Then it was astonishing to see the difference that the fresh element and soap made upon us, and as we laughed in each others' clean faces, I considered that I had a complexion of almost feminine purity. Doubtless three weeks' unremoved grime made me fairer, just as the Alaskan Indian belles use soot and grease before a dance or festival, in order to make themselves whiter and, as they believe, more attractive.

It was a pleasant change to be able to go about one's work clothed only in a pair of "dungaree pants" and a "dungaree jumper," with the soft air blowing, and a bright sun overhead which would soon grow tropically hot. The only drawback to the weather was our energetic mate, who kept us hard at it with souji-mouji (strong alkali), paint and tar. We tarred down, rattled down (that is, put new ratlines on the rigging), painted the lower masts, yards and rail, and I, who somehow showed a dexterity with the brush wholly surprising to myself, was set with one or two others to do the fine work in the cabin. I was even asked whether I had served my time as a painter. I did not give a direct answer, but allowed my questioner to believe that I had, for dexterity in a trade might always help me if I were bowled out in matters of seamanship, though I had almost ceased to fear

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that by this time, for when the painting was in progress we had run into the tropics, and the greater part of the passage was done.

It was in these latitudes and this vessel that I first noticed what I have never heard commented on or even mentioned. As I lay on my blankets on the top of the deck-house, where I often made my bed, I used to stare dreamily straight up into the sky, past the royals and the spar yet above them, at the stars and moon floating in the deep serenity of space, and I often saw, by a curious transference of unperceived bodily motion, the whole heavens break loose, as it were, from their ancient holdings, and swing to and fro a few degrees on this and that side of the apparently stationary mast. I knew of course that the vessel itself was rolling, though so slightly that I could not perceive it save from the lofty spar which fulfilled the same office as the long index of a chemical balance which has to deal with weights inappreciable in an ordinary machine; but, nevertheless, it was hard to come to that conclusion, for the swing and rhythm of the passing and returning stars seemed so real and obvious. For I saw it, and felt that I was being conjured with by nature and the fallible senses. Yet it was a strangely beautiful illusion to see, though by surprise, the everlasting firmament, the very ether, play such fantastic tricks, for if they moved, what was stable, fixed or eternal? As I wondered, perhaps there came a little larger swell from the west; the pointer moved a degree too far, the illusion was dissipated, the vessel itself was once more in motion that restored her to me as something almost alive and breathing, being no longer the sole fixed point beneath the loosed moon and stars.

The pleasantest hours of the whole passage were those spent working quietly up aloft with Jack Reynolds, when there was nothing very particular to be done down below, for we could sit near each other, spin short yarns and chew tobacco *ad libitum*, provided we were careful to spit overboard. Our work at such times consisted in looking after all the innumerable trifles up aloft which require to be carefully attended to, and if at last we could find nothing that really wanted renewing, out came my knife from its sheath, a seizing disappeared overboard, and we put a new one in its place. "Just as well to be careful," Jack would say, grinning; "our lives might depend on it some day." For we would never willingly confess that we had nothing to do on the foremast lest the bo'son might find us some less pleasing

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task, such as his tribe have a knack of doing. Ours was a very good fellow, though, in his way, and never surly with me, although he soon found out that I was not an able seaman of very long standing. Yet my unexpected dexterity in being able to make a complicated knot called a "Matthew Walker" on a four-stranded rope which a much older man had got confused about, impressed him very favourably, although from my not being able to do much simpler things, he looked on me as a queer mixture of cleverness and crass stupidity. But he was down on one man from Gravesend, who, though a fine fellow to look at and very good-natured, was extraordinarily dense, and had a rooted objection to going aloft any more than he could avoid. As he let this be seen, the bo'son invariably picked him out for any job which took him there, especially if it was such a thing as putting in the gilt trucks at the top of the masts, or fixing a dog-vane there. But Phil was very amusing to us, and had a standing grievance and topic of conversation. This is how it came about.

As is well known, it is customary on the 180th parallel of longitude to add a day to the reckoning when going east, and to subtract it going west. It thus fell out that we had two Fridays running, and it was a sore puzzle to poor Phil. We took it in turns to try to demonstrate it to him, but it was no use. His answer was to scratch his head and say, "I shall ask the pilot when he comes on board, and just you see, we shall be a day out in our reckoning. It's all foolishness; there never were two Fridays in any week. Why, man alive, there would be eight days in it, and that can't be, for the Bible says, 'six days shalt thou labour and do all thou hast to do,' and here we've been working seven and you say it isn't Sunday till to-morrow. Why, you're all mad!" And away went Phil to meditate over it all his spare time, for every now and again he came to us with a fresh argument which he considered ought to settle the matter. When he did find out that somehow or other we were right, his confusion of mind was perfectly ludicrous.

By this time I was thoroughly at home with the ship and men, and I really liked the life. Though nothing earthly could induce me to go back to it, that four months' passage home before the mast always remains, in spite of its toil and hardship, as the happiest time in my life. I was absolutely healthy and as strong as a young bull; I could race up to the royal yard and down again without losing my wind, or even breathing hard; I

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could go hand-over-hand sixty feet up a rope, and when I lay down I went so fast asleep, that sometimes all the watch bellowed at me in vain, and had to shake me at last. And, best of all, I never thought for five consecutive seconds, and if I knew the deadly words "introspection" and "analysis," I never went through any such process as they imply. I might well be content to sing in the second dogwatch with the heartiest good-will, or to take a good-humoured rough-and-tumble over the hatch, until one of us got his head banged against a ringbolt or the spare-anchor stock, without losing my temper. As long as one is well and does not think of the future, such a life is really very happy, if the officers do not make their vessel a "hell afloat," as they too often do.

About two degrees to the north of the line we had a day or two of "doldrums," or calm weather, but the old 'Wessex' managed for the greater part of the time to keep way on her, and slip along at a knot or even more, while half-a-dozen vessels were in sight from the main royal yard with their heads all round the compass. In this weather I almost prayed for a gale, for the chief officer began again to get so exacting with his "soujimouji," paint and tar, that we had no excuse for taking a handful of spun-yarn and a little tobacco aloft to while away the time as we looked at the blue expanse of sea. I was glad when we ran out of the trades at last and got a gale off the Western Islands (the Azores), for "Hands shorten sail" only kept us busy for a time, and we could sit in idleness afterwards. Yet it blew hard with occasional tremendous squalls, which made everything crack again. We had shortened her down to the reefed foresail and close-reefed topsails, but it blew harder and harder, and when our watch turned out at midnight we found a heavy sea running, while the wind was blowing great guns. The port watch had passed the long gaskets, with which the sail is made fast when it is furled, as preventer rovings, or additional fastenings, to the foresail, which had come away more than six inches from the yard; but there had been nothing else to do, for all the seizings, &c., that Jack and I had worked at in the fine weather did their duty in foul. After answering to our name at the poop in pitchy darkness, we went forward to the fok'sle again and sat smoking in silence, as we could barely hear ourselves speak for the roaring of the wind and the groaning of the timbers. At two bells, or one o'clock, the bos'on's mate came to us. He spoke, but at first I could not hear what he said, though

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I caught the word "foretop-men" which was quite enough to show that whatever had to be done fell to me and Jack Reynolds. After some shouting, I made out that the outer part of the upper foretopsail had blown loose from its lashings and that we were to make it fast again. I called Jack, and we went up aloft in such darkness that I could not see my mate when he was two yards away. Now, as sailors know, when the upper topsail is lowered down on the lifts, and the lifts of the lower yard are hauled taut, the foot-rope of the higher yard is jammed so far underneath it as to be of less than no use at all for standing and working on. So when I saw that any attempt to touch the gasket would result in the whole sail getting adrift, I roared to Jack to go down and get some pieces of sinnet, or plaited stuff of which gaskets, &c., are made, which I knew were in the foretop, and then clambered out to the lift, and by its aid got over the upper and stood on the lower yard, in order to be able to go to work when Jack returned. But by the time he had got into the foretop I heard a strange noise, half hiss, half roar, and looking up, and aft, I beheld a squall coming up astern that was a seemingly solid white wall of sea-mist, foam and cloud.

I threw my arms round the lift, grasping my coat and arms on each side, and held on. When the squall struck us, the vessel groaned and shivered all over, and seemed to double her speed. I didn't think, indeed I could not, for the roar of the wind and hiss of the beaten seas were too deafening, too overwhelming; but I felt as if the masts must go over the side, that in the nature of things they ought to, for no work of man could be capable of resisting such tremendous power. And I clung on with desperation. Had I been on the weather-side of the yard I should have been in safety, so long as the masts stood; but as it was, the wind blew me away from it, once lifting my feet off the yard below, trying to tear asunder my gripped hands and locked arms with a force that seemed physical, intelligent and alive, while the level spray struck me, blind and smarting, like stinging hail. It was a wonder that the sail, of which a small part was already loose, did not break its lashings and strike me off the yard like a thread of rejected spun yard, and had not the gaskets been new on the foremast, this most assuredly would have happened. I cannot tell how long this squall lasted, I think it was nearly ten minutes; but if I am ever asked, I can say the longest ten minutes I ever knew were spent up aloft off the Western Islands. When the worst blew over, Jack came up

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with a bundle of sinnet and a grin on his round face, asking "How did you like that, old man?" I passed the new lashing round the bellying sail, and we went down, very contented to descend leisurely, and not in a hurry together with the topmasts.

From that time forward we had no more bad weather, and we ran for the English Channel with a good westerly breeze until we were in soundings (seventy fathoms, sand and shells), when the wind changed to the east, dead in our teeth, and we had to beat to windward in short tacks. There is nothing more exasperating to a sailor than to have to do this on his homeward run. He is so eager to get ashore, so full of earnestness in desiring to put to the proof his resolution that "this time" he will not get drunk as usual, that his new virtue finds the delay of temptation too hard to be borne. There were many such among my shipmates, and though I laughed then, I think now that there was more of pathos than comedy in those resolutions which were so soon to be broken.

But beating up Channel gave me no time for moralizing, and the chief officer was far too intent on having everything as fresh as a daisy to leave us in idleness for a moment. From "Hands 'bout ship" to the paint-pots and holystones was the perpetual change, and when we picked up a tug off the Wight and made the sails fast for the last time, it was only to leave us more time for scrubbing paint and cleaning brasswork.

But how glad I was to greet England once more! Even the long wake of the lights of the Lizard made me feel at home again, and when I saw the coast half covered with cloud, I could have shouted with a joy that none who stay at home can comprehend. But there was one thing that struck me in England as very strange, not to say painful, and that was the vivid colour of the pastures. We are quite proud of our perpetual verdure; but, to tell the truth, the tint of the grass after the soberer dull greys and greens and browns of Australia was extremely unpleasant to my eye. I thought the colour glaring, not to say inartistic; it certainly was not unnatural, and yet it struck me as being as nearly that as if some one had deliberately painted the fields. It took me months to get reconciled to it.

After the long passage of 104 days, I had some right to think that I should not be called upon to do anything that I did not have sufficient knowledge of to carry through, but I was nearly reckoning without my host. Our "mud pilot," as sailors call the

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pilots of inland waters, whom we had picked up at the entrance of London River, sent men into the chains to heave the lead, and one of our crew, a half-bred Yankee, who was otherwise a good seaman, declined to go, as he, in spite of fifteen years at sea, had never done such work before. The second mate accepted his excuse, much to old Jack Shaw's disgust, for it was his next turn. He likewise refused to do that duty, and his refusal brought the officer into the fok'sle to see what this unexpected insubordination meant.

"Shaw, go in the chains," he said shortly.

"Can't heave the lead," answered old Jack, sullenly, though every one knew he could. "Why should I be able to do it, when this Yankee able-seaman can't?"

"No more jaw," said the officer; and Jack, who saw he was not to be trifled with, went out grumbling.

Then Mr. Jackson asked us all in turn whether we could heave the lead. Receiving affirmative answers, he came to me.

"Mitchell, can you?" said he.

Now I knew the "marks" and "deeps" of the hand line, but had never even seen it heaved, as far as I remembered. Nevertheless I would tackle it, or anything else, rather than say I could not.

"I guess so," I answered.

"What do you mean by 'I guess so?'" he asked, rather angrily.

"Well, then, I can, sir," I answered in desperation, wondering very much if I could all the time.

I was in a fix, but I determined to carry it through, so I went on deck and watched old Shaw at work, until I perceived that it was not so hard as I had imagined. In another hour I was in the chains myself, singing out, "By the mark, seven," "Quarter, less eight," "By the deep, nine," as bold as brass, until a sudden fog compelled us to anchor. When the "mud-hook" was on the ground, and things made snug, I went into the foc'sle to find the Yankee in low spirits, and old Shaw still grumbling against him. "What kind of a sailor did he call himself, when even a young chap like Mitchell could go in the chains and do his duty?" That was what old Shaw wanted to know.

I chuckled and turned away, and nobody, not even Jack Reynolds, knew that it was my first experience of heaving the lead.

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In the morning we hove the anchor up to the most beautiful chanty that sailors sing, "Homeward bound," and by ten o'clock we entered the south-west dock. I was the first on shore with a warp to help make her fast, and I shall never forget the sensation of feeling the gravel grinding under my heels when I sprang from the vessel's side. When the ship is alongside the wharf and secured, the crew are free, and in a few minutes we tumbled down below, shifted our working clothes, and donned our best, which in my case I am bound to say were nothing to boast of. Indeed I had a discussion with Reynolds as to whether I was well enough dressed to go home, for I had in nearly three years of rough life almost lost the notion of dress. Finally, in deference to Jack's opinion, I consented to go to the Sailors' Home in Well Street, until we were paid off, by which time I could get a new rig-out. A van from the Home was waiting for those of us who wished to go there, and as I rode off in it I passed Shaw, whose wife had come to meet him. I called his attention to my coach-and-six, and he chuckled a grim farewell to "Lord Paget," as he still nicknamed me.

When we reached the Home, there was a crowd of the lowest men and women in East London waiting outside, and they almost stormed the van trying to persuade us from entering it. When the big door opened and we drove in, a wild and savage yell of rage and disappointment rose from the shut-out mob at losing what might be their last chance of getting hold of men with money. For once in the Home, there is much in favour of staying there, and Jack is too busy amusing himself to shift his "dunnage," as he calls his impedimenta, after he has once deposited it in safe keeping.

As for me, I stayed there three days, saw some aspects of life which were new to me, and then, just for a change, I went to stay in the West of London.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

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Comedy of a Country House.

BY JULIAN STURGIS.

AUTHOR OF "THRALDOM," "JOHN MAIDMENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THERE was yet a wholesome wilfulness in Dora's depression. She would not admit to herself that hope was any longer possible; and yet all her nature cried out against her decision that she must hope no more. It could not be that she should never know happiness again, she so vivid and alert, she who had done no wrong, unless silliness be a crime. So she was divided, the life within her rebelling against her obstinate acceptance of abiding grief. She could not help hoping, though she declared that she would not hope, that, when her husband came back from his walk, she would see some change in him, some change from this cruel silence and reserve. If he came back red with anger and stormed at her, she would be thankful.

This little hope of Dora was doomed to disappointment. She could see no change at all; and she said to herself that she had known that there would be no change. She had said that she would be at home to nobody; but Tom Rutherford returning found a carriage before the door and pressed the visitor to come in. So Dora was obliged to sit quiet behind her tea-table and to listen smiling to the prattle of a little lady who was eager to tell her why she was in town at that time, at which great house she had been and to which great house she was presently going. She was all fluffy and shining like a ruffled teal; she seemed like a ball of fur and feathers endowed with chatter and a little high laugh to fill the pauses. Dora said bitterly to herself that her husband classed her with this sort of little ladies, all artificial as the trimming of a hat, and travelling from country house to country house in a bandbox. When this visitor had run down and the little works were eloquent no more, Tom conducted her with great politeness downstairs; and then, as was his wont

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after five o'clock tea, he shut himself up again in his den. There he would remain, as Dora knew, till it was time to dress for dinner.

The little hope, which Dora now recognised when it was time to snuff it out, had vanished; but promptly another glimmered in the deeps. Against her will she began to think that some comfort might lie in the fact that Tom had avoided being alone with her at tea-time. But this pale gleam went out also when he came into the drawing-room before dinner. Her eager eyes could detect no shade of difference; even his tie was tied as accurately as ever. Not a sign was there of anger, of mockery, nor, most wonderful in her woman's eyes, of curiosity. To dine opposite to her husband was a slow punishment; she fancied that the quiet butler, who conducted the business of the well-ordered meal, was watching her with demure eyes. Ten thousand leisurely dinners lay before her, all with their ghastly mockery of peace, their keeping up of appearances in the butler's eyes.

It was a momentary relief to leave the dining-room, but she had hardly begun to taste the new discomfort of loneliness and to review her troubles, when her husband came upstairs. He never lingered over his wine; she could not even think that he had made more haste than usual to join her; all things were just the same. He sat in his accustomed place and opened the evening paper. Then an awful stillness began. She sat like the victim of a nightmare, fearing that he would hear the beating of her heart, listening for the turning of his page. At last he laid aside the paper, and it seemed that even so slight a movement broke the spell. She uttered a sound which seemed to herself like the sharp cry of a wounded animal; he looked at her, and from the mere fact that he looked at her she took such measure of encouragement that it seemed possible to speak. "Archie was here to-day," she said; the words were all ready, though she had by no means expected to say them. Her husband looked as if he expected her to say more, and with almost breathless haste she hurried on. "He asked me," she said, "to let him tell you the truth about that night, the night of the ball." The words were out, and she was trembling. Presently she glanced at her husband and saw that his jaw was set and fancied that he ground his teeth.

"He lied then," he said quietly; "I thought so." He rose from his chair and stood by the mantelpiece, looking down.

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"Oh, he meant well," she cried out; "oh, let me tell you now; it was all my fault;" and so she rushed into the story which she was sure that she should tell so badly. She told it, if somewhat incoherently, at least better than she had feared; it sounded less artificial, less improbable; and it was a relief to speak. She did not spare herself, her folly, her faith in herself as in a petty providence for young men; but a just instinct kept her from dwelling too much on that. At first she dared not notice if she aroused any sign of sympathy; but, when she looked for such sign, there was none. He listened coldly, and she faltered. Still with an effort she persevered; she could not leave her tale half-told. She told how she and Leonard Vale had combined to prevent Archie's engagement; how on the night of the ball she had heard of the paragraph announcing the engagement, and how at the same moment she had heard that Leonard had proofs that Lady Jane Lock had sent the paragraph. "He was too ill to come down," she said, "and would not or could not send the proofs, but sent to ask me to come up for one moment. At first I said I would not, and then I saw Archie, and I saw that he knew about the paragraph, and I thought that he was just going to ask the girl to marry him, and that nothing could stop him but the proof that Lady Jane herself had forced him to it; and then Lady Jane stopped me when I was going to Archie, and I was furious with her, and made up my mind in a moment that I would go and see if there was any proof that she had written the thing; and so I ran upstairs and into that room, and he was there, and when I saw him like that, and he spoke to me like that"—

She stopped with a strong gesture of disgust. He came a step nearer to her and asked in a low voice—

"How did he speak?"

Then her quick mind detected danger; she feared that he would seek a quarrel with this worthless man.

"The words were nothing," she said eagerly; "it was his looks; he had been drinking; he did not know what he said. Archie has seen him; he is wretched and ashamed, he said that he had been drinking."

"You need not be afraid," said Tom huskily; "I shall not hurt him."

She was silent, stunned as if he had struck her; he, with a smothered imprecation, walked out of the room and shut the door behind him.

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Then the waters of desolation seemed to close over that fair young head. For the first time she was really hopeless. It seemed clear to her now that he would never believe her any more, and that she must walk through all her long life smiling false smiles, playing the part of happy wife in a ghastly comedy, on which no curtain fell, her husband and she always together, always eyeing each other with suspicion. The little cloud which had shadowed her life seemed to darken all the heaven of her days. For all her woman's cleverness her knowledge of unkindness was but that of a spoiled child. She was unaccustomed to sorrow.

Tom Rutherford had left the room because a great wave of passion had threatened to shake him from his self-control. The thought of Leonard Vale moved him to fury, and to the old barbarian hunger of his enemy's life; his fingers itched for his throat. To hear his wife speak words which sounded like a defence of this corrupted and corrupting youth was more than he could bear, and he could not restrain his cruel taunting speech. He went out lest he should say more, and so have more to regret; for he had hardly said the words before he condemned them as unfair. He had never doubted his wife. He had been indignant with her, for that she, his wife, had been so little careful to run no risk of misconception, and so ready to trust a man against whom her instinct should have warned her. And now he did not for a moment doubt the truth of what she said. He was more happy than he had been for days past; for he had been very unhappy in spite of his calm air, doubting Archie's statement, believing that he did not know the true story of the night of the ball, determined to ask no questions. Now his wife of her own accord had told him the truth; and he was glad. Only his anger was still fiery hot within him, and, when she spoke of Leonard Vale, he had not held his tongue.

Tom went downstairs and waited till he felt sure of himself. Then he went up again determined to be quiet and to say quietly to his wife that he was sorry for the words which he had spoken; that he had never thought ill of her, except for the heedlessness which had hurt his pride so deeply. He went upstairs rehearsing the cool clear sentences which he meant to say. He opened the door quietly enough, but, when he was again in the room, there was an end of his coolness and clearness; the sight of his young wife moved him too deeply. She had turned the back of the chair, and leaned her arms upon it; her fair young

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head, all ruffled and disordered, lay helpless on her arms; the attitude was girlish, almost childlike; she was abandoned to grief. She was praying inaudibly and crying like a child. Tears in women and children were always intolerable to Tom Rutherford; he knew his weakness well; even the easy pathos of books and plays had often filled his eyes with tears, and made him mock himself for his absurdity. But it was too late to escape this sight. Here was his own wife, woman and child too, or so she seemed, lost in grief, shaken by painful sobs. He came near her quickly. He said what he had meant to say but vehemently; he blamed himself for leaving her alone, for his cruel words; he had never doubted her for a moment; that young blackguard had turned his blood, but such an one must not be allowed to come between them. His words were not of much importance, for she hardly knew what he said; it was the tone of his voice for which she cared, and the touch of his large hand upon her hair.

"My child," he said; "don't, don't, dear!"

These were the words which she heard most clearly, and these were enough. In his vehemence he knelt down beside the chair and drew her head to his shoulder; then she clasped her arms about his neck.

Chapter XXX.

Archie awoke and wondered if it were day or night. He had a slight headache, which surprised him; he lay trying lazily to remember when he had felt a headache before; he felt a disinclination to rise and face the perplexities of the day. The unfortunate mis-statement which he had made grew big in that early dismal hour and seemed to fill the room, and to oppress him. Certainly the room was full of oppression. With an effort he got out of bed, went to the window, and pulled up the dingy yellow blind. The pulling up of the blind made small difference, if any; the world outside was dingy yellow as the blind, and the outer air thicker than the air within. It happened that this was the first London fog which young Lord Lorrilaire had met. He looked at his watch and found that it was half-past eight. It was day then, but a hideous muffled day; to lie abed was to be stifled by heavy reminiscences; to wash and dress was a tiresome prelude to a task which seemed to have grown portentous in the choked hours of the night. As he stood cheerless and in doubt,

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he heard a rap at his door. He crept back into bed and called to the knocker to come in.

"What's the matter out of doors?" he asked, when the Boots of the hotel came in with a candle.

"It's a thick fog, sir," said the Boots; "the man, as brought your letter, came near to losing his way."

Archie took the letter and looked at it with languid interest, which distinctly increased as he saw that the direction was in Dora's handwriting. With a faint sigh he tore open the envelope, while Boots discreetly held the candle near, but not too near. It was a short note:—

"DEAR ARCHIE,

"Don't come to see us till we come back. We are away this morning out of this horrid fog and all our worries. We are perfectly happy. I told him everything. He sends love.

"Yours ever,

"DORA."

"All right," said Archie to the man; "I'll have my bath." Then the man went away, leaving him in thick darkness again, lying, as it were, in the woollen and breathing hardly. His first clear thought was that it was strange that he was not more elated by Dora's note. What more could he have wished? Had he hoped for any news half so good? Perhaps elation was impossible on such a morning. He was sure that he was extremely glad that Tom and Dora were friends again. Of course they did not want him any more; but that only meant that he need perplex himself no more with their affairs, nor strive to disentangle that most intricate skein. In fact his occupation was gone; the weight was removed; he ought to be amazingly happy. But happiness, shy as a woodland nymph, will not come because she ought; pursued, she eludes us with a thousand wiles, then shines upon us unlooked for, abundant and caressing, at a sound or a gleam, as we plod on unmindful of her. Archie could assure himself that he was glad. He lay blinking, with eyes smarting a little; it did not matter now when he got up or if he lay there all day. The Rutherfords were creeping out of this oppressive city; but why should he? He could get up when he liked, do what he liked, go where he pleased. The weight was removed, and only levity remained. His beloved freedom was his once more; nobody cared where he went; that ought to be delightful. Howbeit he felt lonely.

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He dressed himself by candle-light, and breakfasted with small appetite in the blinking coffee-room. Then he advanced so far as to determine that he must go somewhere. He would not go to his mother. He felt himself too restless for her quiet life; he thought that he should disturb the placid atmosphere in which she imagined her gentle pictures or planned her daily benefactions. He felt a perverse desire to see Dora, but could find no reason for the wish but her command that he should not come. He told himself again how glad he was that all was well with Dora, and straightway slid into dull melancholy thoughts. "Never again," he thought, "shall I be the same to those friends of mine; I shall be associated with an awkward crisis, with uneasy thoughts, with the memory of a lie." He felt an uncommon loneliness.

One thing was certain, he could not stay resting in that hotel. Perhaps the London winter was like this. Somewhither he must go, if only to see that the sky still arched over all and air was somewhere sweet and pure. He inspected Bradshaw by the untimely gaslight; he asked the friendly Boots to pack his clothes. Finally a four-wheeler crawled through the muffled streets from lamp-post to lamp-post, and bore the young man and his fortunes to the station, which loomed dark, blurred, and gigantic in the fog.

Even as the train moved slowly out from the station, the young man began to breathe more happily. He had taken a ticket for Langstone, for he had made up his mind to go, for want of a better object, back to his castle. It was at least possible that somebody might want him there. Slowly he was drawn out of the clinging dusky fog, and then on a sudden he was beyond its utmost verge and in a bright frosty world. His heart leaped to meet the gladness of the day; he could scarcely sit still in his place; at a station some miles short of Langstone he left the train, and leaving some directions about his scanty luggage, he took the road with joy. On he walked upon the good high-road, glad of the keen bright air, and wondering at times if it were possible that that great mass of creeping yellow fog were so near. The sound of his feet on the good road was pleasant in his ears, and his blood moved responsive. So he came in due course to the admirable palings of his park, and looked at them as a bird who had been let out to fly about the room might look at the well-set bars of his cage. He a vagabond, light of heart, would be a great man and a landowner, so

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soon as he had topped those palings. He topped the palings nimbly and alighted, the most fantastic of all Lord Lorrilaires, upon the springy turf within. Then he walked forward, still defiant of his own grandeur, across his wide domain. The sun was bright and warm; no wind was stirring, and for all the exhilaration of the frost, Archie was glowing. He came to a little wood, all of silver-stemmed birches standing knee-deep in dry brown fern. Here were delightful autumnal colours under the clear blue sky; the ruddy brown and the silvery slender tree-trunks held him still for a moment; and then, yielding to the charm and tired pleasantly by his long walk, he dropped himself into the crisp clean fern and lay thinking, dreaming.

Lonely he still felt himself to be, but, if he were melancholy in his musing, it was a melancholy which was almost a luxury. From his nest in the fern he could see beyond the wide hollow and the opposite slope the tower of his majestic castle. What a preposterous abode it seemed for one light youth, who asked no more than a crust of bread and liberty, freedom to come and go, fresh air, and elbow-room upon the road of life! There stood his dwelling, planted there, solid, oppressive, and there it would stand while owner after owner followed on the same way and a million vagabonds passed by. He could not but feel lonely. When he should rise from his lair and go on to his castle, he would find no welcome more stimulating than that of the calm Mrs. Dormer or of the practical Sir Villiers.

Archie lay thinking lazily, dreaming, stretched at his ease, tenderly pitying himself a little—thinking, dreaming, at last dozing. From this comfort and light haze of sleep he was somewhat roughly awakened. He was lying flat on his stomach; his head had dropped on his arms, and he was dozing comfortably, when suddenly he felt a weight as if a tiger had leapt on to his back and gripped his two shoulders. In that small wood and dry warm fern there were no beasts more dangerous than rabbits; no rabbit could have pinned him thus; and, startled wide awake from his dozing, Archie was sure in a moment that a human animal held him. He heard the deep breathing as of an anxious man; he felt the big fingers on his shoulders, and then a big knee setting itself in his back; and then with a vigorous effort, struggling and writhing like an eel, he wrenched himself to one side, brought his feet to his hands and stood upright. His assailant, amazed by such unexpected agility, had staggered slightly, but he now recovered his feet and advanced upon

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Archie, red-faced and angry, muttering dire threats, and with two ponderous fists slowly coming into action. Archie was sore perplexed. To fight a yokel in his own park was plainly unseemly; to announce his name and rank seemed ridiculous, if not cowardly; a natural desire not to be pounded by a rustic contended with a natural desire to give this lout, whose hands he still felt upon his shoulders, a well-deserved lesson. He measured the advancing foe, and saw no way of honour but to leap in upon his superior strength and trust to his activity and the quickness of a few well-planted blows. In a moment he would have been within the yokel's guard, when with fresh surprise he saw a remarkable change in the advancing foe. The great fists dropped and the lower jaw dropped with them; the man stood still; he tried to speak but he could only stare; at last he began, "Well I'm—— " but could advance no further. Archie now warily advanced and shook him. "Oh, your worship," said the man trembling at his touch, "Oh, your lordship!"

"What's the matter?" said Archie; "there's no harm done—what did you pounce on me for?"

"Oh, oh!" said the man, "my word! have I laid hands on the anointed?"

"Don't be a fool," said Archie. "What's the matter? can't you speak?"

"Oh, your lordship! you won't visit it on me," said the man. "I'm a poor man; I thought no more—Heaven help me, I took your lordship for one of them poaching boys."

Archie laughed, and having begun to laugh found it hard to stop; but the man stared with only an added solemnity, as if he feared that this causeless laughter was some effect of his rash act, the beginning perhaps of a form of aristocratic insanity.

"Who are you anyway?" said Archie; "and what is it to you if boys come poaching?"

"What is it to me?" echoed the other slowly; "doesn't your lordship know me? I am your lordship's under-keeper; I am James Pye, your lordship."

This fact delighted Archie. There was something extremely entertaining to him in the fact that one of his underlings had pinned him in his own fern like a hare on her form. It delighted him, and yet Mr. Pye's abject attitude annoyed him. Was it with such eyes that his dependents must regard him? He was vexed with dependents' eyes. "Don't be a fool," he said roughly;

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"do you think I'd be such a cad as to hurt you for making a mistake. Only the next time you find a boy on the place, take care not to break his back, or I will be down on you with no mistake; and, if a boy is lying in the fern and doing no harm, let him lie in the fern. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, my lord," said the man humbly, "but——"

"No. You must remember that," said Archie. "Is it you who live in the cottage in the middle of the wood beyond the brook?"

"Yes, your worship—I mean, my lord, and I do hope your lordship——"

"Don't I tell you I won't hurt you?" said Archie impatiently; "show me the way to your cottage without going by the house."

The big man bowed and almost curtsied in his zeal, and Archie had a moment's fear that his guide intended to walk backwards before him to their destination. But James Pye contented himself with occasional half-turns and samples of a crab-like progression, which were eloquent of apology. So journeying they came by a roundabout path to the little clearing in the wood, wherein the cottage stood. A sudden fancy had seized Archie, a whimsical desire to enter the cottage, through the window of which he had peeped a few days before.

In the keeper's cottage down among the trees the light was far more dim. The good housewife peered twice at the figure, which was following her lord and master through the low door, before she began to think that it might be the figure of Lord Lorrilaire. Then she promptly dusted a chair, which needed no dusting, and offered it to Archie with apologies, glancing meanwhile with questioning looks at her husband and wondering at his hang-dog air. She for her part had an air of sufficient self-respect, as she awaited his lordship's pleasure. It was not for nothing that she had been an indoor servant at the castle; she was well aware that she knew how to talk to the quality. As for Archie, he was suddenly aware, as he felt that polite inquiring gaze upon him, that he had no reason to give for his visit. He had not even given a reason to himself. He felt that he was standing there, smiling amiably but absurdly, while James Pye regarded him pitifully and with awe, as if he expected him to pull a black cap out of his shooting-coat pocket and condemn him to be hung on the instant to his own rafter. Suddenly Archie was possessed of an idea, sufficiently obvious, and asked with relief, "How's Tommy?"

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It seemed impossible even to Mrs. Pye that the young Lord had travelled from London to inquire after Tommy. But it was her duty to answer any question which the quality, whose motives and manners were generally mysterious, chose to ask; and so she answered civilly that Tommy was still ailing, and entered moreover into certain details which surprised the young man, who was not accustomed to the plain speaking and frank enjoyment of medical topics, which is common to such women.

"Tommy!" she cried through the door of the back-room, and Tommy emerged and stood staring, till he was told to make his bow.

"He is to go away to-morrow," said Mrs. Pye, with a manner which was almost aggrieved.

"Ah, that'll do him good," said Archie; "there's nothing like a change."

"Indeed, it's a sore trouble to send him, and a sore trouble to be without him," said his mother plaintively. "Here are the directions where he is to be taken to," she added, and she took a sheet of writing-paper from the mantelpiece and handed it respectfully to Lord Lorrilaire.

Archie took the paper from her hand and looked at it, half forgetting, as he looked, where he was. The directions were put briefly, and were written in a strong mannish hand, a good example of that bold handwriting which the younger ladies of our day affect.

"Be at Langstone with Tommy before 10. Take 3rd return to Darley for yourself, and 3rd single to Strandling for Tommy.

"Train leaves Langstone 10.5 A.M., arrives at Darley Junction 11.15 A.M.

"At Darley ask for right platform for train to Strandling.

"I shall be in that train, and shall look on that platform for Tommy."

That was all which was on the paper; and Archie read it twice, smiling at the strong writing, the minute directions, and the business-like form.

"How kind of her," he said; and having said it, he wondered if it were she.

"Yes, my lord, I am sure it is very kind of the young lady," said Mrs. Pye, with the air of a martyr. "Tommy is to go to a Convalescent Home which is kept by one of the young lady's friends, and I do hope he'll be happy."

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"Oh, he'll be happy right enough," said Archie; "it'll do him a world of good. It *is* kind of her."

On this Mrs. Pye deemed no comment necessary, cherishing her private opinion that Miss Lock was indulging herself in a treat. Tommy was a treat in his mother's eyes. Moreover, it was inconvenient for either herself or her husband to take the boy as far as Darley Junction.

"I don't know how ever we shall get him there," she said.

Archie returned the paper to Mrs. Pye; and, as she stuck it behind the flat candle-stick on the mantelpiece, he observed that there was a glove there, which no stretch of the imagination could fancy on the hand of Mrs. Pye. Yet it was not a small glove.

"Is that," began Archie—"did the—in fact, did Miss Lock leave her glove behind her?" He moved, as he spoke, towards the mantelpiece and delicately picked out the glove.

Mrs. Pye thought it must belong to the young lady, and she hoped to take it to the Junction to-morrow; but she again expressed her wonder how ever she should get there, or James either. James could not trust himself to offer an opinion. He stood clutching his right arm, as if to make sure that it would not assault his liege lord and master.

"Well, good night," said Archie, waking suddenly from a reverie. He had been standing and looking at the glove. It was a long glove, and not even small in the hand, though it looked small where it lay in the young man's palm; it was an old glove too, and had taken the shape of the hand; the shape was fine and free. It was from such thoughts that Archie started. "Well, good night," he said, and returned the glove to Mrs. Pye; he was a little hurt by her manner of rolling it up, and sticking it behind the old tin candle-stick. "Good night!" he said again—"Good night, James, and don't forget about the boys—be easy with them."

"Oh, lor!" said James Pye, with a sort of groan.

CHAPTER XXXI.

When Elizabeth Lock looked out of the window of a first-class carriage at Darley Junction, she saw little Tommy Pye, and she also saw another young man, whom she had not expected to see. The train had scarcely stopped, when the door of the carriage was opened by Lord Lorrilaire. She gave him

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her hand as she stepped out, looking at him with wide open eyes. "What brings you here?" she asked.

"I brought Tommy," he answered; "his parents were busy, and I had nothing to do. I hope you don't mind."

"Oh, no," she said; "it was very kind of you."

"No, I can't allow that," he said.

On this she made no comment, but turned away to greet Master Pye, who was lost in contemplation of the engine. She was conducting her young charge to the carriage, from which she had descended, when Archie said, "We are third-class passengers, you know; we followed your instructions to the letter."

She laughed and blushed as he handed her her paper of directions. "All right!" she said; "here is an empty third, and I will go with him." She opened the door before Archie could reach it.

"And your maid?" asked Archie, for the lady's maid was peering anxiously from the compartment where her lady had left her.

"She can stay where she is," said Elizabeth, "with the bags and rugs."

Tommy scrambled into the third-class carriage, and Miss Lock followed him. And now the doors were slamming and the train almost in motion, when Archie, as if there were never a doubt of his intention, followed Miss Lock into the carriage. The train had begun to move out of the station, when the young lady said rather lamely, "Are you coming too?"

"Oh, I forgot," said Archie; "I was to take a return ticket to Darley, wasn't I?"

"You were not to come at all," she said.

Yet Archie thought that she did not look displeased. Indeed he was vaguely disappointed by the friendliness, the perfect candour of her manner. She began to talk to Tommy as if there were no other specimen of the male sex within miles. He felt a strong desire to interest her; he cast about for an interesting speech. "Here and now," he said with a laugh, "begins the Social Revolution."

This startling statement produced an effect. She looked at him with frank interest.

"You in a third-class carriage and your maid in a first. You can't go further than that."

"What is the Social Revolution?" she asked.

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"Oh, I don't know."

"Like the French Revolution?" she asked again.

"No, no," he answered laughing; "all that's out of date. The people can't revolt against the people. The people govern now, more or less, and will govern more."

He had gained his point; he had attracted her attention. She sat looking at him with an added flush on her cheek, waiting for more. This was more than enough to set Archie's tongue wagging. He began to pour out views, and glibly to describe the political and social phenomena of the time, as he saw them. From this he slipped naturally to the more personal question, and indirectly claimed her sympathy, as he confessed how hard he had found it to know what part he could best play in the present state of affairs. "You have to accept the main tendencies of the time," he said; "and the difficulty is to know what one can do oneself, being the sort of chap one is, to further what's best or check what's worst."

"Yes, I see that," she said, nodding her head. Her air of interest led him on, and he continued to confide to her the embarrassing questions of his Oxford days, the reasons why the ordinary professions of mankind had not tempted him. It was all a little boyish, a little vain-glorious. Finally he was conscious that he might seem to be talking as if there were no course worthy of so fine a fellow as himself. He was suddenly conscious too of the absolutely blank gaze of the freckled mite, who sat opposite by the lady's side with thin legs dangling. He looked back again at the handsome girl with a smile, which was meant for an apology, but her face was neither blank nor critical. She was leaning slightly forward, her lips apart, her hands slightly clasped. He was amazed by her seriousness, half inclined to laugh; but he checked himself and he rebuked himself. How fine it was this power of seriousness, this warm, frank nature! He lost himself for a moment, musing. Then, rousing himself, he said, with the apology which his smile had intended to convey, "I've no right to bore you—talking of myself."

"But it doesn't bore me," she said emphatically; "you can't tell how much it interests me. I am not clever, you know, and I don't know clever people, and I never hear about things which matter."

"I don't know that I matter much," he said.

"Oh, it's not you," she said quickly—"at least I mean," she added, for she saw that he had begun to laugh at the prompt

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disclaimer, "that it's not only you. It's the whole thing; it's the fact that there is such a thing as being of some real use in the world, and that people are really trying to find the right thing to do, and that doing one's duty is not only a thing one says in one's catechism in the schoolroom. But you? I can't see why you should have any trouble. It seems to me as if there were so much for you to do."

"Oh, don't begin to talk to me about my position and all that," he said. "You should have seen the Castle last night, when I arrived. Uncle Villiers and Aunt Susan had both vanished, and all the household, save the mark, were on board wages, and the Groom of the Chambers (I never knew till late last week that there was such a thing as a Groom of the Chambers) was so much annoyed with me for coming, that I couldn't have stopped another hour in the house for a fortune. A fortune! Heaven knows I've enough of that."

"But surely that makes it all plain," said the girl. "You had nothing to do, and now you've got all sorts of things to do—all sorts of things to look after, and people."

Archie made a slight grimace. "And you could try experiments and things," she continued; "my brother-in-law, the parson you know, wants all sorts of things tried, allotments and small farms and fruit growing and all sorts of things; but he's not rich and he can't afford experiments. Now you——" She stopped, and looked at him with eyes wide open and interest almost eager. As he looked back on her, it struck him suddenly as an amazing fact that she should be speaking so calmly to him of his wealth, which she might have shared had she chosen. His face became full of an interest more personal than her own. He wondered that she did not think of this. It was amazing, and as beautiful as it was amazing. She might think herself stupid if she pleased; he was lost in admiration of a simple and beautiful soul. He turned his eyes from hers, and encountered the never-averted gaze of the grave Thomas Pye.

"Now, there is Tommy," said the girl; "if you had interested yourself in the people on your place, you would have found out that Tommy needed a change. You are going to see the sea, Tommy. Won't that be splendid?"

Tommy was of a cautious character. He was not inclined to commit himself to any definite opinion about this unknown illimitable sea. Perhaps he had inherited from his mother a tendency to mistrust, to suspect that even glorious ladies, ap-

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parently philanthropic, might get something out of him. Certain it is that Silence held his lips; he reserved his opinion about Ocean, which was compelled to await his verdict.

As Tommy did not speak, Archie made the next remark and made it with conviction.

"How good you are!" he said.

The girl started, and then grew red and awkward. She moved uneasily, and then said in a low voice, "I wish you would not talk like that; you make me feel a fool and a humbug."

Her embarrassment, her very awkwardness, delighted Archie. He would say nothing to divert her thoughts; and presently she said again, speaking more quickly, "I am not at all good; I am often cross; I am often disagreeable to people—to my mother, for instance." The last words seemed to come with an effort, and they were followed by a period of silence.

"Theodosia is good," the girl said suddenly, as if she must break this silence full of thoughts.

"Who is Theodosia?" asked Archie.

"Oh, don't you know about her? I thought you would know because of Tommy. She has built the Convalescent Home, and takes care of it. It is only a small one, but it took most of her money; and she lives in a cottage near, and I go and stay with her sometimes, and try to be like her."

Words were on Archie's lips which he did not speak. Instead of speaking he turned his head and looked out of window at the flying fields, the long procession of the hedges. His mind moved quicker than the train, picturing the whole life of Theodosia Grant, seeing it from the somewhat fatuous masculine point of view as the life of a woman with whom love had not prospered—flitting in an instant from Miss Grant to Lady Jane Lock, considering her also, wondering at her and at the contrast between her and her daughter.

Elizabeth Lock, as if she felt the direction of the young man's thoughts, spoke again. "My mother is so good," she said, "about letting me go to Strandling. She does not like my going so much, but she is very kind about it. She has old-fashioned ideas; she thinks that she ought always to have her girls with her and be doing things for them; and now, when there's only me, she would like to keep me always with her, until—unless——".

The girl had spoken so far, anxious only to explain, to approve her mother, and suddenly she had found herself on the

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brink of words, which died upon her tongue and made her startlingly conscious that she was travelling almost alone with a young man, who but a few days ago had asked her to be his wife.

Archie looked at her for a moment, and for a moment only. He turned his eyes quickly from her flushed, embarrassed face. "Tommy," he cried, giving that self-contained personage a lively shake of the shoulder, "we shall be there in no time. Don't you begin to smell the sea?"

"No," said Thomas Pye.

Chapter XXXII.

When he had reached his goal, Archie found himself in a somewhat comical position. No sooner had the train stopped at Strandling, than a bright-eyed lively lady pounced upon Miss Lock and embraced her with ardour. Miss Grant was wholly unlike Archie's fancy picture. With bright dark eyes, wavy hair worn in the simplest mode, and an erect, active figure, she showed an undeniable attraction that convinced the most careless of male eyes that, if she were a spinster and could be classed as middle-aged, she was a spinster by choice; she looked like a brilliant being playing the part of an old maid.

Archie regarded this lady with eyes which were by no means careless, but, before he could think more of her, he had been introduced, received a hearty shake of the hand, and had seen Elizabeth carried off from his gaze in a little rattling pony-carriage. Elizabeth had said good-bye as if she took it for granted that here they were to part. She had thanked him for his kindness in bringing Tommy, with the frank gratitude of friend to friend, and with an air of finality as if she were leaving him on the edge of a new world. As he looked after the low pony-carriage, which an exceedingly small pony was hurrying away at his own discretion, he saw the two female heads close together, and felt that Elizabeth was listening with interest and sympathy to much talk, with which he had even less to do than had Tommy, who sat on a tiny shelf opposite to the ladies and regarded them with round-eyed observation. When the little vehicle had turned the corner, Archie had nothing to look at but the maid, who was setting forth at a dignified pace by the side of the luggage which a porter was wheeling down the road. He looked beyond the maid and down the road to the

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clustering roofs and high church-tower, and wondered which roof would cover that fair head; it was not of the lady's maid that he was thinking. Depression possessed him. He stood irresolute. His portmanteau had been deposited on the platform, and there lay neglected. The Strandling season had ended many weeks before, and brooding winter quiet held the station and the little town. The young man shook himself and turned to ask what train would carry him and the portmanteau, his only companion, to Langstone, or London, or somewhither. Confronted, as he turned, by the other and more sleepy porter, he suddenly determined to stay there for that night at least, and asked which was the best inn. The porter, with a pardonable prejudice, recommended "The Pier Hotel," at which his brother cleaned the boots and knives; he inferred from the cut of his clothes that this idle young gentleman would be pecuniarily beneficial to his brother. So Archie told this calculating official to wheel down the portmanteau at his leisure, and so walked away to the Pier Hotel, which was a modest inn for all its name, and ate some luncheon in the silent coffee-room and felt better for a time.

Having learned that Miss Grant's cottage stood, withdrawn a little from the little town, on his right, Archie after his luncheon walked away towards the left. He felt strangely shy when he thought of meeting those ladies, and most fearful of intruding on the first hours of their renewed conversation. So he walked away from the narrow streets along the edge of the high sandy cliffs, which crumbled daily to the sandy shore below, melancholy, perhaps enjoying a little this young man's melancholy, sad as night. When the sun was low, he turned and walked back towards Strandling. Between him and the town the cliff sloped down and rose again to a big blunt knoll, on which the whole old fishing-village clustered, red roofs and narrow twisted streets, and over all the tall grey tower buttressed against the winter winds. Below the knoll and but just above the sea-level stood the little hotel, and close beside it a short old-fashioned wooden pier straddled out into the sea. The Pier Hotel had been attractive at luncheon-time, but, as Archie entered it in the evening, he felt its silence. It no longer looked for holiday folk; it had entered on its dormouse sleep; the two waiters who had come for its season, were on the Riviera. Only the porter's brother and a native girl assisted the landlord and his wife.

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Archie dined sadly. The loneliness of his inn was as the loneliness of his castle with all his retainers on board-wages; the intermittent society of the Boots was no more satisfying than that of his Groom of the Chambers. He had not even bought a book or a paper on his journey. For want of other food of thought, he fell to thinking of himself, and was sad. So he sat staring at his own feet by the light of one hot gas-burner, and conscious of the fumes of his late dinner and of other dinners of other days, until glancing up through the unshuttered window he saw that the stars were shining. It was better to be out than in. So out he went again, and this time he walked up through the crowded dreamy town, under the tall gray tower, and turned into a narrow path between the houses, which led him in the direction other than that which he had chosen in the afternoon. He walked briskly, for the night was cold, and the stars, which had called him forth, shone clear. So, walking, he came soon to a little open paling on his left, with neatly raked gravel behind it and a neatly whitened house with two gables. He knew in a moment that this was the Convalescent Home, and stood still to look at it. It looked like a toy set carefully down in its place by a child's hand, and the paint of its little railings seemed to have had scarcely time to dry. Archie was in a strange mood; the thought of sick children made tears come into his eyes.

If this were the little hospital, as he felt sure it was, then the lady's cottage must be near at hand. But Archie did not wish to look at the cottage, at least on that evening. He turned back, and found another path and followed that, musing, thinking of himself. He wondered what was the matter with him. He wondered why he had come there. He began to blame himself, for had he not been drifting again? Had he not yet learned that to let himself drift and see what came of it was no course for a man? He was a man now, and to spend manhood in sighing for one's lost boyhood—that at least would not do. The happy irresponsible wandering time was done; even if it could please him still, it could content him no longer. The drifter must have no conscience, if he would drift happily forever and shut his ear to all the little clamorous duties which every day beset him. He had pushed himself off on his new life of Lord Lorrilaire, intent on sliding down and amusing himself with new chances; and at the very outset he had run smack upon the facts of life. He had been shaken rudely from his laziness, forced to bestir himself, to choose unpleasant action, to forbid a

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kinsman his house, to protect a friend even at the expense of his truth. Ah, that still troubled him; it was no use to mutter to himself of the γενναῖον ψεῦδος; he could not bear that recollection. Howbeit, one thing had been made clear, one thing which it amazed him that he could have doubted ever—he could not allot to himself, even for a single week, a life of delicate amusements. To determine to amuse oneself is wilfully to invest in disappointment. And now he had been drifting again. He had gone to Tommy in the early morning with no better purpose than to see what would come of it. He had come on to Strandling with no definite purpose.

Suddenly it came to him with a new conviction that the girl was right; and with the conviction came a thrill of joy that it was the girl who was right. She had said that his sudden transformation into a man of wealth and influence should have ended all his doubts. He had suffered from doubts of himself and of his best career, till he too had been sick of asking what he was and what he ought to be; but the sudden push into fortune should have ended all that. He had not sought the fortune. He had not wished to be a lord. It did not please him now. He would rather have no distinguishing label. He supposed that, had he been born to a title, it would have seemed natural; but, as it was, he could not yet give his name in a shop without a sense of absurdity, and a fleeting tendency to apologize. Nevertheless, this label, and with it a command of much money, had been thrust upon him; and with the money and the title there had come to his hand a hundred duties, which made his life's work plain enough. This was clear; and it amazed him, as he walked the night, that he had not seen how clear it was till the girl had spoken. He had been in a maze, in a confusion of new claims; he wished to believe entirely that he owed the recognition of his plain task to the girl alone. He longed to do his work well. He was confident that he would use this property, thinking always of its duties rather than of its rights, trying to understand it thoroughly and to use it for the best, ready to lay it down rather than to use it ill. That seemed to him in this hour of insight the whole duty of the rich. He walked fast, thinking, planning, devoting himself; and ever among his quick thoughts beat waves of recurring emotion, flushing his cheek in the darkness, quickening his heart. He walked beyond the little town and out once more upon the cliff; he stood on the close-cropped

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grass between the faint deep sea and the quiet shining stars; he grew more quiet as he stood. A spirit of peace was with him. "God helping me," he thought, "if He care to help me, I will try to do honest work in the world." Happy or unhappy, lonely or no, he would face fortune like a man, endure like a man. He walked home more slowly through the silent night, and he fell asleep with a prayer upon his lips, a prayer for manhood's strength.

And with the morning came no failure of purpose. He had made up his mind to something most definite; and he had made up his mind too that, should he win or lose, he would take his fate like a man. No long-drawn supplications should there be, nor vain indulged regrets. When it was now time, he walked to Miss Grant's cottage. It stood a little beyond the coast-guard station, conspicuous in whitewash and with its lordly flag-staff, and its air was the more modest for this official neighbourhood. The little garden behind it stretched to the edge of the cliff, and the palings at its sides secured no absolute privacy, for they were not more than four feet high. All lay open to the sea air and the sun, and to the eyes of mortals if any cared to look. Miss Grant had a comprehensive friendliness. There, in this little garden, this little strip from the garden of Eve, Archie said what he had to say. He had been welcomed kindly by the ladies; he had stayed to luncheon at the invitation of Miss Grant, who was full of talk, of energy, of happiness; he had asked after Tommy and had received a good report, and also a message for Tommy's anxious mother. From the window of the little dining-room Elizabeth had stepped unthinking into the little garden; and when she turned to come in again Archie filled the window.

Miss Grant had left the room; not even the coast-guardsman, who was on duty, was looking over the palings. Archie came out into the garden. He felt himself trembling; but, as he looked the girl fairly in the face, the trembling ceased. The time had come for decision; that was a great thing of which to be sure. Elizabeth, on her side, was unready; she was not quick, as many women are, with arts of evasion, of postponement; she looked helplessly at the young man who stood between her and the only way of retreat. As he saw her helplessness, he grew more eager for speech; he knew that she was seeking with pain for some speech which might stop his; he pitied her even while he pursued his advantage.

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"I have been thinking of what you said yesterday. I think I see plainly enough what I ought to do—will you help me?"

She looked at him with appeal, and then with indignation. No words occurred to her but some which conveyed a doubt of his meaning; these she would not speak; wretched, prevaricating, conventional words they seemed to her. She actually stammered for a moment. Then she turned from him and looked away across the sea.

He came nearer, and said, "You haven't forgotten what I said that other time—on the night of the ball?"

Then at last she found something to say.

"You know that that was a mistake," she said; "you should not speak of that again." She frowned as she looked at him a moment, and then she looked seaward again.

"It's not a mistake now," he said, "unless my life, all life, everything is a mistake. And that is not so. It's as deep as my life. I know what I want now with all my heart and soul." He moved, trying to see her face, which she disdained to hide. But the sight of her face gave him small comfort; it was full of distress. His heart sank, and he stood silent.

"It was only the other day," she said at last, and almost sullenly.

"Ah, you doubt me," he cried out passionately.

"And would not you doubt me?" she said with an answering passion. "Don't you know why we came to Langley?"

"What do I care?" he said.

"You would care," she said; "how could you help remembering? Any way I can't forget that I was brought there to—to catch you."

Archie burst out laughing, and she looked at him with amazement. After all, he was not happy; and his laughter sounded almost as strange to himself. He began to speak again, eagerly, with conviction, asserting that such thoughts were as nothing. "Will you be my wife?" he said. "Elizabeth, don't make me wretched for a fad."

"Oh, do go away," she said with a sort of moan.

"All right," he said curtly; he had turned suddenly cold. He looked at her, thinking that he should carry for ever a picture of her grand figure and the fine turn of her head as she looked away to the sea. A white bird turned in the air beyond her at the edge of the cliff. Archie turned away from his love and went

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a few steps and laid his hand on the window. Even then there was some comfort for him in this test of his strength, of his manhood. At the base of all things is this one thing sure, to bear one's fate like a man. So Archie would have borne his fate, had it been more unkind. But from the very window, which was about to shut him from his strip of paradise, he looked back once more, his last concession to his weakness. There stood the girl still; it was the same picture; only the sea-gull was now but a white speck upon the distant sea. Archie could never have said how he knew that Elizabeth was sobbing. He hurried back to her; and she turned at the sound of his coming; even then her face was full of conflicting emotions, and the hands which she stretched towards him seemed hands of repelling; but he caught the hands masterfully in his, though his words were pleading.

"Ah, love me," he murmured passionately; "in pity love me!" and now she could not hide the sobs, which shook her as he held her in his arms.

THE END.

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Notes of the Month.

FREQUENT as have been the rumours of Prince Albert Victor's approaching marriage, there seems good reason to believe that an alliance has now been decided upon with Princess Victoria, sister of the young Emperor of Germany. It is said that the Queen will make the marriage settlement of her grandson out of private funds, and that Parliament will not be asked for any provision on the occasion. Prince Alexander of Battenberg was a former suitor of the young Princess, who will be called to share the succession to the British Crown. We sincerely rejoice in the prospect of this fresh link with Germany, who is our natural ally on the Continent.

The Norwegian river on which Lord Randolph Churchill ought now to be fishing is the Lyngdal's Elv, not far from Mandal on the south coast. It is preserved by Colonel Farley, and is famous for the number and excellence of its salmon; we have heard of as many as eighteen fish being killed there in a single day. To think that salmon-fishing in Norway has deteriorated of late is a common delusion; more fish and larger are now caught with the rod than ever before, owing to the spread of leasing and preserving the rivers by Englishmen, and the consequent abolition of netting. This is not always a cheap process, for we know one river where £900 a year is paid for the privilege, but the results are eminently satisfactory to those who have long purses.

The decision of the Court that a Mandamus should be issued compelling the Bishop of London to reconsider the question of St. Paul's Reredos has been a surprise to many; the Lord Chief Justice and Justice Manisty overruled the opposite opinion of Justice Pollock, who held, we believe, that a Mandamus could only be legally granted in a case where the Authority had refused to exercise the powers reposed in him. The Bishop of London, it was argued, had not refused to exercise his powers, but had, on the contrary, deliberated carefully upon the whole case, and decided it on his judgment of its merits. After this, it is asked, what ground can exist for a Mandamus, which is an instrument to ensure a hearing,—not a rehearing, or, as it were, a new trial?

No credence should be given to the reports that the Lord Chief Justice is likely to resign. If he were to do so, the post would naturally

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fall to Sir Richard Webster; but this would hardly suit the Gladstonian politics of Lord Coleridge, who would doubtless prefer to withhold his resignation until such time as the patronage should rest with his own party, and an opportunity occur for rewarding the activity of Sir Charles Russell.

A good story is told of an American plutocrat visiting Oxford. On his tour of the Colleges nothing struck him so much as the velvety turf in one of the quadrangles. He asked for the Gardener, and made minute enquiries as to the method of laying down and maintaining the grass. "That's all, is it?" he exclaimed, when the whole process had been carefully described. "Yes, sir," replied the Gardener, with a twinkle in his eye, "that's all; but we generally leave it three or four centuries to settle down in." After all, there is something the inhabitant of a new country with all his wealth cannot purchase!

In a recently published biography of Captain Marryat, his early days are passed over in a few perfunctory sentences. "Of his mother," says the author, "there is nothing to be supposed at all," and his family antecedents are dismissed far too curtly, for they undoubtedly exercised great influence upon the novelist's character.

Joseph Marryat, the father, resided for the latter years of his life at Wimbledon House, now the property of Sir Henry Peek; his brother was a leading member of the Bar, and his wife—from whom no doubt Frederick inherited his impulsive nature—was a clever strong-minded woman. She especially devoted herself to horticulture—and the gardens at Wimbledon House under her direction became celebrated for their beauty. She was the patroness of Loudon the gardener.

Frederick was a wild, headstrong boy, with a considerable talent for drawing. Some of his caricatures were published before his appearance in the world of literature.

Ample proof exists of the talent inherited by the family, when it is remembered that his eldest brother Joseph made his mark by his work on Pottery; his brother Horace by his book on Sweden and Jutland; and his sister, Mrs. Palliser, by various works and by her great knowledge of lace and needlework.

When the Duke of Portland won his second consecutive Derby, with Donovan, it was stated in the newspapers that this feat had only once been achieved previously, by Sir Joseph Hawley in 1858–59. A reference to the records of the race will, however, show that Sir F. Standish won in 1795–6 with Spread Eagle and Didelot; Lord Egremont in 1804–5 with Hannibal and Cardinal Beaufort; the Duke of Grafton in 1809–10 with Pope and Whalebone; and Mr. Bowes in 1852–3 with Daniel O'Rourke and West Australian.

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There is one prominent and noble patron of the Turf who is said never to have made a bet on a race save on one occasion, when he betted sixpence against a horse, with his trainer's wife. The horse won, and the sixpence was duly presented, as a brooch set in diamonds.

Are Londoners less honest than their provincial brethren, or less confiding? On Hospital Sunday in Birmingham, it has been the custom to spread out in the open streets large sheets, stretched out and raised above the ground on posts, into which contributions are thrown by the passers by. No special guards are detailed for these receptacles; public opinion is a sufficient protection, and we are told that large sums are collected by this method.

Notes from Paris.

The Eiffel Tower is getting decidedly what may be called "aggravating." Do what you will, you cannot get rid of it—wherever you go, there it is, staring you in the face. If you try to turn your back upon it, all along the Boulevards and the principal streets are Eiffel Towers of every size, devoted to every purpose, from tiny charms for watch-chains to large clocks for halls. If you fly to the country around Paris, there it is, at every turn, looming down from the clouds—a nightmare cobweb, hanging in the skies. If your horizon is bounded by tiny suburban gardens—there again are miniature Eiffel Towers, with little flags on the top; in exasperatingly bad taste. If a tall woman goes down a street, the *gamins* run after her, shouting, "Madame Eiffel! Madame Eiffel!" And of course, the high notes of the new soprano, Madame Melba, soaring into the skies up to G *in alt.*, are called "*des notes Eiffel.*"

Oh! who will deliver us from the Eiffel Tower! But there it is, and one cannot help looking at it; and there are the people swarming like insects, in what seems a mere piece of iron-network; and there are the lifts, in semblance of small white houses, clinging to the girders like caterpillars on a wall, crawling upwards and downwards.

Is it all real? Shall we not wake up some morning, disenchanted.

The whole Exhibition itself seems strangely fantastical; a sort of architectural masked ball; a chaos of all periods and nations. Certainly nothing like it was ever seen before. Some of the buildings are very fine and very interesting; the Galerie des Machines is wonderful; the Central Dome Gallery very striking. But, for the most part, the outside is better than the contents, which are generally not very remarkable, and no more than what one sees every day in the various shops. We must except the glass and china of the British Section, and the French exhibition of Sèvres; the Venetian point-lace and glass

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exhibition; also the Bohemian glass, which, though rather tawdry, is worthy of notice. Strange to say, many of the best French houses have not exhibited; still, the French division is certainly the most striking, not only for the taste and finish which is so remarkable in every detail, but for the inimitable elegance with which everything is laid out to the best advantage. The contrast with the British Section is at once noticed. There, the handsome silks are so stiffly draped that they produce no effect, and the splendid china is badly grouped. The French silks seem as if they had dropped naturally into the prettiest folds, and everything else is so gracefully arranged that the eye is caught at once. But to form a correct opinion as to the merits of the articles exhibited, and to see satisfactorily the various buildings and sights of the immense area, would require at least a month of daily visits.

The Esplanade des Invalides is particularly original and interesting.

It may be useful to visitors to give a list of the performances worth seeing at the principal theatres, and the names of the best actors of the Comédie Française.

GRAND OPÉRA: "Patrie." "Romeo et Juliette." Ballet: "La Tempête."

OPÉRA-COMIQUE: "Esclarmonde." "Le Roi d'Ys."

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE: "Hamlet." "Maître Guérin." "Henri III. et sa Cour" (particularly well worth seeing). "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie." "Chamillac." "La Souris." "La joie fait Peur." "Il ne faut jurer de rien."

The two last are not novelties, but they are great favourites.

Principal actors: Got, Mounet-Sully, Worms, Febvre, Thiron, Le Bargy. Mesdames Reichemberg, Bartet, Baretta, Samary.

Boulanger seems quite forgotten in the delirium of pleasure which has taken possession of Paris. There is something to be seen every day and every hour, and people have no time for politics. The very atmosphere is feverish. The unusual heat of the season, the crowds on the Boulevards and in the principal streets; the medley of carriages, omnibuses, and tramcars, driving recklessly; the impossibility of crossing any thoroughfare without risking one's life every time; the foreign tongues heard all around one; the hurry, the crush, the noise, the quantity to be seen and done, and the complicated difficulty of getting through it; all this forms a bewildering total of excitement, leaving no room for any thought beyond what is needful for the present moment—"À demain les soucis."

Boulanger's flight is thought by many to have been one of those mistakes which, according to Talleyrand, are, in political matters, "worse than crimes." His previous reckless bravery was, in the sight

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of the populace, one of his great attractions; but a hero who remembers so well that

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"

is rather disappointing.

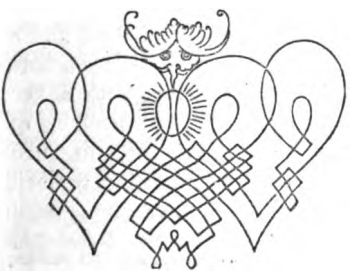
Meanwhile M. Carnot is gaining ground quietly. He is dreadfully stiff and correct in everything, rather, in short, too conscientiously gentlemanlike and too scrupulously well-bred; but good breeding is, after all, a pleasant change after some preceding Republican specimens.

He is, at all events, an honourable man; he spends liberally the money allowed for his expenses; gives excellent dinners and splendid balls, looking very well with his broad red ribbon, and receiving his guests courteously, with due regard to etiquette.

He travels in the provinces, kisses fishwives, and shakes hands with the grimy sons of toil (not without some reluctance), makes sensible speeches, and is "*ému*" when he ought to be. Not having gone through the training of a constitutional sovereign, which enables the Prince of Wales to be indefatigable, he gets violent headaches, and returns to the Elysée thoroughly tired out, where his wife awaits him, thoroughly enjoying the privileges of her position, skimming the cream of everything that is pleasant without any enforced duties; always gracious, always smiling, always beautifully dressed, and never obliged to be tired; consequently much happier than any queen.

There is nothing new in *toilettes*, save that a little more drapery is allowed with the light summer skirts. We noticed a very pretty trimming for a hat, of scarlet poppies, most beautifully imitated, mingled with the puff-balls of the dandelion seed-vessels. The effect is strikingly pretty.

Amongst recent novels we may mention "Romanesque," by Mary Floran, and "La Confession d'un Père," by Victor Fournel.



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Our Library List.

NATIONAL DEFENCE. By GENERAL SIR E. HAMLEY. (1 vol. 6*s*. *Blackwood*.) General Hamley has collected a number of his published articles and reported speeches, which prove conclusively his consistency and perseverance in dealing with this important subject. In fact, so consistent has he been throughout, and so often has he said the same thing, that the reader may well feel inclined to content himself with perusing one or two chapters, and then cry "Ditto" for the rest. Far be it, however, for us to disparage the continual repetition of these theories both in the Press and in Parliament; for only thus can a sensible impression be produced upon public opinion. At the present moment a notable step forward is being taken:—the Lord Mayor's appeal for equipping the Volunteers and the response made thereto are a fine compliment to General Hamley, and prove the public confidence in him to be so strong, that people would rather pay out of their own pockets for what he demands than see his advice neglected. Sixty thousand Volunteers for the London district, properly armed and equipped, and the whole force of the country practised in regular manœuvres on the actual ground it would have to occupy in case of an invasion:—such is General Hamley's programme, and the sooner it is carried out the better.

BENCH AND BAR, by MR. SERJEANT ROBINSON (1 vol. 12*s*. *Hurst and Blackett*), is a lively volume of reminiscences dealing with the legal luminaries, Maule and Warren, Follett and Benjamin, Cockburn and Campbell, to name only a few, whom the author has encountered in the course of his career. The learned Serjeant intersperses a few reflections *de son crû*, but chiefly figures as a narrator of other men's smart sayings. It would be Utopian to hope that a collection such as the present should contain absolutely nothing already published, and nothing too trivial for publication; but the number of anecdotes both good and new is unusually large, and every story is told with a keen appreciation of its point. The following may serve as a specimen of the fare provided: A witness who had given his evidence in such a way as satisfied everybody in court that he was committing perjury, being cautioned by the Judge, said at last, "My Lord, you may believe me or not, but I have stated not a word that is false, for I have been wedded to truth from my infancy." "Yes, sir," said Maule, "but the question is, how long have you been a widower?"

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THE LIFE OF C. B. VIGNOLES. By O. J. VIGNOLES (1 vol. 16*s.* *Longmans*). Charles Vignoles was a man of an unusually varied career, commenced in the office of a good firm in Doctors' Commons, continued as an officer of the line during the early years of manhood; and completed as a surveyor and civil engineer, at first in the United States—chiefly in South Carolina and Florida—and afterwards in the United Kingdom during the great burst of railroad construction in the forties. In this matter Mr. Vignoles took a very important part, as may be imagined from the fact that he has been called "The Father of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway;" but he was unfortunate in the bitter opposition with which, like many other prominent engineers of his day, he met from the self-taught genius, George Stephenson, who appears from this volume to have been highly intolerant of professional differences of opinion. The biographer has written a book creditable alike to his father and himself. He has felt the enthusiasm which becomes a biographer, but has not allowed it to induce him either to represent his subject as a "faultless monster," or to make him less than just to his father's rivals and opponents.

SIR LUCIAN ELPHIN OF CASTLE WEARY (2 vols. *Douglas*), is a book showing, in sporting phrase, more blood than bone. It is written with some cleverness and a good deal of cultivation and refinement, but it cannot by any stretch of indulgence be called powerful. The hero is a Scotch baronet, the inheritor of an ancestral curse and a fine though encumbered landed estate. He is elected as Conservative member for his native district in 1873 and again in 1874; his chief feat, however, as described in these pages, is falling in love with the wife of a friend. An attempt at elopement is accidentally frustrated, and Sir Lucian becomes a war correspondent in South Africa, where he eventually settles. The story is terribly encumbered by long digressions on miscellaneous subjects, hunting, bubble companies, and so on, and by dreary dialogues on religion. A character whom the author evidently means to be almost perfect is obviously modelled on a prominent living statesman. Friends are sometimes more cruel than foes; even Mr. O'Brien, we imagine, would not accuse the statesman in question of a tendency to talk sentimental twaddle—*c'est là son moindre défaut.*

GUILDEROY. By OUÏDA (3 vols. *Chatto & Windus*). It is easy to sneer at Ouïda, her inaccuracies of detail, her Oriental profusion, her cheap erudition and her tawdry philosophy, but when all is said there remains in her work a vigorous life sufficient to furnish forth a dozen timidly correct writers of fiction. She is essentially an *improvisatrice*, and as such possesses something not far removed from genius. Her ideals are rather French than English, hence she is more appreciated on the other side of the Channel than at home. In her present book she proclaims a theory of the duties of wifehood which would have delighted

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Balzac, preaching complete submission on the wife's part even when the husband is unfaithful. *C'est une opinion comme une autre* and, to our thinking, as valuable a contribution to ethics as the opposite doctrine promulgated by Mrs. Mona Caird. The plot of the story is soon told. Evelyn Herbert, Lord Guilderoy, sprung from a long line of nobles and enormously rich, marries in a fit of caprice a beautiful young girl, and, tiring of her shortly afterwards, deserts her for a former love. At the close of the third volume he returns to his lawful wife, who consents to forgive if she cannot wholly forget.

PLAIN FRANCES MOWBRAY, AND OTHER TALES. By the Hon. E. LAWLESS (1 vol. 6*s*. *Murray*). Miss Lawless needs no recommendation to our readers. "Lough Quin," the second of the stories here collected, will be fresh in their remembrance. The rest of the volume is characterized by the same quiet humour, the same poetically suggestive touch, and the same delicate refinement which marks its author's former work. The plot of the first and longest story, a whimsical marriage on the part of a middle-aged soldier possessing a devoted sister, is very slight, and perhaps hardly bears the elaboration it receives. "A Ligurian Episode" tells of a well-meaning young Scotchman who had fled to Italy to escape the Ministry, and become enamoured of a beautiful peasant girl. The humour and the pathos of the situation brought about are admirably felt. The hero of "Boroughdale of Boroughdale" is an eccentric and uncouth young peer, who develops an unsuspected genius for marine biology and finds a bride in a professor's daughter. It is refreshing to read an author who not only writes always in perfect taste, but also describes social strata familiar to her, and not evolved from her inner consciousness.

PRINCE RODERICK. By J. BRINSLEY RICHARDS (3 vols. *Bentley*). Prince Roderick is heir to the minor German throne of Kronheim. He is an eccentric personage, with a weakness for the sex, whose enemies endeavour so to magnify his freaks and distort his actions as to raise a suspicion of madness that may bar his succession; nor do they neglect the possibility of inveigling him into an unequal marriage with the same object. Prince Roderick, however, is clever enough at getting out of a scrape; and the hostile machinations, thwarted constantly by his trusty secretary, Captain Meredith, and by his parliamentary champion, Dr. Grinzener, are finally brought to naught by the tragic death of his brother, Prince Wolfgang, the only possible rival claimant being thus removed. The principal ladies' parts are assigned to Princess Dorothea, Roderick's sister—a most undignified Royal Highness—and Miss Isabel Meadows, whose *rôle* is too important to be divulged. The book opens capitally with promise of an exciting and original plot; but Prince Roderick's feebleness seems to react upon the author as he proceeds, and the story drifts aimlessly into a maze of intrigue, from which a good deal of amusement but little real interest can be derived.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1889.

In Praise of the Carnots.

As yet the French nation has had no opportunity of being guided or governed by a citizen dowered by the universal respect of his fellow-citizens. The Revolution produced no Washington; its outcome was a military despot.

In the month of November 1887, France was wholly unprepared for the advent of such unostentatious worth as was elected to the headship of the State in the person of M. Carnot. She is beginning to know day by day now, what it means; she ignored its real meaning then, and when she first took account of her new President, she at once asked of him precisely that which he could not give. She asked him to exercise what she called "power;" namely arbitrary self-will, and to interfere in matters where the law—the constitutional law of the State—only was concerned. There was for some months a misunderstanding—a temporary one—for it is idle to suppose M. Carnot coming down to the crowd's estimate of public duty; the crowd will have to work up to his, to "get used to it." It is beginning to do so.

M. Carnot's task is to endure—to *be* what he *is*, without heed of any passing circumstance or any passing "cry." Quiet, gentle, mild, unbending; his law is to remain steady—to be the one point in the business of the Commonwealth which does not swerve.

In this steadiness of M. Carnot's there lies such importance, not only for the welfare of France, but for the peace of the whole world, that to be quite sure that he will always do his duty—his entire duty—is a fact of great political consequence to every European.

What then is M. Carnot, that his faithfulness to himself should be so useful to so many human beings?

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Whence comes he?

Even in France people are learning to ask scientifically where a man comes from; and it is, above all, *there*, lucky; for nowhere are under-currents so strong, so hidden, and so variable.

These Carnots are long descended from the soil; "old as the hills" is with them no figure of speech, and they emphatically date from *la vieille France*, a phrase implying more solid stern virtue than most foreigners wot of. From earliest to latest of their line, their prime virtue is self-respect; and amongst the children of modern France, the idea is already dawning that when self-respect is long-descended under the pressure of centuries, its weight becomes incalculable; without exactly knowing why, they *trust* it. A new instinct in Gaul, and reviving long-dead days.

The Carnots are more than a "family," they are a tribe, a manner of small folk or people—*Gens* as those of ancient Rome, and like their classic forefathers, worshipping the public good. But besides being French of a France that practised largely all the higher virtues and duties, they are individually of the perhaps grandest province of France, of rough, hardy, self-reliant jovial Burgundy! No cavillers at fate or fortune are these men; they revolt not against Providence, but being healthy in every sense, deriving their wisdom from mental and physical equipoise, they submit cheerfully to do their work, whatever may be ordained them to do; and there lies another great secret for France to discover; when Frenchmen shall learn to make the best of circumstances (really, honestly to do their utmost in order to make the best of things), and not strain after the unattainable, then will France have taken her first step in the political education of modern times.

In the pre-revolutionary epoch, spite of all shortcomings, there were a very considerable number of men who had inherited public-spiritedness of a singularly stout description, and who, in the century between 1610 and 1710, were equal to any fate. Their household traditions came to them from their fathers and grandfathers of the Reformation. As a rule, they indulged no weak vanities; did not hanker after what set them apart from their fellow-creatures; and when the distinctions of caste, class, or career, were gone, they bravely took up the duties common to all.

So, when Lazare Carnot ceases to be (as the Versailles portrait shows him) the privileged *Officier des Armées du Roi*, he

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unrepiningly does "his best" in the new sphere of action allotted him, and becomes what history has sanctioned under the name of *Le Grand Carnot.* The adversary ratified the title, too, for Lazare Carnot lived for near ten years among the Germans of the North, where his renown was so bright, that, at his death, the one plain word, "CARNOT" inscribed upon his gravestone, seemed sufficient to all to tell what the man who lay there had been.

Self-respect, as aforesaid, was the law of the race; public duty, domestic virtues, honour paid to their name, were the traits that distinguished each and all.

Claude Carnot, of Nolay,* was the father of the "*Grand Carnot,*" who was one of eighteen children (fourteen sons and four daughters), and who writes thus of his father in a paper preserved by the family: "He watched over us all unremittingly, being convinced that the development of the children depends upon the father; he was always with us, in our walks, in our amusements, in our studies. He taught us the happiness entailed by rectitude of conscience, and the holiness of hard work. He made us know the beauty of family affection, and the perfect solidarity between those of the same blood, which makes each responsible for the pure fame of all." And by these teachings transmitted to Claude Carnot from his forefathers have the Carnots held through all time until now, and in no country does there exist a family—or, let us repeat it, a clan or tribe—more united by the same bonds of sentiment, opinion and creed.

The word I have applied to the present chief of the State may be rigorously applied to Lazare Carnot: he was so quiet, so mild, so gentle, that many of his intimates doubted whether he would show all the sternness of purpose required by the terrible situations he was called upon to fill. Himself was wont to say that the last term of "knowledge of mankind was *Indulgence!*" and the highest honour perhaps ever paid him was the phrase used by Napoleon I. (not precisely in a flattering sense): "Carnot is so easily deceived!" These identical words occur in Stanley's 'Life of Arnold,' and for the same righteous reason: Carnot was loth to believe in falsehood; his family inherit that reluctance.

The Carnots are Biblical in their mode of education, and answer for each other from father to son. It is like reading a chapter of Holy Writ: Claude brings up Lazare, Lazare

* Nolay is the original home of the Carnots; a small town near Dijon, where stands an old house bearing their arms.

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brings up Hippolyte, Hippolyte brings up Sadi, and Sadi will in turn bring up his own boys (without counting the younger brothers brought up by the elder ones, as in the case of the Grand Carnot and Carnot Feulin).

But for a moment at Hippolyte we stop, for he connects the present with the past, transmitting unbroken to the son what he got from the father, direct. Hippolyte Carnot, the President's father, though less historically illustrious than Lazare, was perhaps the most remarkable of the family.

"All the men of Burgundy are honest men," was a saying of a grand-uncle in Nolay which has become proverbial; but Hippolyte Carnot was not only a mirror of Burgundian honesty, a model of that "*Integritas*" which comprises everything, he was the finest sample of a stalwart *Bourguignon* that it may fall to the lot of our age to see. At *eighty-seven*, a few months before his death, he might in every sense, moral, mental, and physical, have done duty for fifty or fifty-five, at the very outside. None of those who, in December 1887, saw him, on the occasion of his son's election to the Presidency, read to the Senate the programme of the Government, will ever forget the scene or the individuality of the man who constituted its singular importance: everything was as it should be, everything was simple, natural—nothing was forced or strained, nothing "brought about"—all was in its place, and this wonderful fitness of things was the mere consequence of coincidences in themselves as strange and unforeseen.

It so happened that from the suddenness of events, and their dates, the House officers of the Senate were not yet nominated; there was no Bureau, no Chairman, and M. Carnot (*père*) was, from his age, *doyen du Sénat*, and presided over the Assembly; his first function thus being to proclaim the policy of the new Government on the occasion of the Presidential Election. Nothing could be more strange or unforeseen, but from the first moment it gave to the circumstance a distinctive character, and contributed one more proof of the unity of type which stamps all Carnots in creation. The father spoke not *for* his son, but *as* his son, and no one doubted the absolute indivisibility of the two. One might be at the Elysée and the other at the Luxembourg, but that did not separate them: they were Carnots indissoluble, not to be pulled to pieces, but taken *en bloc*. When Hippolyte Carnot read that wise, moderate, citizenlike, Government Declaration of December 1887, he spoke his son's

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thoughts and words, because that son whom he had fashioned was the outcome of their race, coming direct from the long line of "honest Burgundians," who through centuries had never done other than their duty, the duty that it was theirs to do, whatever the place they filled.

And how that magnificent veteran knew, when he spoke to the Senate, *as* his son, that he was truly filling his own right place, and how the Senate felt it! No opposition suggested to itself even a stray hint of resistance; the speaker spoke so obviously what it was his duty to feel; and with what simplicity of conviction, and what strength! His very pride was so fitting, so in accord with all he had to uphold; and proud, nobly proud, was every inch of him that day. Many a man loaded with years seems young, but this man, Hippolyte Carnot, *was* young. Like a true Carnot, he had *stood* while the years passed by him. When he mounted the tribune of the Senate on that winter's day, it was in all the real strength of maturity on which rests still the after glow of determined youth. The splendid head bore its silver crown, it is true, but how grandly it rose from the broad shoulders, and how the bright untired eye looked the whole world in the face, and how the firm sweep of the rare gesture helped the word on its way, as it sped to the extreme end of the wide hall on the full ringing vibrations of the voice of "twenty-five!" The sight was truly one never to be forgotten. Hippolyte Carnot numbering, as he did, eighty-seven years, stood there apparently on the borders of Time, with all the waves of Time's fathomless ocean rolling out *before* him; it was the spendthriftness of youth, conscious of unlimited reserves.

He died three months later, not from any cessation of vital power, but from a mere accident caused by the abuse of energies which nothing seemed able to exhaust. On a bleak March night, quitting the hot atmosphere of an evening party where he had stayed late, and insisting on going home on foot, he caught the fatal chill that only a very few days afterwards ended his career, leaving his son bereft of more than half the wealth life had, or ever could have had, in store for him.

The death of Carnot, the father, was as severe a blow to France as to the President. It took from the former a champion who, living, would have cowed many an adventurous pretender, and it left his son to make himself known to the nation. Carnot the Senator, was fashioned by the *Grand Carnot*, had learnt all

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the lessons of exile and of a period when men were resolute and "full of resource;" he lent *prestige* to his son; and in troubled waters and with excitable populations, prestige is a very useful saving of time.

The new President was elected for his immaculate honesty. He was, it may be said, involuntarily elected under the impulse of the country's good luck, and because the whole Chamber had some weeks before, as involuntarily, risen to its feet to cheer him in recognition of his incorruptibility. Not perhaps ten men in those six hundred went to the Congress at Versailles with the fixed intent to vote for Carnot; but they voted. They remembered the name he bore, and in that name all had faith. The father was known to be a Carnot, and all the renown of other days sprang into life behind him. But such was not the case with the son, he might or might not be "a Carnot," and when his father died he would have to prove himself one. He would have to make himself known.

Hippolyte Carnot had led an active, a nobly active life; he had been taught by his own father to know foreign countries, to study political history, to learn other languages, and to judge men with fairness; he was a great scholar, a passionate Greek, for whom the *Iliad* was a living reality, and its heroes companions of his own existence. He was, like his friend Villemain,* and a few others of their kind, full of idealism, and in all matters aspired to the highest. A Deputy under the July Monarchy, but of statesmanlike Liberal tendencies never sharing in excessive ideas of any description, he became Minister in 1848, and did his very utmost to further all genuine reforms, above all, those that rendered education of easier, more general attainment, and of improved quality. His aim was to educate the people, not as mere *savants* or administrators, but as men, able to fulfil more thoroughly the duty that was set down for them to do. Under the Second Empire (and after its fatal and well foreseen consequences) he never stirred one hair's-breadth from his hatred and contempt of despotism and military autocracy, but always bore his patriotism without bluster. He was from his cradle a Republican, but of the classical type, a Roman citizen of the Cincinnatus order, loving the land,

* Minister of Public Instruction, and *Grand Maître de l'Université* under the July Monarchy—the French Porson as far as Greek went, and of whom Duke Victor de Broglie, in his *Memoirs*, says: "Il était l'âme la plus élevée, l'esprit le plus délicat de son pays et de tous les temps."

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dreaming of an order of things in which humanity should be better—more upright, less selfish, truer, and with loftier aims.

He was pre-eminently a man in whom character, in the British sense, rose superior to all thoughts of success or of power, and in whom the self-respect of his race guided every single thought and feeling of daily life.

When Hippolyte Carnot died, his son, the President, stood alone. One thing he had—a blessing shared by many of those whose work has been recorded in their country's annals—he had a mother! Such a woman as, whatever be the so-called progress of our age in enlightenment or science, our age does not often see. Madame Carnot is the worthy mother of such honest dutiful citizens as her two sons. Worthy to have been the true and perfect helpmate of such a statesman as Hippolyte Carnot; and with all that, showing absolutely no trace of the "Roman matron," nothing of the Volumnia or Cornelia type, nothing of the traditional "Republican female," of the "Republicaine" whom the pretentious art of David set apart above her sisters. No; but a gentle, kindly, genial woman; a woman full of sweetness and light, robing her inflexible moral strength in the most smiling and pleasantest of garbs, and no more painting her inward virtues for outward show than the flowers of the field paint their petals. The Carnots are not only happy, but lucky in their wives.

Guarded in earlier life by the tenderness of so rare a mother, there stands by the side of the President of the French Republic another woman, younger in years, his wife. Madame Carnot was Mdlle. Dupont-White, daughter of the well-known political economist, a man who ranked high in both England and France —high for his talent and for his social charm. He was the introducer of Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer to the French public, and as an accomplished man of the world there was no party and no opinion that did not rejoice at welcoming Dupont-White in its salons. From him the *Présidente* inherits her English blood, for the mother of Dupont-White was an English woman. Madame Carnot is marked by nature as the complete partner of a public man; handsome, and by birth gifted with all the attributes of feminine grace, if she were not so very graceful, one would at first declare dignity to be the special characteristic of the *Présidente*. As the case really stands, whatever of mere dignity might grow into distant stateliness is softened, and made attractive by the magic of sympathy and *le charme!* that word

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for which there is no translation. Add to this that Madame Carnot is one of the five or six best-dressed women in the civilized world (no mean quality in France), and such a mistress of a house as perhaps no other Capital in Europe can produce,—so incomparable is her profound science of whatever concerns either the relations or the mere splendours of society—and it may then be imagined with what various adjuncts and advantages M. Carnot stepped into his present complicated position.

But of all this the vast majority of the public in France was wholly ignorant. The President's father, as has been said, was known; known as the *Grand Carnot's* son, and, as a public man, worthy of the name he had inherited. But his son, modest and retiring as he had always been, had lived so quiet a domestic and family life, that even when twice Minister, once of Public Works, and again "*aux Finances*," he was but little attended to. History answered for him; the outward world of the present had no need to trouble itself about him, or his charming, but notoriety-avoiding wife.

Yet it was his term of office at the Finance Ministry that forced the Presidency on him, and his conduct as Minister of Public Works that forced his popularity into full bloom—and this, as the French say, "*sans que ça paraisse*"! While Finance Minister, the opportunity was offered him of committing a decided "irregularity," desired and recommended by the Elysée and M. Wilson. Others committed it later on; M. Carnot refused, but quietly, simply, without any fuss, and no more was said about it. It was in course of time (in 1887) mentioned, as a mere fact, an unimportant detail, in a narrative given to the Chamber of what had taken place before. But the public sense, that highly-refined magnetic power, as Lamartine called it, seized on it instantly, and the Assembly rose to applaud the public servant who "would not do what was not his duty."

The real outburst of popularity which only reached its maximum a few weeks since, at the inauguration of the new Docks at Calais, repaid the President for the initiative he took eight years ago, which almost every one had forgotten. In 1881 as Minister of Public Works, M. Carnot alone obtained from his colleagues the determining vote for the enlargement of the deep-sea port of Calais, the rest of the Government resisting on the plea of the "want of funds." In reality, though for the most part unconsciously, the storm of applauding welcome he was met with at Calais was the recogni-

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tion of an achievement whereof the further results are incalculable: namely, success in virtually bridging over the Channel, and abolishing (without the objectionable tunnel!) the needless, foolish delays, that made the "silver streak" an absolute obstacle to the easy intercommunication of two great nations.

M. Carnot has thereby rendered as signal a service to England as to his own country, and we owe him a debt of gratitude we shall daily appreciate more thoroughly.

If I have dwelt on his race in speaking of the man, it is because his forefathers have so helped in the making of him, that they may all be said to be latent in him, and he could not be what he is expected to be if he were not an epitome of all the Carnots!

I stated in the beginning that what was required of M. Carnot was to subsist, *to be.* It was necessary that time should elapse, in order that people might learn to know what perfect faithfulness to himself implied. To judge of what is the meaning of a man's duty to himself, you must distinctly learn what is the "self" to which the fulfilment of that duty is essential. A considerable number of illustrious men have gone out of themselves, beyond themselves, to a discharge of duty most useful to the general community, but not reflecting their own personal and private duty represented by the strict and sole obligation of being true and faithful to themselves, of maintaining absolute adherence to the rectitude of their own character.

There is a growing conviction in France of what the President really is, and of the fact that he would not know how to betray his duty. The next point is, to arrive at a clear conception of what the precise duty is. It is undoubtedly a circumscribed one, but has nevertheless a somewhat wider extension than is commonly supposed.

The President's duty is to defend and protect the Law, and to resist all attempts to attack it. It is not his office to initiate or invent any new method of governing, or to forestall any offensive or dangerous act, however distinctly he may perceive the danger of it. It is forbidden him to do what Nelson did at Copenhagen, though that probably was one of the greatest services ever rendered to any country.

Constitutional Law is incarnate in M. Carnot, and in its defence there is nothing he will not do; but beyond it or out of it he will not go—not one inch. He has many means of improving his position and widely exerting his influence. As a

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matter of fact he has, with the Senate, the power of dissolution of the Chamber and (what is far less known), not only the right but the obligation to preside, at least once a month, over the *Grand Commission* or *Grand Conseil de la Guerre*, on which sit all the commanding generals of France, and which legally overrules even the Minister of War. He has also the right of incessant communication with the Departments, if he so wills it; for though the Departments cannot, "combined" even by two or three, address themselves to the Elysée, the Elysée can have constant contact with the country; but the best of all his rights or privileges, after all, consists in the power of making himself well known and well trusted. This has been M. Carnot's task from the day he was elected, and this is now succeeding.

There are assuredly more brilliant, more impressive ways of wielding power, nay, of also serving the country. One may conceive of a ruler who, by the help of what is termed genius, commits some act of audacity, and afterwards really grants relative liberties, ensuring to the nation tranquillity, good order, and prosperity; there may even be men whose duty—"glorious," history may perhaps style it!—is thus to "save a nation," but such is not the duty M. Carnot owes to himself, and through himself to France. His power must rest on character; that is the lesson he is bound to teach Frenchmen. We have learnt in the pages of this Magazine, from the testimony of Lady de Ros, what the Great Duke's final estimate was of the first Napoleon; "*He was not a gentleman.*" It is hard to expect any foreigner, however "liberal," to understand *all* that the word implies on British lips; and yet it is a foreign poet who has given the true formula:—"A *man* and brave, a *man* and good, a *man* and *gentle*."

Now beyond all other things it may of the Carnots be said, that they are "gentlemen;" and the "plain gentleman" who is First Magistrate of France will prove this. He is not a man of many words; but should the hour of trial come, should no matter what pretender assail the Constitution by any overt act, M. Carnot will quietly set his back to the wall, and do his defensive duty, the duty it is his to do—resolutely and at all costs.

Under whatsoever *régime* France may pass, royal or otherwise, she can never have at her head rulers of whom to be prouder or whom she can point to as a nobler example for all her citizens, than President Carnot and his family.

M.

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The Minister of Kindrach.

Chapter III.

As Mrs. Porter opened the door beyond the curtain, the twang of a stringed instrument accompanied by the sound of a girl's laughter and a man's voice singing became audible, the words of his song falling distinctly on the ear:

"Say darkies, hab you seen de massa
Wid de moustache on his face?
He took his hat and he left very sudden,
Like he's gwin to leave the place."

A little group of three people were seated at the other end of the room close to one of the wide windows leading on to the balcony. The lace curtains swung forward slightly in the warm still air. Outside, the scarlet geraniums, yellow calceolarias, blue lobelias, and white marguerites, filling the window-boxes, showed a blaze of colour, beyond the cool shadows of the room, and the three, who appeared to be enjoying themselves perfectly, sat facing this brightness with their backs to the door.

"De massa run, hi! hi! De darkies stay, ho! ho!
He's old enough, and big enough, and ought to have known better
Than to hab gone and runned away."

David was conscious of a strong sensation of disgust and repulsion; that people with any pretensions to sense and steadiness could sit in complete idleness in broad daylight, laughing at words so foolish with an accompaniment of twanging strings which no one could consider musical, struck him forcibly as denoting the lack of tone and power in the Porter atmosphere.

"Oh do go on, it's so funny!" David recognized the laughing amused voice, but scarcely the speaker. Was that Siller? That girl in a loose pale-blue wrapper, all lace, and frills, and falling ends. Her hair towzled about her head, and her arms bare almost to the elbow?

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Mrs. Porter was walking hurriedly across the intervening space, her skirts rustling as she jerked them quickly forward; two upright lines of vexation and annoyance marked her forehead.

"Silvia," she said, a touch of all this in her tone. "Silvia, here is some person, some one from Kindrach to see you!" Silvia turned towards her aunt—her mouth still smiling, her eyes still full of laughter—and then!—sprang from her chair with a scream,—not of delight, wondering pleasure, or satisfied yearning—but a scream of one in sudden pain, fright, and alarm; pressing backwards involuntarily, a look of terror replacing the mirth in her eyes. David heard and understood the tone of that scream as readily as any present and his heart swelled with anger, and a determination that no one should see, or guess, that anything like doubt and dismay touched his soul. No one was between them. Mrs. Porter and Etta had moved to one side looking on, the one anxiously, the other amusedly, and Silvia faced him, pale, trembling, shrinking; behind her David was dimly aware of a white waistcoat and above that a brown beard; the player of the nonsensical instrument and singer of the ridiculous song had arisen and stood up behind Silvia. May Porter remained buried in her wicker chair, glancing slowly from her cousin's frightened appealing face to John White's, which wore a look of tender protectiveness, she thought, and the icy grip of a terrible jealousy which she knew had entered in and taken possession of her during these last few weeks tightened its heavy hold. David resolutely crossed the few paces, prepared to take Silvia in his arms, and proclaim to them all his right of possession by kissing her there and then; Silvia shrank back still further, almost cowering into the white waistcoat.

"Siller!" said David, endeavouring to speak tenderly, but only succeeding in throwing a touch of grim reproach into his pronunciation of her name. His voice roused Silvia, also his manner. Slipping beyond his outstretched black kid gloves she turned to her aunt imploringly.

"It's just Mr. Fairfax, our minister," she faltered.

"An your betrothed husband," broke in David, trying to be lightly facetious.

"Is it so? Is this true?" asked her aunt quickly.

"An wherefore should it no be true?" interjected David sternly.

Silvia glanced round like some hunted thing. She caught

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Etta's look of eager satisfied interest, and May's glance of scornful amusement. Also she fancied Mr. White was smothering a smile in his beard. She felt she must rush from the room and hide. Oh if only she could hide! but it was a long way to the door, and there was David, planted solidly in her path, and her aunt, of whom she stood somewhat in awe, waiting imperiously for an answer, holding her head very erect, the two upright lines in her forehead getting more pronounced.

"It is true, quite true," murmured Silvia at last, in dry muffled tones, twisting her fingers together and hanging her head for all the world like a miserable humiliated creature, David thought wrathfully, instead of the bright, proud, elated bearing of a young girl, introducing her betrothed. What was the meaning of it? What had come to her?

There was a helpless pause at this juncture, but it was very brief. Mrs. Porter rallied, and rose to the occasion.

"Ah!" she said easily, "you will have much to tell Silvia, Mr. Fairfax, about her mother and Kindrach, and you would like to have a quiet chat together." She spoke smoothly, easing matters as much as possible, sweeping David and Silvia the while with her towards the inner drawing-room. She left them there alone presently, and returned to the others. "Is it not terrible?" she asked, laughing a helpless, little, soft laugh.

"Fancy Silvia never saying a word about this Mr. Fairfax all these weeks!" broke out Etta.

"I don't wonder," put in May languidly; "such a dreadful man!"

Then they discussed his coat and gloves, and Scotch accent, with little breaks of laughter, and little pauses of wonder. John White alone said nothing, but stared out over the geraniums and calceolarias, twanging a string now and then of his banjo absently. He alone of them all felt truly sorry for poor little Annie Laurie in this predicament. May did not fail to observe his silence, and bitterly attributed it to far deeper feelings than he entertained on the subject.

Silvia, in the inner drawing-room, feeling all was over, helplessly permitted David to resume all his old privileges. She submitted to his kisses—they were not many, or effusively tender. She agreed faintly with his explanation that the suddenness of his arrival had so surprised her that she had felt startled, bewildered, and taken aback. She even asked, presently, after all the people at Kindrach; and when their interview had

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dragged itself out to a lagging conclusion she fled distractedly to her room, knowing that she had, by her passivity and nervous dread of David's masterfulness, complicated matters terribly. She cried and wept passionately but helplessly.

"Oh, I hate him! I hate him! I hate him!" she sobbed. "So ugly, so coarse, so common! And they are all laughing at me. Oh! what shall I do—what shall I do?"

When Silvia first arrived at her aunt's, her shyness made it impossible to mention David and her engagement. When that had worn off, any desire she might have felt to speak of these facts had worn off likewise. Each succeeding week spent at No. 54 made the thought of David, Kindrach, and her engagement a terrible nightmare of ugly future possibilities. She was no longer proud and elated; all her past life looked meagre, barren, vulgar, and commonplace. Whenever it came before her in all its solid plainness, she involuntarily shut her eyes, and turned her back, proposing to herself no definite course of action in the future, beyond a vague determination that she could never marry David Fairfax, come what might. His sudden appearance, though it had not broken this determination, but rather strengthened and confirmed her resolution, found her unprepared for action. And hers being a craven, timid spirit, feeling also that in this matter she was the offender, and that she was about to behave very badly towards David, she had weakly allowed the first opportunity to slide, leaving them both with unaltered relations, but painfully altered feelings. She regretted this weakness the moment she left his presence; but how bitterly did she regret it during the week that followed, and for many a succeeding day!

Every one treated her strangely and a little coldly when she re-appeared amongst them. When she timidly approached the subject of the minister alone with May, her cousin put out one of her long white hands with a little gesture of repulsion.

"Oh, pray don't make me your confidante," she said in her usual slow way. "You have kept your own counsel so long, it would be a pity to uproot any long-established custom on my account. I am not in the least degree curious."

The tears rushed to Silvia's eyes and she turned away deeply hurt, only to encounter Miss Harding's voluble sympathy.

"Oh, Silvia! I am so sorry Mrs. Porter should be so vexed and annoyed about this matter; I have never seen her so cross about anything before. She thinks you ought to have told her

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you were engaged. She thinks it was deceitful and underhand —such nonsense! As if a girl need go and tell every one the moment she is engaged."

From all this Silvia was summoned to an interview in her aunt's boudoir—where Mrs. Porter made her feel that Etta Harding had only expressed a bare third of the displeasure her aunt really entertained. Silvia could only weep copiously, and beg her aunt's forgiveness. She could not then confess to her aunt in her present frame of mind her desire to be free from this terrible engagement, which had brought her into such disgrace. David had paid his first visit on a Thursday. The next day, Friday, and the next, Saturday, he came to the Porters and interviewed Silvia, and each time she let matters drift, feeling there was no gainsaying the man's stolid self-assertiveness. Finally she resolved to write and tell him of the change in her intentions. She sat up nearly all Saturday night trying to put this resolution into effect, but without avail—the words would not come; the sentences would not arrange themselves, and she tore up her futile efforts and crept into bed shivering and crying. If she only had some one to advise her, and help her—but they were all so unkind, and she herself was so ashamed of the whole matter, that the mere seeking for aid was beyond her.

As to David, he was fully and bitterly aware that Silvia was afraid of and dreaded him; he even felt dimly that he inspired her with repugnance, yet he did not offer to release her. His pride would not permit him to give her up; even though he was angry and terribly annoyed by her conduct, even though the feeling of affection he had had towards her was swept aside, lost in this sense of wounded pride. He had not realized that Silvia's behaviour arose from any lack in himself; he did not know that she was ashamed of his manners, dress, and general style. Ashamed of his big red hands, and terrible boots. Ashamed of his pugnacious assertiveness, of his broad Scotch dialect, of him in his entirety—of his whole being. He was impregnated with the one idea that Silvia's alteration was due to John White. He was firmly convinced that the "fule-like foolishness and frivolity" of that individual had attracted Silvia's silly mind. At the door of John White he laid the whole blame of his present miserable discomfort, and, minister though he was, he regarded John White with no lack of un-christian warmth and vindictiveness.

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Once, nay twice, he heard John White call "Siller" "Annie Laurie." What was meant by it he could not divine, but he felt that it revealed a darker depth of familiarity than was apparent on the surface of their intercourse. Each day he went to the Porters found Silvia in possession of fresh relays of flowers and bon-bons—the gifts of John White, who, feeling that just at this period Silvia stood in most need of comfort and support, dumbly offered his sympathy to the distressed maiden in sweets and roses. David felt these and other little details, —such as meaning glances, mutual smiles, and sympathetic hand-pressures—were signs enough and to spare as to where the blame lay.

John White was fond of entertaining his friends on Sunday afternoons at his diggings (as he modestly described his luxuriously furnished rooms and studio). The Sunday after David's appearance on the scene he had arranged one of these informal little gatherings. A picture he had exhibited the year before at the Academy he had just recently sold, and before packing it off to its new quarters he made it an excuse for a tea-party.

"Come to tea next Sunday?" he said to May Porter, "and take a fond farewell of "*Aphrodite;*" bring Annie Laurie with you." They accordingly went—Mrs. Oliver, a pretty little cousin of John White's, undertaking the duties of chaperone.

Unfortunately David made up his mind whilst eating his solitary mid-day repast to go that Sunday afternoon to Lancaster Gate, and take Silvia to evening service at a small chapel he had discovered in the morning—a chapel of the Primitive Methodist persuasion. Accordingly about five (he came early, thinking a quiet walk alone with him would be beneficial to Silvia, from a moral, not a physical point of view), Mrs. Porter and Etta were disturbed during the progress of afternoon tea by the appearance of the Minister of Kindrach.

"This is getting really insufferable," murmured Mrs. Porter, whilst David made a slow progress, steering his way across the room. Etta shrugged her shoulders and opened her hands expressively. The Minister of Kindrach had proved an amusingly enjoyable experience; she was not sorry to see him now.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Porter, not over-graciously, the first salutations over. She told him to sit, having discovered that he had an irritating habit of standing until absolutely desired to take a seat.

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"You will take a cup of tea?" she added, as David deposited himself heavily in a chair; placing his hat (his new one) carefully beneath it.

"I thank you, mam, yes," he said, with ponderous formality.

This ceremony of "afternoon tea" was to him an extraordinary custom, but it was one of the many extraordinary customs which appeared everyday matters with the Porters, therefore he abstained from any display of ignorance, and took the frail cups of tea, and still frailer slices of bread and butter, as casually and as indifferently as the rest. No one guessed the scorn he felt for this ridiculous manner of taking food,—the maximum of discomfort with the minimum of satisfaction. Miss Harding presently retired to the writing-table, leaving David in Mrs. Porter's hands.

"You will forgive my going on?" she said carelessly over her shoulder. "I always write my Indian letters on Sunday, one generally has a nice long afternoon, and can get in all the gossip of the week."

David was gravely sorry to see her so occupied on the Lord's day.

"Would not an afternoon in the week be equally as long?" he said severely. He never found his duty, as minister, of admonishing and counselling stray sheep, in the least degree difficult to perform.

"The Lord's day was'na made for gossip, either with our pens or our tongues."

He interrupted Mrs. Porter's languidly imparted information respecting the absence of Silvia and May, to say this.

"Your pardon, Mrs. Porter, mam; but you were saying?" he rejoined, after having shot his bolt.

"Oh, nothing of any importance; merely that Silvia and May are out."

"Aye aye, at afternoon kirk maybe?" but Mrs. Porter had risen to welcome a second Sunday visitor and took no notice of his observation.

The new arrival was a Mr. Fred Willett—a young barrister, and one of the most prominent and persistent in Silvia's small circle of admirers. He had a sharp, clever face; clean shaven and legal in aspect, and a corresponding manner. He gave David's coat, gloves, and the big hat reposing beneath his chair, a keen glance as if taking in the points of a case. Knowing that Mrs. Porter, amongst many other virtues, was a great supporter

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of East-end missions, and that the "Perpetual Drunkards' Retreat" at Shadwell, or Stepney, or Stratford, or one of those out-of-the-way haunts of the vicious and depraved, was under her direct control, he concluded that David was probably a pet preacher to the "Perpetuals."

"I couldn't come in last night, Mrs. Porter, as you kindly wished; business is business, you know, and must be attended to."

Mr. Fred Willett had a small desire to shine as "a rising man," and adopted somewhat the airs of a hard-worked Q.C. His glance after this little remark comprehended Etta and Mrs. Porter, but passed over David; but this did not deter Mr. Fairfax from joining in the general conversation.

"And what may your business be?" he observed, with a friendly air.

Mr. Willett's quick eye played swiftly over David's unprepossessing *tout ensemble* before he answered in crisp, short sentences, "My business is principally other people's business. I've a finger in not a few pies just now. Law!" he added sharply, with an upward jerk of his chin.

"Oh, aye! You'll be an advocate?" said David cautiously; "or," he added, seeing dissent in Mr. Willett's sharp eyes, "a Writer to the Signet? Wicked sinners, we call them in Scotland." And he laughed jovially at this very small old joke.

"Dear me, I didn't think Scotland could produce anything wicked," said Etta, pertly.

"Oh, Scotland is no better and no worse than ither pairts o' the warld," replied David allowingly.

"You're from the North?" suggested Mr. Willett.

"Ah am that," he returned heartily. And the first glimmer of the idea which later on burst into a conviction that Mr. Willett was "a verra pleasant, knowledgable young man," showed itself at this display of perspicacity. He engaged Mr. Willett in a conversation, which that gentleman seemed to find amusing, and encouraged him to enlarge, till Mrs. Porter grew a trifle impatient, and at a glance from her, Etta stepped in and absorbed Mr. Willett.

"Siller's a long time awa,' kirk must be out by now," said David, looking at his ponderous silver watch.

"They have not gone to church, they are at Mr. White's studio, looking at a picture he has on exhibition. His Sunday tea-parties generally keep people a long time, he makes them so

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pleasant," returned Mrs. Porter, suppressing a yawn, and hoping this bit of information would send David away.

There was a dreadful pause.

Siller looking at pictures, and going out to a tea-party on the Sabbath; it was awful! David had seen much that jarred and even shocked him in the Porters' general tone and surroundings; but this was more than he could have believed possible of Siller, corrupted and changed as she undoubtedly was.

"An you permitted it, Mrs. Porter, mam?" he asked, in deep guttural tones.

"Oh, she is quite properly chaperoned," said Mrs. Porter carelessly. David opened his mouth to speak, but she continued, "May is with her, and Mrs. Oliver. I should not permit either Silvia or my daughter to go to young men's rooms without a chaperone."

"Chaperone!" burst out David; the repetition of the word irritated him past endurance. A flimsy worldly precaution, thrown over a sinful action, and held up as Mrs. Porter's shield.

"Chaperone! gude sakes—I believe you would see them walk into Hell itself if they only had a chaperone a'hint them."

Mr. Willett, with a business-like air of complete absorption, took up a book of photographs. Etta produced her handkerchief, and coughed.

"Mr. Fairfax! you forget yourself!" said Mrs. Porter with calm dignity. Her calmness touched David's heat and cooled it rapidly.

"Ah should be forgetting m'ah sacred calling did I not point out sin and wickedness," he returned more temperately, but doggedly making no apology for his rudeness. He groped beneath his chair for his hat, preparing to start at once and wrest Siller from the sink of depravity into which she had fallen.

"Would you be so good as to give me Mr. White's address, mam; ah'm going there now?"

"Now!" Mrs. Porter really felt this terrible man was getting too much for her. She pictured his breaking in upon John White's little gathering of fashionable friends, denouncing their sinful behaviour in strident tones, and plucking Silvia from their midst with his black-gloved hands.

"My dear sir, that's quite impossible—you must remember. Oh it's out of the question! you cannot intrude uninvited . . .

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you must consider *les convenances*. . . . What would people think?"

She felt while speaking that such an argument with such a man was hopeless. David would like to have been sure whom or what *les convenances* stood for, but thought it probably meant the chaperone; he desired to keep his ignorance a secret.

"I consider naething and naebody but Siller's immortal soul," he answered with great gravity and admirable tact.

Mrs. Porter succumbed and gave the desired address, having ascertained by a glance at the clock that John White's friends would in all probability have dispersed by this time.

"My dear," she said to Etta later on, when they were alone, "Silvia must really break off this preposterous engagement or go home next week—one or the other—I cannot stand the Minister of Kindrach.

David, swinging angrily along the dusty pavements, arrived at much the same determination.

"Siller must gang her ways hame wi me this verra week. Ah canna thole the sair warldliness o' her present surroundings. Eh my wurd! it's just pitiful to see folk rushing to destruction—but Siller shauna be lost if the airm of man can save her."

Perhaps if he had looked into the heart and core of his deep indignation he might have found that no inconsiderable degree of its warmth arose from the fact that Silvia's backsliding was taking place in an atmosphere impregnated as much with "John White" as with "warldliness."

Rogers, the Porters' butler, had condescended to point out the best route to Mr. White's studio: part of David's way lay through the park. A carriage and pair drove out of the gates as he entered. It was Mrs. Oliver's carriage, containing the girls, also John White returning home with Mrs. Oliver to dinner. None of them noticed David, but the sight of them roused him to a pitch of unreasonable rage. The horses were grey, Mrs. Oliver and May wore light summer bonnets and pale-coloured garments, Silvia was in white, and John White, sitting beside her, laughing and chatting, had a flower in his coat. It might have been a wedding party; the thought crossed David's mind as he stood in the gateway looking after them. There they went, all gaiety, festivity, and lightness, and there he stood dusty, tired, gloomy and wrathful.

"A'll not have it!" he exclaimed, thumping the ferrule of his umbrella emphatically on the curb-stone.

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"Siller shauna carry on this-a-way wi yon dancin monkey of a fellow. She has promised to be m'ah wife, and I h'ae m'ah rights. As to Mr. John White, ah'll speak to him the morn."

He walked on into the park and sat down gloomily on a bench, putting his umbrella between his knees and resting his sombre wrinkled gloves on the handle.

He found his way into a church later on—the first Church of England he had ever entered. Thoughts of Roman Papists, and the "Scarlet Woman" crowded indefinitely into his mind. He somewhat peremptorily waved aside the book a timid old lady gently offered, preferring to stand in awful silence. The sermon began, he thought, rather well (he was unconsciously listening to one of the finest preachers of the day), and he was preparing to bestow a gracious consideration on its succeeding heads, when the clergyman turned his back on his congregation, and it was over.

"Hoots! does he ca' yon a discourse?" David asked himself with some disgust, plunging out of the heat and glare into the still quiet summer night. "Just a text, and twa, three bit sentences, and prayer at the beginning, and the broad of his back at the tither end."

CHAPTER IV.

The following afternoon, David paid that visit to Mr. White's studio which on Sunday he had promised himself the pleasure of paying.

John White's studio was in holiday garb: that is, he had not yet disturbed the arrangements made in beautifying it for his late debauch in the shape of a Sunday tea-party. Soft Persian rugs and skins lay about the floor, bits of old tapestry, gaily striped curtains, and pieces of dull coloured silk, draped the walls, or were flung over the corner of screens, and backs of chairs.

An old carved table—dead black, with twisted grinning dragon legs, filled a recess, laden with silver tankards, cups and platters, interspersed with Russian glass bowls filled with yellow roses, which made the atmosphere of the room heavy with their faint penetrating odour.

A long low lounge was drawn up at an angle with the fire-place, where ferns had been placed, and a drapery of yellow

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silk, showing touches of blue and brown in the background, had evidently been hastily arranged—for one side had dropped, and a cavern of black-leaded vacancy yawned visible. Low chairs and tables, Damascus carpets, Savona pots, pictures, framed and unframed, were scattered about in what might be described as 'picturesque confusion." David considered the effect almost bacchanalian in its disorder. In the centre of the room, placed immediately where the light from above fell fully upon it, stood an easel, supporting a large picture. David took up his position before it whilst waiting for the appearance of Mr. White, blowing his nose noisily, for the heavy scent of flowers annoyed him.

"Was that a picture," he asked himself, "that a modest young woman should be invited to inspect?"

Aphrodite, an indistinctly suggested female figure, rose, floating softly upwards, from the waves, lightly clad in misty foam and golden hair. It was a very lovely thing, delicately and exquisitely painted. It had made John White's name somewhat celebrated in certain sets where the barest mention implied the possession of no small share of the faculty divine.

David alone saw that it was meant for some heathenish person of the female sex, minus any honest covering of linen or merino, solely wrapped about with mist and vapour. The loveliness of the goddess, the sunlight on her hair, the tossing and swirling of the waves and white-tipped billows as they gave up this sea-born daughter of Neptune, were not apparent to him.

John White was surprised to see who his visitor was. He stood in the doorway a moment, surveying David's back with that irresistible sense of hilarious amusement which always assailed him in the presence of the Minister of Kindrach.

"Lost in admiration of Aphrodite?" he asked, coming forward. "Pretty creature, isn't she?"

David turned on his heel.

"Pretty!" he observed, in deep tones of disgust, "it's just a disgrace. A disgrace," he repeated.

John White's sense of amusement grew more pronounced.

"Now what do you find fault with?" he asked with the air of a man seeking impartial criticism, yet deprecating too great severity. "Is it her hair, or eyes, or nose—or isn't the colouring what it should be?"

"Ah'm no finding fault with the penting," returned David, a little mollified, "that's no so bad—but man, why couldn't ye have put a decent garment on the body?"

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The artist stared at his radiant creation.

"The body," he murmured. This was the sort of thing he keenly relished. He was already turning over in his imagination the first-rate story this incident was going to furnish him with. "Or," continued David, relapsing into severity, "if ye must pent females bathing, ye should'na call the whole warld in to look, mair especially young wimmin like Miss Porter, and Miss Dewar over yon," giving his head a backward jerk in the supposed direction of Lancaster Gate. "But ah did'na come here to talk aboot pictures. Ah came on a mair delicate errand." He blew his nose again, and walked to the door and back.

Mr. White seated himself on the lounge, divining something of the matter troubling the Minister of Kindrach. He told himself that his conscience was "as the noonday clear," therefore he was at liberty to revel in the amusement caused by this unlooked-for situation.

"Yes," he said, with gentle encouragement, as his visitor stumped heavily towards him. "Won't you sit?" he added, pushing a chair forward with his foot. David took no notice of this little attention.

"Ye ken, Mr. White, that Miss Siller Dewar is m'ah promised wife, and that we shall shortly be married?" He had planted himself flatly before his host with his legs a little apart, his hands grasping his soft hat energetically, and he spoke very slowly and distinctly.

Mr. White was delicately applying the end of his tongue to the cigarette he had just completed rolling: his long fingers gave the paper its final twist, and he ran it once or twice between his finger tips.

"Ah," he murmured, interestedly; shaking his silver match-box to dislodge a reluctant vesta.

"Won't you sit?" he added, again propelling a seat in David's direction.

"Did ye ken this, or did ye no ken it?" enquired David, doggedly.

"I knew it most certainly—that is, I have known it since you came to town last Friday was it, or Thursday? Have a smoke?" he added, offering his cigarette-case. "Don't you smoke?" he asked, as David declined stiffly.

"Oh, aye, I smoke a pipe whiles," replied Mr. Fairfax impatiently, "not they bit things."

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"I've a whole regiment of pipes," he said, rising with cheerful hospitality, "and some first-rate tobacco; but go on, I can hear you while I fish out these articles. You were saying—?"

"Ah was'na just saying anything," replied David with caution, pausing to collect his ruffled ideas. "But ah came here the day to tell ye that I dinna like ye're attitude with regard to Siller—Miss Dewar—it has been distasteful to me from the verra first—there's too much familiarity; I canna see any call for so much bringing of flowers and sweeties, an' wherefore should ye call her Annie Laurie?" He waived his arm forward as he spoke, and his brown face flushed a dusky red. These accusations sounded paltry even in his own angry ears.

John White was filling a large-bowled, well-browned pipe. He looked up questioningly as David paused; but as Mr. Fairfax did not proceed, he said lightly,

"If you mean that I am in love with Miss Dewar you are mistaken."

"Ah'm no saying ye are in love with her," said David, scandalized at this easy mention of such sacred things.

"Well, you hinted it; upon my soul you hinted it," returned Mr. White, smiling, "or perhaps you wished to suggest that Miss Dewar is in love with me?"

"Dinna speak rashly, young man," said David with portentous solemnity. The thought existed in his mind that such a possibility was not unlikely, but that Silvia should in any way be brought into the discussion with reference to her side of the question was far from his intention.

"Siller has promised hersel' these three months to me; it's no likely she'd cast a thought to ony ither man."

"Of course not, of course not," interrupted Mr. White effusively. "I was merely joking, and now that we understand each other, let's smoke the pipe of peace." He handed David the pipe and his match-box, and wheeled forward an easy chair. "Won't you sit?" he asked for the third time.

David was dissatisfied. The interview had not produced the effect he intended and believed it would produce. There was a flatness and triviality about the affair. His denunciation of John White's behaviour sounded empty, feeble; instead of reducing his enemy to shame and confusion, feelings of this nature, he was keenly aware, wrapped his own being about. He smoked at first in a gloomy, unresponsive mood, but long before

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he rose to leave, the feeling of irritated humiliation gave place to a more genial spirit.

Mr. White accompanied his guest to the door, talking amicably the while. In passing the fireplace his quick eye fell on the disarranged drapery. He stopped to put it in its place.

"I say, you haven't got a pin about you?" he enquired, looking over his shoulder at David. Mr. Fairfax gravely examined the corners of his coat and waistcoat, where he usually kept a small supply of these useful articles.

"Nae," he said, after an extensive search, "ah'm just out o' pins somehow—it's not often that happens."

"Well! do you mind? just hold that up. So! I'll get one in a jiffy," and John White walked quickly into an inner room, leaving David, on his knees, gravely upholding a gaudy piece of silk.

"If ye'll give me the pin ah see just where to put it," he said when Mr. White returned. With great earnestness and force he skewered the drapery in its place.

"Thanks very much," said John White, cordially shaking hands when David regained his feet, the knees of his black trousers a little dusty and fluffy, and his face somewhat flushed with his exertions. Unwittingly he returned the hand-shake as cordially, and departed a little amazed at the alteration in his attitude towards John White.

"Poor beggar!" said John White aloud, looking at the ferns and drapery in his fireplace and laughing consumedly. "I admire the brute force he displays in his pig-headed assertiveness; I absolutely admire the Minister of Kindrach." He made a capital story out of that afternoon's episode; lightly sketching, with skilful touches, David's challenge, the friendly pipe, and the final abasement before his fireplace.

To this day among his intimates "Aphrodite" is known only as the "Female bathing."

(*To be continued.*)

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A Reindeer Journey in Arctic Russia.

ON the 17th of July, 1888, I started on board the good ship *Labrador*, 500 tons register, strong timbered, three-masted steam whaler, Joseph Wiggins, Master, bound from Newcastle-on-Tyne for Golchika, mouth of the Yenissei, Asiatic Siberia.

I had a three months' holiday before me. I had been "enthused," as our cousins across the water say, as all are who approach him, by Captain Wiggins' fervid genius as explorer and navigator, and magnetized by his descriptions of Arctic scenery and sport, and I gladly accepted his kind proposal to accompany him, as passenger and tourist, on his adventurous voyage. It all sounded so easy. A month to the mouth of the giant river; another for the 1500 miles up stream into the heart of Asia; another to get back to London's November fogs—but it was not to be.

My present narrative, however, dealing with *terra firma*, I can say but little of the *Labrador*, her gallant master and his two faithful mates, but must refer such of my readers as are ignorant of Joseph Wiggins and the Phœnix Merchant Adventurers, to a Parliamentary Paper, entitled "Copy of a Despatch respecting attempts to establish commercial relations with Siberia through the Kara Sea, 1888," obtainable for the modest sum of 7½*d.* at Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen, East Harding Street, Fleet Street.

Nevertheless I must say enough to explain how it chanced that I found myself on a grey afternoon in the latter end of September 1888, well within the Arctic Zone, bargaining with certain Samoyede nomads for conveyance by reindeer sledge from Europe to Asia, across frozen plains and mountains, to Obdorsk on the river Obi.

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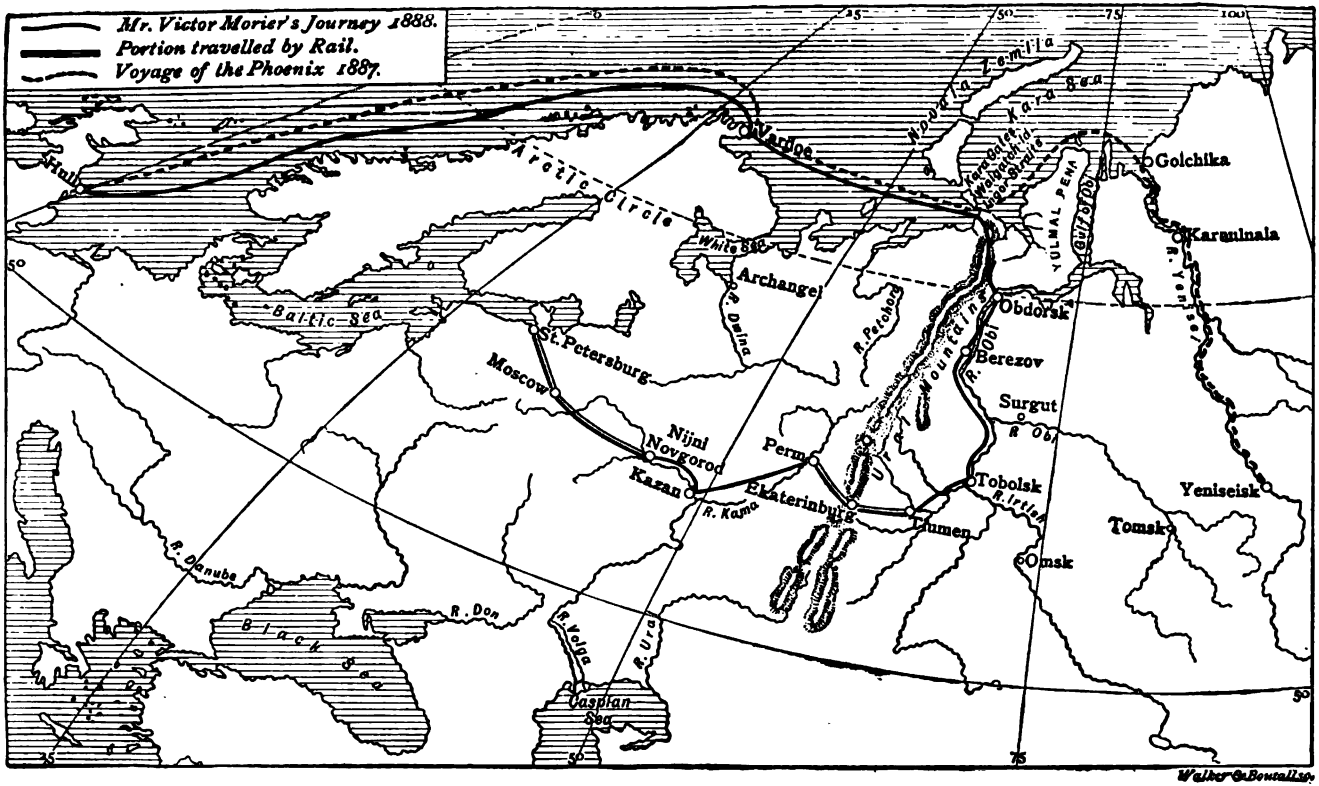

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The object of the *Labrador* was to inaugurate a regular yearly steam service between the ports of the United Kingdom and Siberia through the Arctic seas. For twelve years Captain Wiggins, partly at his own expense, partly assisted by friends, had striven to solve the question of this route. Five successful voyages had convinced him of its feasibility. In 1887 a small company under the title of "Phœnix Merchant Adventurers" was formed to take up the matter commercially. A 400-ton iron steamer, the *Phœnix*, was purchased and despatched in charge of Captain Wiggins, with a cargo of sample goods to Yenisseisk in the heart of Siberia. She sailed from Newcastle-on-Tyne the end of August, and arrived, after successfully crossing the Kara Sea, at Yenisseisk, 1500 miles up the Yenissei, on the 9th of October.

The problem was solved.

The enterprise having been favourably viewed by the Russian Government, the Company obtained exceptional permission, (riverain navigation being closed to any but the national flag) to use the *Phœnix* the following year to convey a British cargo to the mouth of the river, there to be exchanged for a Russian cargo brought by the Arctic ship to be provided for the regular ocean service by the Company.

This ship was the *Labrador*.

Now it will be seen from the above that from the inception of the enterprise a formidable difficulty presented itself, viz. the making sure that the *Phœnix*, working her way down the 1500 miles of the Yenissei would, at a given moment, meet the *Labrador* working her way through the Kara Sea. For unless the *Labrador* met the *Phœnix* at Golchika, the rendezvous at the mouth of the river, at exactly the right moment to allow of an exchange of cargoes, and of each ship setting out on its homeward voyage before the winter ice made, the ocean steamer would be placed in the alternative of spending the winter ice-bonnd in an Arctic sea, or of returning home with her cargo *re infectâ*. For it must be remembered that the two ships would lose touch of each other from the moment the *Phœnix* left Yenisseisk, the telegraph wire only reaching as far as that town.

The *Labrador* with her passengers arrived at Vardo, a small port at the extreme eastern point of Norway, on the 3rd of September, and there learnt the disastrous news that the *Phœnix* had struck a sand-bank three hundred versts north of Yenisseisk, and that, as the river was falling, there was no chance of getting

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her off.* The managers of the Company, as well they might be, were at their wits' ends. But with indomitable courage and energy they bought and fitted up a steam tug, the *Seagull*, to take the place of the *Phœnix*. But precious time had been lost. An entire month elapsed before the *Seagull* could put in an appearance at Vardo; and some days were consumed in fitting out a small schooner, the *Olaf*, which she was to tow with the extra coals required for her consumption. At last, to our intense relief, a final telegram was received from Newcastle ordering us to proceed, notwithstanding the lateness of the season.

It was on Tuesday, the 4th of September, that after a weary month's stay we left Vardo. The departure of our little flotilla caused quite a stir in the usually quiet town. At the end of the small breakwater a crowd had collected, who gave us a hearty cheer as we slowly steamed out, the *Labrador* the flagship, so to speak, leading the way, followed by the *Seagull* towing the tiny *Olaf*. It was a beautiful still clear evening, and as we stood watching the fluttering handkerchiefs of the kind friends who had so greatly helped to make our stay at Vardo tolerable by their hospitalities, we wondered when we should see the little harbour again, within a week or so after an unsuccessful attempt, or not till the *Labrador* undertook another journey next year after successfully accomplishing her work this.

The beautiful stillness of the night at once roused the suspicions of our sailors—pessimists of the worst kind; and unfortunately their fears were only too speedily realized. The next day broke in upon us with a dark and threatening sky, a falling glass, and all the indications of dirty weather. We had spent all day in a kind of steaming competition with the *Seagull*, out of which the *Labrador* had come triumphant; but towards night we let her come up with us, as the very heavy sea which was beginning to rise made us anxious to keep within hail. Soon the breeze freshened to a gale, and a nasty beam-sea made us very uncomfortable, as the tug, deep laden with her stock of coals, was likewise hampered by the schooner. Our great fear was that we should part company, and this we were finally forced to do, the *Labrador* having to go off before the wind under storm sails, her engines not being powerful enough to force her ahead in the teeth of such a gale. At midnight we lost sight of the lights of our two consorts, and with this the fate

* It turned out afterwards, when too late, that the *Phœnix* was got off and reached Golchika in good time, and there waited for the *Labrador*.

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of the expedition of 1888 was practically sealed. For three days we tried hard to make Kolguieff Island, the first rendezvous agreed upon between the two captains in case of separation. But the continual thick weather and heavy sea, and the fact that the position of Kolguieff Island differs on the Russian and English charts, at last decided the Captain to run straight for Nova Zembla, sail, if possible, through the Kara Straits, make his way down the east coast of Nova Zembla, and run into the Jugor Straits, where he hoped the *Seagull* might follow us from Kolguieff. But this plan likewise was doomed not to be fulfilled. On Monday, the 10th, the sea suddenly went down, and in the evening the fog lifted, and we had fine clear weather. Next morning, when we came on deck, we were delighted to find a beautifully clear blue sky, and a sea as smooth as glass. But the delight of the passenger at this change was in no way shared by the Captain and the Arctic experts. The peculiar shimmer and brightness of the sky all along the horizon to the north, and the sudden change in the temperature—(we had two degrees of frost)—indicated the presence of ice. The question now was whether the ice was on the west or east of Nova Zembla. I do not think I was at all a *persona grata* when at 10 A.M. on the 11th I was the first to discover a little glistening speck on the horizon which soon increased in size, and turned out to be a block of ice, the forerunner of a large field of drift ice which made its appearance to the north. Almost simultaneously a high piece of land, one of the most southerly capes of Nova Zembla, was sighted. It was clear that the continued northern gales which had been buffeting us about so unmercifully for the last few days had forced this ice through the Kara Straits, in which there was of course the possibility of its being packed; so we determined once again to change our course, and steer direct for the little Russian settlement of Nikolskoe at the southern mouth of the Jugor or Petts Straits.

On Wednesday morning, the 12th of September, we sighted the low marshy island of Waigatch, the southernmost of what may be termed the Nova Zembla group. It was a fine clear morning, and the brightness of the sun, the light green colour of the water caused by its shallowness and a sandy bottom, and the sparkling of the occasional blocks of ice which were lazily floating southwards, had a dazzling effect which was glorious after the days of mist and darkness. At 3 P.M. we reached the entrance of the Jugor Straits; and after carefully feeling our

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way with the lead, the water here being shallow with occasional sand-banks, and the chart not very accurate, we anchored off Nikolskoe.

As we rounded the point of the bay our hopes of finding the *Seagull* disappeared, the only vessel to be seen being a little Russian sloop, which had been driven on shore by the late gale. We had not been at anchor long when we were boarded by the captains of two Norwegian walrus sloops, who told us that their vessels had been crushed in the ice just inside the Kara Sea, and that they and their crews, eighteen in all, had made their way here in their boats. The delight of these poor wretches at the sight of a vessel was unbounded, as the unpleasant alternative of either spending the winter in this dismal part of the world, or of a long and hazardous journey along the sea coast, had been staring them in the face. Wiggins consented to take them back to Vardo, if, as was becoming painfully clear, the attempt to push on to Golchika had to be given up, and their delight was something pleasant to see. As soon as I could get a boat's crew I landed, anxious to set my foot on what is practically Siberia, though still within Europe.

Nikolskoe consists of a tiny wooden church, a gift of M. Siberiokoff; an enormous storehouse, belonging to the same gentleman; three or four log huts, and a little encampment of Samoyede summer "chooms," *i.e.* birch-bark tents. Nikolskoe is a freak of M. Siberiokoff. At a cost of 10,000 roubles he had the great wooden store brought from Vardo and erected here, but save a few reindeer-skins and a barrel or two of walrus-blubber it never contains anything. Siberiokoff, the Rothschild of these parts, has an *idée fixe*, the development of trade with Siberia *viâ* the river Petchora. For this purpose he has built a road across the Urals, and has set up two steamers, the *Obi* and the *Nordenskiold*.

One or the other visits Jugorsky Shar occasionally in the interest of the five or six traders who spend the summer there. In winter these traders return to their native villages on the Petchora.

At Nikolskoe they meet the Samoyedes, who here in spring lay in their modest stock of tea, sugar, bread, powder, shot, knives, &c., and in autumn return again, if hunters, to pay for these stores with the results of their summer's trapping, if not, with reindeer skins. After the business is settled they start off for their respective winter quarters, which for the Samoyedes of

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the Archangel Government, or European Samoyedes, generally lie amongst the woods on the borders of the Petchora, whilst the Asiatic Samoyedes generally make for Obdorsk, where they attend the great native fair or "Yarmarka"* at New Year.

At Nikolskoe I saw a few families who spent the winter on Waigatch Island, where they shoot arctic bears and kill walrus and seals. But Samoyedes who make hunting their sole occupation are by no means common; they generally shoot or trap as a source of extra revenue, whilst herding their reindeer.

Rearing and tending reindeer is *par excellence* the profession of a Samoyede. If not rich enough to possess a herd of his own, he enters the service of the owner of a large herd, who keeps him and his family in food and clothes, and gives him a certain number of reindeer-calves per annum in return for his services.

The servant thus lays the foundation of a herd of his own, and, if lucky, can, after a few years' service, set up on his own account. Luck, however, plays a great part in this means of livelihood, for "reindeering" is a great lottery. The animals are very liable to a disease which corresponds to the "Rinderpest" in cattle, and which in a day or two will kill off a herd of 600 or 700 deer. If this happens in the middle of the Tundra, the local name for these great, bare Arctic Steppes, it probably means death to the owner and his entire family, as they are left possibly hundreds of versts from any human help, without food and without means of locomotion. In my subsequent journey I came upon the scene of one of these not uncommon tragedies, and I have rarely witnessed a more pathetic sight than the half-standing chooms surrounded by a few sledges and the other poor possessions of the ill-fated owners, and, scattered all around, the bones and horns of the pest-stricken herd.

The owners themselves had been subsequently buried by some native passing by, as we found their wooden box-like graves on a hill a short way off. Though the loss of the herd does not often prove as fatal as this, to the owner it always means material ruin, and I saw a good instance of this at Obdorsk, where I came across a Samoyede, at one time the owner of a herd of 7000 deer, representing roughly a capital of £3500, content to work as a labourer for 40 copecks a week.

When successful, on the other hand, the rearing of reindeer is

* It is philologically interesting to note that this very Teutonic word, really *Jahrmarkt*, is used indiscriminately in Russian and Samoyedese to describe an annual fair.

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a most profitable occupation. When clear of disease, the herd is almost sure to double in number year by year. Their cost of maintenance is *nil*, whilst they supply their owner with all his essential wants, and with the pecuniary means for obtaining such luxuries as are within his reach. Their hides provide him with clothing and shelter in the shape of his hide-covered choom; their meat forms the staple of his food. The skin of a calf in raw condition yields about three roubles; when very young and dark, as much as five. The skins of the older deer fetch about two. With this circulating medium in his pouch, the Samoyede buys the vodka and other creature-comforts his soul delights in, or adorns his wife with the spangles and strips of coloured cloth she so highly prizes. But over and above all these gifts which the mild reindeer presents to his lord is the one which to the nomad dominates and determines all the rest—that of locomotion.

This industry, if so it may be termed, necessarily implies the nomad life pure and simple, the Samoyedes pitching their tents wherever reindeer-moss is abundant, and moving off as soon as their herds have cropped the surrounding district bare.

In winter the Samoyedes prefer to be in the vicinity of forests, partly for the sake of the wood which they need for fuel, and for making new and tinkering up old sledges, partly because the snow here is not so deep as in the open Tundra, and the deer can thus get more easily at the moss. Here also they trap the white fox and ptarmigan, the wings of which have a great sale. In summer they drive their herds into the Tundra, over which a large portion of my journey lay, and which I may here take the opportunity to describe. The Tundra is a mossy marsh, slightly accentuated here and there with low hills, and sprinkled with numberless shallow lakes not connected with each other. For miles and miles the ground is so marshy that one runs the risk of sinking up to one's middle if one attempts to walk over it. Now and again one comes upon a spot where the ground resembles a Scotch moor *minus* the heather, a very springy moss with an occasional clump of low willow brushwood. These spots the native makes for when, after his day's journey, he wishes to pitch his choom, as the moss here grows thick and rich, and the brushwood affords the little fuel he requires. Not a tree, not a rock, breaks the monotony of the scene, and the greenish-brown colour of the Tundra losing itself in a dull grey sky, is as dreary a picture as the human eye can well rest upon. I was glad when snow began to fall, which, though

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monotonous in its unbroken, glaring vastness, was much brighter and more cheerful than the endless marsh. In summer the Tundra is infested by swarms of mosquitoes, which make life almost impossible, even to Samoyedes.

The day after we had arrived at Nikolskoe we were boarded by several natives, some of whom came from simple curiosity, others hoping to do a little business with their reindeer-skins. The Samoyedes are a small race, with high cheek-bones, small flat noses, very yellow skins and black hair, which the men wear short, but the women in two long tresses covered over, or, to use a maritime expression, "served over," with coloured worsted. The richer ones profusely decorate these tresses with brass ornaments, chiefly old military buttons, which are sold to them at an exorbitant rate by Russian and Zyrienian merchants. They lay great store by brass rings, and I have seen the fingers of well-to-do Samoyede women so covered with them on the first two joints that they were unable to bend them. This of course only on show occasions, when they were not called upon to do any work. The men wear a large, loose garment made of tanned reindeer-skin with the hair turned inwards, which is called a "Malitza," over which very primitive garment, strange to say, is worn a dark brown envelope of linsey-woolsey, which curious blending of two extremes of civilization in the matter of dress is very characteristic of these nomads, half in and half out of Europe. The sleeves are so wide that the arms can be drawn out of them and worn inside the malitza, with the curious result that the sleeves, being very stiff, remain outstretched and motionless, giving to the wearer the appearance of a monster scarecrow, an effect the more striking that the sleeves end in gloves all of a piece, so that there is nothing to show they are not real arms and hands. As there is no opening either in front or behind, it will be seen that, except at the bottom, there is no access for the external air to the man inside the malitza, which is accordingly exceptionally well suited to the climate. The way of getting into this raiment is rather bewildering to the novice, as he has to introduce himself head-foremost from the bottom, and grope upwards in the dark for the sleeves and the outlet for his head, which is fitted with a hood smartly fringed with white fur. Under this sack-like garment the Samoyedes generally wear a common Russian peasant's scarlet shirt, having a great liking for the brighter colours. In exceptionally cold weather another coat, generally made of white reindeer-skin, with the hair turned

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outwards, is pulled over the malitza, and when this coat, which is called a "salik" on the west, and a "gus" on the east side of the Urals, has been donned, the Samoyede has played his last card in the way of clothing. On their feet they wear a kind of mocassin, called "pimy," which reaches up to the knee, and is made of alternate strips of white and brown reindeer-skin and is ornamented in front with three little lines of coloured cloth. Inside this a stocking of thin, tanned leather is worn in cold weather. The use of coloured cloth in this clothing marks the state of the wearer's finances; many of the richer natives have their saliks covered with red and yellow lappets. The women wear a short coat of reindeer-skin, with the hair turned outwards and trimmed with a flounce of dog-fur, but this garment is fastened down the front more like an ordinary great-coat. As far as I could discover by discreet observation, they wear a shirt and drawers of fully-tanned leather next their skin; they are shod like the men in "pimy." On their heads they wear a bonnet of reindeer or dog-skin, the shaggier the better, in shape exactly like the sun-bonnet worn by dairy maids in England. All their clothes are sewn with the dried back sinews of their universal provider, the reindeer.

I found these people (when sober) of a very quiet, almost timid disposition, and as a rule very silent, hardly ever speaking unless addressed. I am also assured that they are by nature very honest when not brought into too frequent contact with Zyrienians and other rascally vagabonds who infest the Tundra and live by surreptitiously selling vodki. My experience, however, did not quite bear out this view, as on several occasions I was subjected to petty thefts; though perhaps the temptations I put in their way were too great for this natural honesty. How could the ornament-loving heart of a Samoyede woman resist a bright nickel-plated dog-chain and their spouses the attraction of two inviting-looking bottles? The male thieves, however, were not so lucky in their loot as their weaker halves, for the latter, on my arrival at Obdorsk, strutted about decked with little sections of dog-chain, much to the envy of their friends; whilst the former suffered for several days from the unexpected effects of Worcester sauce and castor oil.

On not finding the missing *Seagull*, as we had hoped, at Jugorsky Shar, Captain Wiggins finally decided, with a heavy heart, to give up the attempt to push on to Golchika this year. He proposed, after waiting a few days here, in hope of the tug

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putting in an appearance, to make a short cruise in the Kara Sea, to test the route once more in so exceptionally bad a season as the present,* and then to return as quickly as possible to England. Everybody's disappointment, from the man before the mast to the captain, was intense; and nobody's greater than mine. I therefore resolved to make a cross-country journey, *coûte que coûte*, and as it was impossible to visit the Yenesei, at least to make acquaintance with the second monster river of Siberia, the Obi.

A conversation with Captain Wiggins had first suggested this idea to me. Amongst the various schemes for the development of this gigantic country there was one which he considered practicable, and, if practicable, of the greatest importance. It is to establish direct communication between the Obi and the Kara Sea by joining the Shuchia and Baidarata rivers at the base of Yalmal Peninsula by a canal. By this means a thousand miles of dangerous coasting round the Yalmal Peninsula would be avoided and a short cut to the sea effected. All the expeditions made to explore this inhospitable region had started from the south, and it struck me that some more light might be thrown upon the question even, by such a casual and untechnical traveller as myself, by attacking the journey from the north. I was well aware that even if I succeeded in accomplishing this route, my observations, utterly devoid of scientific value, could not be of great use, but I thought the mere fact of a small expedition having passed over the ground in question, for which an opportunity is naturally rarely afforded, might be of some slight practical utility. Luckily, I found on board the *Labrador*, in the person of the ship's cook, a first-rate man to act as interpreter and valet on an expedition of this kind. This man, Alexander Trontjehn, a native of Riga, had exchanged from one of Siberiokoff's steamers at Vardo into the *Labrador* to replace our poor old Goa *chef de cuisine*, whom the prospects of a winter in the Arctic Regions had frightened back to England.

Alexander claimed to have got to Siberia as a "political," but I afterwards discovered that he had no right to boast of this aristocratic position amongst exiles, but had been sent to Tobolsk on some less romantic pretext. I, however, found him excessively useful and honest whilst in my employ, and have nothing to reproach him with. He had accompanied Professor

* He did so test it after we parted company with perfectly satisfactory results.

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Saumier in the same capacity as I had engaged him for, whilst the former was travelling in the west of Siberia, and he had twice made the journey across the Urals from Siberia to the Petchora in difficult circumstances. He had a large stock of anecdotes and personal experiences of convict life in Siberia, which helped to pass away many tedious evenings in the choom.

I had much difficulty in obtaining Captain Wiggins' consent to my leaving the *Labrador*, but when I communicated to him my intention of trying to get to Obdorsk by the Yalmal Peninsula, the old exploring spirit woke within him, and he bid me heartily God speed.

I at once set Alexander to search for the means of accomplishing my object. He soon discovered a Samoyede whose reindeer herd was feeding at some distance, and who was about to start on his annual journey to the Petchora. This man he brought on board to see whether by offer of handsome payment he might be persuaded to change his winter quarters for this year from the Petchora to Obdorsk. His name was Ivan, and he brought with him his uncle, an old, one-eyed, weather-beaten gentleman who rejoiced in the name of Gregori, and who understood Russian, of which Ivan was perfectly innocent.

My remarks, therefore, were made originally in German to Alexander, from him they were conveyed in Russian to Gregori, who passed them on in his own tongue to Ivan. I soon began to realize the difficulties the builders of the Tower of Babel must have laboured under whilst engaged in their unproductive labours. The negotiations took some time, as the natives, probably for good reason, are very suspicious when dealing with foreigners, but I could see that Ivan was evidently attracted by the idea of making some money in so easy a way.

What could it matter to him whether he spent his winter at Obdorsk or on the Petchora? Besides, the idea of being present at the 'Yarmarka' seemed to be very alluring. But his interest of course was to make difficulties. He pleaded the danger of crossing the Urals (always a bugbear to the natives); his ignorance of the road, having never been farther than the Kara River; and also the smallness of his herd, which numbered between three and four hundred, for so long a journey. However, he finally came to the conclusion that for the consideration of five hundred reindeer he would undertake the contract. This I regarded as a very facetious sally on his part, saying that for

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that sum we would willingly cede him the *Labrador* and all she contained. A reindeer, however, I found was the recognized unit of value, as amongst some tribes of the Ostiaks is the Siberian squirrel. For this purpose the reindeer is generally considered to be worth five roubles, but this price varies a good deal according to the locality and time of year.

I am glad to be able thus to afford to the teachers of the Dismal Science another graphic and still existing illustration for the etymology of *pecunia*, on which they so love to dwell.

After much haggling, with, I must admit, much patience on both sides, we agreed that for fifty reindeer, or about £25, Ivan should convey us as quickly as possible to Obdorsk by whatever route I should wish to attempt; that he should shelter us in his choom, provide us with reindeer meat at a fixed rate, and engage the services of another native of his acquaintance, Michael, who was well acquainted with the Urals and the various routes to Obdorsk.

He engaged to be back to fetch us in a week's time. When I saw him going over the side with his old mentor Gregori, I certainly had a feeling that I was "in for it."

The day after this matter had been settled, to everybody's astonishment, not to say consternation, a field of ice made its appearance and began rapidly to drive down the Straits.

Nothing was left to us but respectfully to retire. So on the following morning, having taken the shipwrecked Norwegians on board, we steamed out of the little bay to a safe anchorage at the entrance of the Straits. Captain Wiggins' intention was to watch the movement of this ice, and if it was driven back into the Kara Sea, to follow it, and see how matters stood there. For a week we lay at our anchor watching the huge masses of ice drifting before the continually changing wind, but never seeming to make up their mind to drift clear of the Straits and thus allow us to return to Nikolskoe.

At last, on Wednesday, the 19th of September, a strong south wind set the ice back at a good rate up the Straits, and Captain Wiggins was able to squeeze past the floating mass and anchor in our original ground off Nikolskoe. The same evening Ivan made his appearance with twenty-one picked reindeer-steers to take me to the main encampment, which, he alleged, was about ten versts off, there being no food for the deer close to the sea shore. On Captain Wiggins' suggestion I added a third person to my expedition in the shape of Mr. John Crowther, one of the

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heroes of Leigh Smith's Polar expeditions in the *Eira*, who was acting as second mate on board the *Labrador*. On Thursday, the 20th of September, Alexander, Crowther, my colley Tosca, and I left the *Labrador* and got back definitely to *terra firma*, to undertake, with a hard winter before us, the journey to Obdorsk over the Tundras and across the most northerly spurs of the Ural.

I shall never forget the busy scene presented by the little settlement that afternoon. The Russian traders, all the Samoyedes camping in the neighbourhood, and a large portion of the *Labrador's* crew pressed about the three strings of sledges, seven sledges to each string, which were to convey us to our future home, the choom. The reindeer, the oldest and most respectable members of the herd, lay quietly before the sledges, chewing the cud with a stoical indifference as to their surroundings which only animals endowed with this faculty are capable of. There were plenty of hands to help us to pack our small stock of provisions on to the sledges, an operation which did not take long. In the meanwhile the traders were busy extracting from Ivan the sixty roubles which, according to the agreement, I had paid him in advance, and of which by the time we were ready for the start not more than two or three were left.

Whilst our provisions were being stowed I had time to examine the sledges which were to convey us and our fixtures into the unknown. The body of the sledge is placed very high on a pair of long thin runners, having a gradual curve and projecting about four feet beyond the actual sledge, so that they break the shock when the sledge is being driven over rough ground. All the parts of the sledge are lashed together with reindeer-skin thongs, and it is owing to the great elasticity and pliancy thereby given to the whole fabric that these flimsy constructions resist the very rough treatment to which they are as a rule subjected.

The method of harnessing the deer is of the simplest: a broad leather hoop passes round the neck; to this is fastened the long thong, which serves as trace, and which passes down the chest between the fore legs and out between the hind legs. The driving is done with a single rein, which is fastened to a crooked piece of bone or wood, fastened immediately over the ball of the eye, one of the tenderest parts in the reindeer, and which, if scientifically jerked to the right or left, causes the animal to answer to the rein very quickly. The outside deer on the near

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side is the only one provided with this arrangement, and the biggest and oldest deer are always placed in this responsible position, the others being kept to their work by the "Chavé," or long driving pole. A good "leading" deer is the most valuable of a Samoyede's possessions, and will often cost as much as three or four ordinary deer. The usual number of deer harnessed to a sledge is three, but this of course varies according to the weight carried, age of the deer, &c.

By the time I had examined all these details our caravan was ready for a start, and the critical moment of my adventure had arrived.

Perhaps I ought to give, but I fear I cannot give, a sensational account of the parting scene, it was all so simply got through. A last look at the *Labrador* surrounded by the huge masses of floating ice, and looking rather uncanny in the gathering sea mist, a warm shake of the hand from my late shipmates, a true British cheer, and we were silently making our way over the pathless waste into the closing gloom and drizzling rain, with old Gregori driving my sledge and whistling to his deer, as if every day of his life he started on an unknown journey in as strange company as we must have appeared to him.

VICTOR A. L. MORIER.

(*To be continued.*)

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The Railways of Scotland.

I. Some Fragments of Ancient History.*

The most obvious and important difference between the railways of Scotland and the railways of England, taking the two systems as a whole, is suggested by the first glance at the map of them as given in *Bradshaw*. Railways in England are many, in Scotland comparatively few. With three-fifths of the area of the larger country, Scotland has little more than one-fifth of the railway mileage, and even of this scant total of some 3000 miles, not much over one-third is double line, while in England the proportion is the other way. In fact, though the traffic carried over its railways and its total railway capital are almost three times as great, in mere length of miles Scotland is but little ahead of Ireland. A comparison, however, between Scotch and Irish railways would be evidently unprofitable. In one respect only can the latter claim pre-eminence; though they have only a third of the traffic, they employ four times as many boards of directors to look after it.

Another point may be noticed. Even round London itself the network of lines is scarcely closer woven than it is round Newcastle, or Leeds, or Manchester, and two or three more provincial towns. In Scotland, with the exception of three or four main routes, running, roughly speaking, north and south, and by no means as crowded as they are important, the whole traffic

* I have to express my great obligation to Mr. George Graham, who, as one of Joseph Locke's assistants, started the first passenger-train upon the Caledonian Railway, of which for six-and-thirty years he has now been chief engineer, not only for a copy of his privately-printed work on the origin of the Caledonian, but also for much information and assistance which he has personally given me. To Mr. Drummond, the locomotive superintendent of the same line, who has placed unreservedly at my disposal a large mass of curious and interesting old railway documents collected by him, I would also tender my hearty thanks.—W. M. A.

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is concentrated in the belt which stretches across the centre of the country from sea to sea. Take out Ayrshire, Renfrew, Lanark, and Midlothian from the map of Scotland, and you withdraw half the population and three-quarters of the traffic. Prolong the belt north-eastwards through Stirling and Fife to Forfar and Aberdeenshire; and what remains of Scottish traffic —it consists for the most part of fish, flesh, and fowl (or at least grouse), for the good red herring mostly goes by sea—is hardly worth fighting for.

But Scotch railways deprived of the opportunity of fighting would scarcely know themselves again. We talk of fierce competition in England, and compared to the sluggish monopolies of France or Germany competition in England is doubtless keen enough, but even in Lancashire itself there is here and there such a thing as non-competitive traffic. In Scotland there is practically none. Probably the two most important places dependent entirely on a single company are Ayr and Oban. To Ayr the Caledonian already has running powers *viâ* Muirkirk, which it can exercise when it pleases, and it is an open secret that it means before long to apply for leave to construct an independent line along the coast from Glasgow; while it is equally certain that, if the North British has not a share in the Oban traffic before many years are out, it will at least not be for want of trying to get it.

It is then in universal and ubiquitous competition that the keynote to the Scotch railway system is, I think, to be found. And fierce as the battle is at this moment, it is likely to wax yet fiercer in the immediate future. The gap that has hitherto parted Linlithgow from Fife is fast closing up; within three months at furthest the Forth will have been successfully bridged, and next summer we shall doubtless see a determined effort made by the North British and its allies to dislodge the Caledonian Railway from the pre-eminence it has hitherto held both at Perth and Aberdeen. Nor is this all. The lust of battle, in the language of Horace, *crescit indulgens sibi.* Scotland, as has been said, is wide, and in most parts railways are few and far between. Within the last few days Parliamentary sanction has been given to a scheme, almost as ambitious as that of the Forth Bridge itself. A new West Highland line, guaranteed and worked by the North British, is to be constructed from the Clyde, near Helensburgh, northwards along Loch Lomond, across the desolate moor of

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Rannoch, to the banks of the Caledonian Canal. For the present its terminus is Fort William; but unquestionably its promoters will not rest satisfied till they obtain extensions both to Inverness and the Ross-shire coast. In other words, the gauntlet is thrown down, and the Highland Company are challenged to a life-and-death struggle. As these pages are passing through the press, comes word of an agreement for amalgamation between the Glasgow and South-Western and the North British. If the amalgamation be sanctioned by Parliament, and Scotch public opinion seems to be very markedly in its favour so far, we shall see ere long a fight such as this generation has not known. The united Company—operating, it is true, on exterior lines, but with the great forces of the Midland, the Great Northern, and the North-Eastern behind it—will advance simultaneously from the east and the west to do battle with the Caledonian, strong in its central position and its intimate alliance with the great North-Western interest, for the supremacy of Scotland.

But of this more anon. Meanwhile we may notice that the Scotch railway system had already attained its majority before ever anything had been heard—not of competition only but actually of through traffic at all. The earliest Scotch lines, more than one of which is entitled to look down not merely upon the Liverpool and Manchester, but even upon the Stockton and Darlington itself as a mushroom upstart, were constructed simply for local traffic, mainly, of course, that in iron and coal. The nucleus of the Clydesdale Junction, an extension of the original Polloc and Govan Railway, now itself absorbed into the Caledonian, and forming the present access from London and the South to the Central Station in Glasgow, was a tramway, or "waggon-way," as it is called on the old maps, which, as early at least as 1778, ran from the collieries of Little Govan to the Clyde at Springfield, a point below the town where now the docks end, only to give place to the great shipbuilding yards, which skirt the downward course of the river for miles. The Kilmarnock and Troon line, the main road to-day between Ayr and the South, obtained its Act of Parliament in 1808, and was opened for traffic in 1811. It is thus described in Aiton's Agricultural Report of Ayrshire for that year, which was evidently written when the line was on the eve of completion:

"The distance from Troon Harbour to Kilmarnock is somewhat more than 10 miles, the total rise from Troon to Kilmarnock

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being 80 or 84 ft. which is 1 in 660. The iron rails are 3 ft. long, 4 inches broad in the flat part, about 4 inches in the deepest part of the parapet, weighing each about 40 lbs.; they are 4 ft. apart, and there is nearly 4 ft. between the two roads to allow the wagons to pass freely. The rails are fixed to square blocks of stone by nails driven into oaken pegs, 6 inches long and 1¼ inch in diameter, fixed into the blocks of stone. The railway crosses the Irvine by a bridge of 4 arches, one of them on dry land to make up the road, each of 40 feet span and rising 25 above the surface of the river. Raising, boring and carriage of the blocks will cost about 6*d.* each, and upwards of 70,000 are to be used in the railway. The same number of rails of cast iron at 40 lbs. each will weigh 1250 tons, which, with the carriage from Glenbuck foundary, will at present prices cost when laid down on the road, £20,000. It is said that a horse will draw upon the railway when finished from 10 to 12 tons towards Troon, and from 8 to 10 towards Kilmarnock. Each wagon when loaded weighs about 1½ ton. A horse at this time, October 28, 1811, draws two wagons loaded, at the rate of 2 miles an hour."

The construction of the Troon and Kilmarnock line fired the inhabitants of Dumfries to demand a railway from Dumfries up Nithsdale, in order to bring down coal from the Sanquhar collieries. It was proposed that it should be built so as to be used by trucks carrying 12 to 15 cwt. apiece, with bodies which could be taken off the wheels and slung, if necessary, on board canal boats. The Dumfries people got their line, but they had to wait thirty years for it, and when it came it was rather, to use the French phrase, as a *route nationale* than merely a *chemin d'intérêt local.* But in the interval not a few other local lines were projected and carried out; for one there was, the Edinburgh and Dalkeith, which obtained in 1826 an Act authorizing the promoters "to make and erect so many self-moving, commonly called locomotive, engines as they may think proper," and requiring the owners of wagons using the line "in all cases to put their names outside." Apparently, however, the company did not think proper to avail themselves of their right to erect self-moving engines, for down to as late as the year 1845, passengers on the Edinburgh and Dalkeith were drawn by horses to the foot of an incline, and then the carriages were attached to the ropes of a stationary engine. Now-a-days passengers get to Dalkeith by a branch off the main Waverley line, and the old road, up which, with its

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gradient of 1 in 50, some seven or eight trucks are as much as an engine can take, is closed entirely as far as passengers are concerned. A somewhat similar thing has happened in the case of the Dundee and Newtyle, another line which is more than sixty years old. As originally built, it ran straight up the face of the hill out of Dundee. Locomotives being, however, less accommodating than stationary engines in the matter of gradients, the modern line winds round the side. But though the distance is doubled, probably the time occupied varies in an inverse ratio.

Much more important, however, than these latter lines were the railways in the immediate neighbourhood of Glasgow. It is difficult to realize that Glasgow, spite of its mediæval archbishopric and mediæval university, its associations with Queen Mary and the Covenanters, with Prince Charlie and Rob Roy, who to us are heroes of romance at least as much as historical characters, is an essentially modern town. If proof were needed of Glasgow's unimportance even so recently as a century back, it might perhaps be found in the fact that the main channel of the Forth and Clyde Canal, which, though begun in 1768, will not till next year celebrate its centenary, avoided the town altogether; and in the further fact that this undertaking, which was estimated only to cost £150,000, in spite of its association with the great names of Brindley and Smeaton, dragged on year after year for lack of funds, and was only finally completed with the aid of a grant from the public purse.

The Forth and Clyde Canal has now passed into the possession of the Caledonian, so it would have in any case a natural claim to mention in an account of the Railways of Scotland. But it has a better title than this. It was in order to get coals down from the Monkland Coalfield to the Canal for shipment that the first public railway in Scotland, the Monkland and Kirkintilloch, was constructed. But before we come to this railway let us go back half a century and see what the Monkland Coalfield was. By doing so we shall be brought in contact with a name greater even than those of Brindley and Smeaton, the name of James Watt himself. In the year 1769 "the encreasing price and scarcity of coal" in Glasgow roused its citizens to consider whether a navigable canal could not be formed from the Monkland "Coalierys to the city." Watt was called in to advise. He prepared a scheme for a canal 16 feet wide at the bottom, sloping to 23 feet width at the top,

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with a mean depth of 4½ feet of water. The canal was to be 10 miles in length, and to descend from its starting-point "one mile above Cotes Bridge" (*sic*), where it would be 266 feet above the level of the Clyde, through a series of twenty locks to the outskirts of Glasgow. But the cost of this scheme was estimated at £20,000, a charge which Watt himself felt to be prohibitory. So he submitted at the same time a second scheme. By stopping a mile short of Glasgow on the high ground to the north-east, he found it possible to dispense with the locks, and so, after allowing £1000 for Parliamentary expenses and contingencies, to bring down his revised estimate to £9653 10*s.*

For the mile from the terminus of the canal into the city, the carriage of the coal was to be effected by a "wagon way" down a steep slope, and the calculations as to the use to be made of this convenience are so curious as to be worth recording. It is estimated, says Watt, that the Glasgow consumpt of coal amounts annually to 70,000 tons. Of this the Monkland district is said to be capable of supplying 20,000. Assuming the cost at the pit's mouth to be 10*d.* per cart of 7 cwt.—it gives one an idea of the state of the roads and the power of the Clydesdale horses of the time to read that the normal cart-load was 7 cwt.—the coal should be delivered to the consumer in Glasgow at 20*d.* per cart, or 5*s.* per ton. He added that, supposing the consumption to increase and the canal to become inadequate for its traffic, the right way to obtain relief would be to deepen it, and so permit the use of larger barges than the 30-inch draught vessels which he proposed to employ in the first instance. "The advantage of fords for communication of lands will indeed be lost, but these can be supplied by bridges."

Two years after Watt's survey an Act was obtained "for making and maintaining a navigable cut or canal and wagon-way from the coalleries in the parishes of Old and New Monkland to the city of Glasgow." Watt was appointed to superintend the construction. His salary was £200 a year, and for this sum he had, with the assistance of a single clerk, to perform the various functions of surveyor, engineer, superintendent of works, and treasurer. According to a letter of his quoted by Mr. Smiles, he had 100 men employed under him who, as a result of twelve months' working, "made a confounded gash in a hill." The hill referred to is unquestionably Blackhill, some three miles out of Glasgow, where the gash may still be seen. For the scheme as actually carried out appears to have been of the

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nature of a compromise between Watt's two proposals, and at Blackhill the canal descends towards Glasgow down a steep slope through a series of four deep locks in close succession. But the activity of Watt and his hundred men did not last long. A commercial panic in 1772 put a stop to the works, and Watt lost his place. Ten years later the bankrupt and unfinished concern was bought by the great Glasgow firm of William Stirling & Sons, who not only completed the canal, but by a new undertaking, known as "the Cut of Junction," carried it on through the outskirts of Glasgow to Port Dundas, where it united with the Glasgow branch of the Forth and Clyde Canal. Thus in the year 1790 the Monkland Collieries first obtained their access to the sea.

Like the main undertaking, of which it forms a feeder, the Monkland Canal has long been the property of the Caledonian Railway. Though its traffic has now shrunk to but small dimensions, at one time it must have been very considerable. Not only was it found necessary to duplicate the series of locks at Blackhill, but also a supplementary route was provided in a most ingenious fashion for the return of the empty barges. On the face of the hill alongside the locks, a wide road has been constructed, sloping downwards at an angle of some 30° from the canal at the top to the canal below. On this road is laid a double line of broad-gauge rails. Two iron tanks or caissons, propped up at the lower end so as to keep the water within at a level, and large enough to contain a barge afloat, ran up and down these rails on ordinary railway trucks. A caisson coming up with an empty barge was balanced against a caisson going down filled only with water, the deficiency in lifting power being made good by the help of a stationary engine. Within the last two or three years, however, not only has the use of this incline been abandoned, but one of the two series of locks has been closed, as it is found that a single set (with four lockmen where formerly a dozen were employed) is sufficient to accommodate the rapidly diminishing traffic. It is often said that railway companies should not be permitted to own canals, and that, when they do possess them, they use their power to suppress competition, so it may be added that, if any person or persons wish to obtain possession of the Monkland Canal in order to reduce the coal rates into Glasgow, there would probably be little reason to apprehend any factious opposition on the part of the Caledonian Company.

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But we must get back from canals, which after all are but a very small item in the vast mass of miscellaneous property—docks, hotels, steamboats, and so forth—which has come into the possession of modern railway companies, and devote our attention to railways proper. As already mentioned, the first Scotch railway was the Monkland and Kirkintilloch. It obtained its Act of Parliament in 1824, and was opened for traffic in October 1826, one year later than the Stockton and Darlington. In one respect it is evident that its promoters had profited by Northumbrian experience. Readers of Mr. Smiles's 'Life of Stephenson,'—and who has not read it?—will remember that the original Stockton and Darlington Act of 1821 contained no power to use locomotives, or to carry passengers, and that these defects were only remedied by an Amending Act in 1823. The original Monkland and Kirkintilloch Act contained this clause: "And be it further enacted that it shall and may be lawful to and for the said Company of Proprietors, or any Person or Persons authorized or permitted by them, from and after the passing of this Act, to make and erect such and so many locomotive or moveable Engines as the said Company of Proprietors shall from Time to Time think proper and expedient, and to use and employ the same in and upon the said Railway, for the purpose of facilitating the Transport, Conveyance, and Carriage of Goods, Merchandize, and other Articles and Things upon and along the same, and for the Conveyance of Passengers upon and along the same." This Act authorized the expenditure of £32,000; but in the preamble of an Amending Act passed nine years later it is stated that "the said Railway has been made and executed at an Expence considerably exceeding the Amount originally estimated for completing the same."

As opened for traffic in October 1826, the railroad was 10 miles in length. It was a single line, with passing-places at intervals. Within ten years, however, the growth of the traffic compelled the directors to double it throughout. There was a fall of 127 feet from the starting-point "on the March or Division between the Lands of Palace Craig and Cairnhill in the Parish of Old Monkland" to the terminus at the Kirkintilloch basin on the Canal, or, in other words, a favourable gradient averaging about 1 in 400 throughout. At the outset the proprietors do not appear to have availed themselves of their privilege of using movable engines, for we read that "one horse draws four wagons = 12 tons, and returns with the empty wagons, making

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three journeys in two days." The whole expense amounts to 1*s.* 2*d.* per ton, made up as follows: haulage, 5*d.*; railway dues, 7*d.*;—the statutory maximum under this head was 1*s.* 8*d.*—wagon hire, 2*d.* On one occasion it is reported that the horse "Dragon" drew 14 wagons = 50 tons, from Gargill Colliery to Kirkintilloch, a distance of 6¾ miles, in 103 minutes. But even Dragons could not long contend against the fire-breathing monsters that were overrunning the country, and in 1832 it is chronicled that most of the work is already done by two locomotives. As an instance of the consequent reduction of rates of carriage, it is added that, during the construction of the line, 6*s.* 11*d.* per ton was asked for the carriage of rails up from Kirkintilloch to Gargill; it can now be done for 9*d.* A second result is given in these words:—"The coal on one property previous to the commencement of the railway was offered at a rent of £30 a year and refused, and now the proprietor is obtaining £200 a year for it, and even this sum is expected soon to be doubled. The ironstone on another property was offered previous to the commencement of the railway for £100; it was afterwards sold for £500, and was thought a cheap bargain." One is glad to know that the railway company had some share in the prosperity which their enterprise had created. As early as 1828 they were getting 6 per cent. for their money, and their stock was at a premium of 50 per cent.

In May, 1826, a month or two before the Monkland and Kirkintilloch was opened for traffic, a new Act was obtained for the construction of a subsidiary railway, or, to speak more accurately, of a series of three branches, with a total length of 5⅜ miles, to act as feeders of the main line. This new undertaking was known as the Ballochney. The capital was fixed at the very precise figure of £18,491 19*s.*, the exact amount of the engineers' estimate; and to the credit of the engineers be it said that the line was opened for traffic with £200 of the capital unexpended. The Monkland and Kirkintilloch had traversed a tolerably level country; but the new road, which went up among the different collieries, passed through a more difficult district, so the tolls authorized were double those of the parent line, and amounted to 3*d.* per ton per mile for goods or minerals, with an additional 6*d.* per ton for each of the inclined planes over which they passed, and 4*d.* per mile for passengers. The method on which the line was worked is described in a contemporary account as borrowed from the Mawchunk Railway in

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America. A horse drew the loaded trucks along the level till they came to the top of the incline. Down the incline they would of course run by their own weight, so the horse was taken round to the tail of the train, where he became a passenger in a low wagon specially constructed for his accommodation, and refreshed himself with hay and water till his services were again called into requisition at the bottom.

The Ballochney Railway before long was paying 20 per cent., so in 1835 the Company obtained powers not only to make a new branch, but also to contribute half the capital to a more ambitious undertaking known as the Slamannan Railway, with a capital of no less than £65,769, which was to continue the railway system north-eastwards from the termination of the Ballochney, through Slamannan and Avonbridge to Causeway End, where it formed a connection with the Edinburgh and Glasgow Union Canal, and so gave a new and independent outlet to the Monkland Coalfield. Whatever was the reason, perhaps because at the outset it was weighted with so enormous a capital expenditure, the Slamannan was not like its predecessors a financial success. But 1835 is bringing us down to comparatively modern times, and this is not the place for a complete history of Scotch railways. So we must be content with just noting that in the year 1848 the three companies above named, the Monkland and Kirkintilloch, the Ballochney, and the Slamannan, amalgamated into one concern under the title of the Monkland Railways, that in 1865 the Monkland Railways were bought up by the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, which latter in its turn was absorbed the same year into the North British. We may notice too that, though for a mile or so northwards from the world-famous ironworks of Gartsherrie the Caledonian through trains to the North run over it under Parliamentary powers, the greater part of the original Monkland and Kirkintilloch line has long been closed to passenger traffic. It may be added further that, an outlet to a canal having ceased to be of any practical value, the old railways have been continued onward, the Monkland and Kirkintilloch to the shores of Loch Lomond, and the Slamannan to the port of Bo'ness on the Firth of Forth.

The North British is, after all, but an intruder in this part of Scotland. Its proper territory lies rather on the East than on the West coast. The leading Glasgow railway is and has been from the first the Caledonian Company. And the line next in

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order of seniority to the Monkland and Kirkintilloch, the Garnkirk Railway, which obtained its Act in 1826, may fairly be looked upon as the nucleus of the Caledonian. Chronologically speaking, the gap between 1824 and 1826 is narrow enough, but the development of the railway idea in the interval is remarkable. The elder line was only intended to supplement water-carriage; the younger, which for practical purposes may be described as following throughout the course of the Monkland Canal, boldly challenged competition with it. And the challenge was not delivered without good reason. Glasgow had grown in the half-century since Watt's survey. The city gas-works alone were using, says a contemporary account, hard by 16,000 tons of coal per annum. Thirty thousand more were required by the chemical works at St. Rollox, then and now "perhaps the most extensive," as their chimney is perhaps the highest, and certainly among the most odoriferous, "in the world." And the St. Rollox works adjoined the new Garnkirk terminus. Here the railway had a great advantage over the canal in its complete arrangements for rapid delivery. The trucks, we are told, ran in on a high level into the depôt; the body was tipped up at one end with the aid of a *dum-craft*, and the coal fell through trap-doors in the iron floor into carts which were in waiting beneath. The railway was opened in 1831, when amidst a scene of great public rejoicing the first train was drawn along the line by the "George Stephenson" engine, whose driver was none other than George Stephenson himself. The cost of the carriage of coal from the Monkland field to Glasgow fell within a short period from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* per ton.

But great though the benefit might be which they had conferred on the citizens of Glasgow, the Garnkirk Company were not over prosperous themselves. On their 8¼ miles of line they had expended the enormous sum, as it was then considered, of over £12,000 a mile. They found it necessary therefore to exert their utmost efforts to augment their receipts. In the report for 1835 the directors, or rather the committee, to call them by the name in use at the time, confess to a "material increase of expenditure" in the item of advertising and printing. The amount for the year was £57 6*s.* 11*d.* "The reason is," they say, "that perseverance in frequently advertising the passenger carriages by newspaper notices and otherwise is found to promote an increase of trade amply justifying the expense so

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incurred." Here is an extract from the diary of the late Mr. Walter Linn, one of the too many officials of the original railways who have dropped off within the last few years, showing what we may fairly take as a specimen of the great results of the Company's lavish expenditure.

"*October 23rd*, 1834.—General Fast Day in Glasgow. A great crowd of people about the depôt all day; many passengers went up the railway.

1st train half-past 7	6 coaches and 3 iron-wagons full.
11 o'clock	10 ditto and 8 ditto.
12 o'clock	19 coal-wagons full.
2 o'clock	9 coaches and 8 iron-wagons.
3 o'clock	4 coaches full.
5 o'clock	3 ditto.

"Everything moved on with the greatest regularity; not the least delay, nor did any accident take place, and not so much as one wagon went off the rails. We had about 1250 passengers out, and the whole of that number returned. Collected £60 1*s.* 6*d.*" "Collected" is evidently the right word to use, for it was only in March 1837, so Mr. Linn records, that after a consultation with Mr. King, the secretary, he adopted the plan of supplying passengers with tickets before starting, and opened a booking-office for the purpose at St. Rollox.

In the same report the committee strikes out another idea. "It is intended," they say, "with the co-operation of the Monkland and Kirkintilloch and Ballochney Railway Companies, to add to the passenger trade the conveyance of goods and parcels between Glasgow and Airdrie. This branch of business may be ultimately let, perhaps, but in the first instance the Company will likely require to start it, or at least provide the necessary carriages and places for receiving and securing the goods. The shop in Glasford Street, occupied by the Company this season, was procured chiefly with a view to this trade; but the delay in proceeding with the requisite accommodation near Airdrie, for which this Company were dependent on another, has prevented it being yet applied to that purpose. Keeping open this shop in town has, however, been found of very considerable advantage to the passenger trade."

This proposal to let the conveyance of parcels and goods is worth notice as one instance of the fact—which cannot be too distinctly grasped by any one who wishes to understand not

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the ancient history of our railways merely, but also the bearings of the very modern question of railway rates—that the original conception of a railway company was not that of a carrier at all, but simply of a company owning a road and charging a certain toll for the use of it. To quote one instance among a thousand. In 1837, several years after haulage by horses had disappeared from the line, and when therefore it is evident that the carriage of passengers must have become a monopoly of the Company, who alone possessed locomotives, the committee enter their passenger receipts under two heads. £1543 15*s.* is credited under the head of tolls, while a further sum of £1017 5*s.* is set down as received for haulage. The committee, by the way, were evidently very particular in keeping their accounts. A brick shed had to be repaired, and of the cost, £6 14*s.* 5½*d.* was allowed to be charged to capital, but the remaining 6*s.* was debited to the current year's revenue. Similarly some improvements in the Gartsherrie Inn were divided between two accounts, capital, £2 13*s.*; revenue, £1 18*s.* 3*d.* On the whole, the Garnkirk proprietors had reasons to be satisfied with the result of their attention to the passenger traffic. In the five years after the opening of the line the tonnage of minerals carried had only risen from 114,000 to 140,000. In the same period a steady and continuous increase had raised the number of passengers from 62,000 to 145,000.

We have almost forgotten the fact now-a-days, but railways in their early days had to compete for passenger traffic with something besides stage coaches. "Railroads, except in very peculiar circumstances, are behind the age," says in 1831 the author of a pamphlet written to prove the absurdity of building one between Edinburgh and Glasgow. He adds that the future is on the side not of cumbrous locomotives with their long lumbering trains, but of steam road-carriages, "of which a great many are already required by coach proprietors, carriers of merchandize and others for their use on the public roads." This gentleman may be hardly an impartial witness, but it is at least certain that Mr. Scott Russell—afterwards the builder of the Great Eastern—established in 1834 "a line of steam coaches between Glasgow and Paisley, as the regular mode of conveyance. These ran for many months with the greatest regularity and success, and the trip, a distance of 7½ miles, was run in 45 minutes. An accident caused by the breaking of a wheel which happened to one of the carriages being unfortunately

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attended with fatal results, caused the Court of Session to interdict the whole set of carriages from running."*

But steam road-carriages were not the only competitors. The track-boats on the canals must have been an almost equally speedy, and certainly a considerably safer mode of conveyance than the early railways. In a prospectus issued in 1836 for a much-planned but never-executed Garnkirk and Falkirk Junction Railway, it is stated that the passengers by canal between Falkirk and Glasgow amounted to 300,000 per annum, and though the distance cannot have been much under 30 miles, it is added that the journey was performed in 3 hours. Even the heavy barges with a load of 40 tons covered the 56 miles from end to end in 18 hours. On the Ardrossan Canal, says the same authority, one horse drew 60 passengers 8 miles, from Glasgow to Paisley in three-quarters of an hour, returning to Glasgow in the afternoon at the same pace. From Glasgow to Johnstone, 4 miles further, the time was an hour and half. From Liverpool to Sankey, on the road to Manchester—to quote a parallel English instance—the speed was 10 miles an hour. It is an interesting proof of the early adoption of the very low fares, which have long been one of the most creditable features of the traffic down the river from Glasgow, to learn that while the fares to Sankey were 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*, those to Johnstone, only one mile less distance, were 1*s.* and 9*d.*

The mention of the Ardrossan Canal brings us naturally to the third and last of the great railways of Scotland, the Glasgow and South-Western, of which this undertaking may be considered to be in some sort the nucleus. Let it be said, to start with, that the title is a somewhat ridiculous misnomer, for the Canal never got within 20 miles of Ardrossan. The full style and title was "The Glasgow, Paisley, and Ardrossan Canal," and its inception dates from 1804, in which year the then Lord Eglinton formed a company, and obtained an Act for its construction,

* The accident alluded to was nothing less than the bursting of the steam-coach boiler. These steam-coaches escaped the payment of tolls, which were by Act of Parliament authorized to be levied upon all vehicles "drawn by one or more horses, mules, &c." They were consequently the object of the fiercest hostility of the road trustees; and when the accident took place, owing to a wheel breaking on a newly-metalled portion of the road, it was openly asserted that the metal had been laid down extra thick with the object of disabling the new-fangled coach. Indeed, a very strongly-worded letter from the clerk to the trust, which had appeared in the newspapers only a few days before, was believed to point to an intention on the part of the trustees to pursue some such policy.

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with the evident intention of making Ardrossan, a place with great natural advantages, the outport for the rapidly growing trade of Glasgow. But fast as the trade grew, the faster the energy of the citizens worked to improve the navigation of the Clyde; and the canal which commenced at "Tradestown, near Glasgow," now one of the busiest manufacturing quarters of the city, never got any further seawards than Johnstone. Here it stuck for over twenty years, till in 1837—the canal era having now given place to the railway age—its proprietors obtained leave to complete their route by the construction of a railway.

The waterway having begun to work downwards from the interior, it was only in the fitness of things that the railway should advance inwards from the sea-coast. And so it did; but it, too, stuck after it had got as far as Kilwinning, a distance of about 5 miles. It is true that the proprietors atoned for their failure to carry out their Act by the construction of two short colliery branches, for which they had no statutory powers whatever. The line was laid in the roughest and most haphazard fashion, but it served with considerable advantage, not only as a mineral line to Ardrossan Harbour, but also as a road for a one-horse omnibus, which ran backwards and forwards for the benefit of the population of Ardrossan and Kilwinning, as well as of the small towns of Stevenson and Saltcoats, which lie between them. In 1836 a company, which also deemed an Act of Parliament a superfluity, was projected with a capital of £5000 to "form an edge railway from the Dirrans branch of the Ardrossan and Johnstone railway to the town of Irvine, for the continued direct conveyance of Coals, Stones, Goods, Passengers, &c." Next year, the Glasgow, Paisley, Kilmarnock, and Ayr Railway, a company whose title is self-explanatory, obtained its Act; and in 1840 the 5-mile fragment of the Ardrossan line took powers dissolving the Mezentian union with the moribund canal, and authorizing a junction with the new railway, in whose undertaking, now known as the Glasgow and South-Western, it has long ago been absorbed. It may here be appropriately added that the derelict canal was bought only a few years back by the South-Western Company, and filled up and converted into an alternative route to relieve the congestion on their main line into Glasgow.

It was stated at the beginning of this article that the earliest of the local lines preceded by fully twenty years the first of the through routes. But in tracing the history of a few of the more

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important of the former, we have now reached the point where the latter begins to appear upon the scene. The first proposal for a railway connecting England and Scotland was in the year 1833, for a line which has never been made from that day to this, and which—if railway prophecies were not proverbially even more fallacious than prophecies in general—one would be inclined to assert never would be. The proposed route was from Newcastle, by Otterbourne, Jedburgh, and Melrose. Thence to Edinburgh it followed the present Waverley route by Galashiels, while a branch diverged up the Tweed and reached Glasgow by way of Peebles, Biggar, and the Clyde Valley. This route had one great and conspicuous advantage, it afforded equal accommodation to both Edinburgh and Glasgow. The East Coast road by Berwick, if it had been adopted as the only line between England and Scotland, would have placed Glasgow at an immense disadvantage. The western route by Dumfries and Kilmarnock would have been equally unsatisfactory to Edinburgh. And, as Mr. Gladstone told the House of Commons last year, even as late as 1842 "it was firmly believed to be absolutely impossible, that there should ever be more than one railway into Scotland."

It is a commonplace of early English railway history to talk of the senseless opposition—where at least it was not a cloak for extortion—of the great landowners. Every one knows the story of the Duke of Cleveland's fox-covers which barred the progress of the Stockton and Darlington, and of the lords of Knowsley and Toxteth who turned aside the course of the Liverpool and Manchester. It was largely owing to the enlightened master of Althorp that Northampton was left for forty years, stranded on one side of the great stream of traffic which swept through Blisworth. To the credit of the landlords of Scotland be it said, that the lairds of Dumfriesshire conceived and carried out the Caledonian Railway.

In 1836 the London and Birmingham, the Grand Junction, and the Northern Union were all fast approaching completion, and their united systems would convey passengers direct from Preston to London; so Joseph Locke was called in to survey a continuation northwards into Scotland. As far as the Scotch border, he recommended what was practically the existing West Coast line. Beyond that point, so he states in his report, he naturally first turned his attention to the direct mail-coach road, "laid out, I believe, by the late Mr. Telford." Along that route

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up to Beattock Bridge, near Moffat, he found everything tolerably favourable. But in the 10 miles from Beattock Bridge to Beattock Summit there would need to be a rise of "nearly 700 feet, which, supposing it to be uniform the whole way, would give an inclination of 1 in 75."

Ten miles of such a gradient the great engineer felt to be a hopeless impossibility. "Not wishing," he writes, "to recommend a line having such a plane as this, I was under the necessity of departing from the straight course." He turned aside reluctantly and advised a line up the gently sloping Nithsdale and over the Cummock hills to Kilmarnock, and then on to Glasgow past Dalry and Beith and Paisley. The following year, as has been already mentioned, an Act was obtained for the construction of the portion of this route between Kilmarnock and Glasgow, and in the Mania year, 1846, leave was given to construct the remaining portion between Carlisle—or, more accurately, from Gretna, where it joined the Caledonian—and Kilmarnock; but the promoters were no longer Joseph Locke's clients.

But let us return to his original report. This document was sent by Mr. Hope Johnstone, M.P., the largest proprietor in the Moffat district, to his agent, or factor, to use the Scotch expression, Mr. Charles Stewart. Mr. Stewart declined to abandon his hopes for an Annandale line. "As for *paying*," he writes, "I have no idea that it would do so immediately, but the country is now making such rapid strides in everything, that one would not despair of this, ultimately embracing, as it would do, a large share of the intercourse between England and Scotland." On the other hand he was entirely sure that "the passing of the railway up Annandale would be of incalculable importance to its prosperity . . . would perhaps double the value of its productions in no distant time," and he accordingly determined that it was "only after every effort is made that the idea should be abandoned." He pointed out that, according to Telford's survey, the summit was 100 feet lower than Mr. Locke had made; argued that a tunnel such as Mr. Locke had himself proposed at Shap did not "seem altogether out of the question;" suggested the use of stationary engines; anything rather than give up the line.

In the result a local committee was formed with Mr. Hope Johnstone at its head, subscriptions amounting to £150 were raised, and in the autumn of 1837 Mr. Locke, having got the Grand Junction open and off his hands, came down a second

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time to Scotland and resurveyed the line. Here is the pith of his observations on the crucial point, "the plane of the Evan," as he calls the 10 miles of line, now-a-days (largely in consequence of the wonderful performances of Mr. Drummond's superb "No. 123" in the race of last summer) known to railway men all over the world as the "Beattock Bank." "The inclination," he writes, "is similar to those on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which are worked by assistant locomotive engines. Of the facilities of drawing up considerable weights at moderate speeds there is no doubt; in short the ascent involves nothing but more power and more time. In the descent, however, there is more danger, and this is a question of importance. Perfect machinery and perfect watchfulness on the part of the attendants leave no room for apprehension. A train of passengers on an inclined plane of 1 in 93 may be kept under perfect control by ordinary means. On the other hand a plane like this ought not to be adopted without sufficient reason. You cannot expect it to be so economically worked, nor so certain in its operation as a line of equal length that is free from such a plane."

Mr. Locke ended by giving the scheme a qualified approval, and suggested that, as the object was one of national importance, the Government should institute a thorough and minute inquiry into the competing proposals. This the Government did, and, as all the world knows, the commission reported in 1841 expressing "the preference they felt bound to give to the western route to Scotland by Lockerbie, under the supposition that at present one line of railway only can be formed from the South to Edinburgh and Glasgow." Then followed a weary struggle of four more years. The Clydesdale landowners, who were as much concerned as their neighbours south of the watershed, were apathetic; Glasgow, interested in its Ayrshire line, was largely hostile; Edinburgh was desirous of an East Coast road all its own; everybody was waiting in the hope of Government assistance. Worse than all, a heavy cloud of trade depression overhung the country. But through it all the Annandale Committee held on. In 1844, by which time not only had trade much improved, but also some unknown genius had discovered a name suitable for the company which claimed to be the national line—the Caledonian Railway,—matters at length got to the point of issuing a prospectus. The capital asked for was £1,800,000. Next year, after a battle royal with the promoters of the Dumfries line, with eight counsel (among them Charles

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Austin) on the one side, and seven (among them Cockburn, Wrangham, and Hope Scott) on the other, the Caledonian Bill was passed through both Houses and received the Royal assent on the last day of July. The Annandale gentry had got their line, and their leader, Hope Johnstone, deservedly became the first chairman of the company. In the crash which followed the wild speculation of 1846, not a few of them, however, had reason to wish that the Evan Water had really been the impassable barrier which Locke at first had fancied it.

Meanwhile the outlook was bright enough. At the first statutory meeting of the new company the chairman placed before the shareholders a summary of their position. They had got their Act for a line northwards from Carlisle, with branches to Edinburgh, to Glasgow, and to Castlecary for the north. Their access to Glasgow was already secured by agreement with the Garnkirk line. The Clydesdale Junction, which had been sanctioned that same session, would give them a connection to Paisley, to Greenock and to Ayrshire. Northwards from Castlecary, the allied Scottish Central would carry them on to Perth, where the Scottish Midland, and then the Aberdeen Line would form the last links in the chain which stretched away to the metropolis of the North. "Companies with ample subscribed capitals and 10 per cent. deposited had been formed for extending the Caledonian system into every part of Scotland." Next year would see introduced Bills for the following :—

1. The Caledonian Extension, from Lanark westward to Ayr, eastward to join the North-Eastern line at Kelso.
2. The Caledonian and Ayrshire Junction, to connect Kilmarnock with Railway No. 1, and thereby form a through route from Kilmarnock to Carlisle.
3. The British and Irish Union from Dumfries to Portpatrick.
4. The Caledonian and Dumbarton Junction, joining the Glasgow and Garnkirk line to Dumbarton, with possibly a further extension to the West Highlands.
5. A line from Perth to Inverness.

6A. Branches of the Scottish Central to Alloa and Crieff.

6B. Private lines to Tillicoultry and Dumblane.

A glance at a railway map will show that almost every one of these lines has now been carried out. Their course, however, was not always so smooth as Mr. Hope Johnstone fancied it was about to be. They have not all been executed in the Caledonian interest, nor has their result been to secure to that company the impregnable position which the sanguine spirits in

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1845 imagined themselves on the eve of securing. But though the hopes of 1845 were doomed to disappointment, the Scotch people can at least claim that, as they had been among the first to appreciate the value of railways for local traffic, so now they were among the first, if not indeed actually the first, to draw out on a large scale and in bold outline, a comprehensive scheme of railways in their newer development as the grand highways of national and international communication. Next month we shall see that the modern performances of the Scotch lines are not all unworthy of their early promise.

W. M. ACWORTH.

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Is the Hospital Sunday Fund a Failure?

NOW that it has become possible to criticise the action of the Hospital Sunday Fund without even the semblance of wishing to check the liberality of its supporters, I venture to lay before the readers of this Magazine some few of the reasons which would seem to be causes of ill-success in a movement which ought to be so popular.

It may be accepted perhaps as an axiom that the expectation of the original promoters has been altogether disappointed. When introduced into London in 1873 it was not a new idea, but the adoption of a plan which had been eminently successful in some of the greatest of the provincial cities. It was confidently anticipated that the same good fortune would attend it in London, and that by its means the Hospitals might look forward to an increased and an ever-increasing measure of support. Those anticipations have not been realized. The hospitals are at the present moment, after seventeen annual efforts, more hampered with debt than ever; many of their beds, not to say many of their wards, are but partially occupied, are even closed for want of funds. Though the number of contributing congregations has risen from 1072 to 1669, about 56 per cent., the collections have only risen from £25,855 to £37,299, about 44 per cent.; so that the average per congregation which in 1873 was £24 2*s*., had fallen in 1888 to £22 7*s*., and this in spite of the enormous increase of the population, of unparalleled growth in the West-end of London, of gigantic appeals and unceasing advertisement. These figures, which are relative, are enough to prove that the growth of the movement has been, by some blight, both dwarfed and stunted.

But the case is worse if the figures for 1888 (the highest of all

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the sixteen years) be taken by themselves. If the constituency to which the appeal is made be numbered at five millions, the average offering is but a fraction over 1¼*d.* per head, or 9*d.* for each family of five. But if it be remembered that the word "Metropolitan" is used for this purpose in the largest possible sense, and that it is made to include parishes from Hatfield to Epsom, from Ealing to Bromley, from Chiswick to Woolwich; if it be remembered yet further that the collection is made at a period of the year when London is crowded, when the wealthier classes from all the provinces are congregated in the West-end, it is obvious that the above estimate of 5,000,000 is inadequate, that the amount per head must be yet further reduced, and the total collected be made to appear yet more miserably insufficient.

But the indictment is not yet complete. There is a phase of failure which is not seen at a glance, and only reveals itself to those who analyse the congregational collections with a competent knowledge of the circumstances of each case. It will be found upon enquiry from those who are best able to assert the fact, that 90 per cent. of the money collected upon Hospital Sunday is drawn from the rich and from the wealthier portions of the trading classes, who form about one-tenth of the community, and who never use the hospitals; while only 10 per cent. (if so much) of the collection is given by the masses, who form the remaining nine-tenths of the constituency. Thus a failure, greater even than those other failures, has waited upon the chief purpose of the original promoters. Hospital Sunday was not to be an additional call upon the rich, was not to address its appeal to those who were already opening their purses most liberally for the support of these grand institutions. Hospital Sunday was to address itself to those whose names appeared in no subscription list—was to give an opportunity to those, whose offerings must be but small, whose family, whose friends had received benefit; was to be a day for the small tradesman to come with his half-crown, the artizan with his shilling, the labourer with his sixpence. One million shillings, by a simple calculation, was seen to represent £50,000.

It is more than probable that this last aspect of the failure is more important than all the others. The solution of our present difficulties may possibly be found by a careful consideration of this one point. But without anticipating that which we shall have to say by and by, let us confine our attention for the present to the general aspect of the matter. Are there in the board of

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management, in the rules, in the organization of the Fund as at present constituted, defects, which may possibly have contributed to its present adversity? or, does the Metropolis differ in nature even from the greatest of the great provincial cities in the fact that it numbers within its limits one hundred and fifty-seven Societies eligible to receive a grant? Does this fact destroy that personal interest which otherwise would centre upon one or two local hospitals, and so militate against the general success of the appeal?

As regards the Committee of Management, history telleth not very clearly how it was originally formed. But Rule I., which provides for re-election each year by a meeting of constituents, is in theory admirable. It contains, however, no clause requiring an incessant retirement by rotation, no provision for the introduction of new life and new blood. At the annual meeting a house list is brought forward consisting each year of the old names, with one or two new names to fill vacancies caused by death, or by retirement. The Committee is practically a self-elected body, and will remain so. No individual constituent cares to take upon himself the invidious task of organizing an opposition vote. Without organization, no change could be effected. The annual meeting necessarily consists of the existing Committee and the friends of the *status in quo*. But the great mass of the constituency is absent. As each contributing congregation is entitled to send its minister and two laymen, the total number entitled to be present would be about 5000. It would be interesting to hear from the Secretary how many of these avail themselves of that privilege, in which, with a touch of happy radicalism, they who send in £1100 and they who send in 6*s*. 4*d*. have an equal share. If in this electoral body there were a £10 franchise, 861 congregations who now contribute less than £10 each, would be reminded of the fact, and the constituency would be reduced by 2583. It would still number 2424. But, as it stands at present, the representatives of those who contribute about £3300, outnumber by 159 the representatives of those who contribute about £34,000. In other words, while each vote in the majority represents £1 6*s*., a vote in the minority represents £14 9*s*.

Practically, as every one knows, a Committee of one hundred is utterly unworkable, and is useful only for the perpetuation of existing customs by providing a solid nucleus of voting power at the annual or at any general meeting. Every name upon the

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existing Committee deservedly ranks high in the esteem of the Metropolis; but many of them appear in the list merely as a matter of form, while the work of the Fund is transacted by a select few. It would be far better to transfer all honorary names to a list of Patrons or Vice-Presidents, and to commit the management of the Fund to a body of twenty-four, selected to represent as fairly as possible all denominations, with the proviso that eight of these gentlemen should retire each year, and not be eligible for re-election until five years had elapsed. The names of the representatives of each denomination should be printed at the head of its own collection list.

In speaking of management it has been necessary, of course, to touch upon the subject of the rules, and to indicate a possible improvement in the first three. Rules IV., V., VI., which govern the awards, have, so far as we can gather, the approval of the general public. It is thought, however, by some, that there are certain specialist hospitals which, if left to themselves, would have died of inanition, but continue to exist by and through the aid of the Fund. The amount granted to them may not be large, but the fact of their receiving a grant at all is taken by an unreasoning public as a recommendation coming direct from an influential Committee sitting at the Mansion House. In reality it is nothing of the kind. The Committee has no right, and claims no right, to sit as a judge among hospitals. Its grant to any society is in effect a statement that it believes that Society to be honestly managed. It does not thereby make any statement whatsoever as to whether that Society ought to exist. Herein, say some, lies one chief objection to a central Committee, which does, and yet does not; which, by making a grant, gives in effect a high official recognition which it does not intend to give, which it has neither the right nor the power to give. With this exception, the awards under Rules IV., V., VI., have always been dispassionately made and thankfully accepted.

Rule VII., which excludes the Hospital for Incurables on account of its method of election by the vote of the subscribers, has not been so fortunate. One pitched battle at least has been fought on this subject, and won by the Committee by means of that "solid nucleus of voting power" which I have spoken of above. The "Incurables" have pleaded in vain for admission to the benefits of the Fund. They have shown that the cases received within their walls cause beds in other hospitals to be vacated and make room for additional patients; so that upon

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the double basis (1) of their own merits, as alleviating a vast amount of human suffering, and (2) of the aid which they constantly give to other Societies, they have a legitimate claim for a grant. This is not the place to enter upon any discussion of the voting system in connection with great charities. But many people think that if the constituencies of the Fund were properly polled, and a vote as to the admission of the "Incurables" taken by means of printed papers, the "Ayes" would have it by an overwhelming majority, even if Rule VII. had to be sacrificed for the purpose.

I now approach the consideration of two rules which, I say it with deep regret, have had much to do with the ill-success of the Fund. They are Rule VIII., with regard to the distribution of the "letters" which are sent by the various hospitals to the Mansion House in return for the grants made, and Rule IX. as to offertories.

In all charities the question of a *quid pro quo* is one fairly open to discussion. But that discussion need hardly be introduced here, because it is accepted on all sides that the supporters of the hospitals should have some voice in the selection of the patients. The system of letters given in exchange for money received is one almost universally adopted. Up to the year 1873, while the hospitals were left to canvass for themselves and to obtain individual collections at various dates from particular churches, it was customary to make a return of this kind. Subscriptions elicited through the sermon very often became annual. The donor received his quota of letters; was made to take a personal interest in the hospital to which he had subscribed; was led on to visit the building, to see and to sympathise with the sorrows of the inmates; and to interest his friends and acquaintances in its sacred work. While, for the general offertory given in a church or chapel, letters were sent to the minister for the use of the poorer members of his flock, under certain circumstances he himself became a Governor of the Society; was shown all details of its management; became for years a standing advertisement of the benefits which it was conferring upon the poor. Now I am not prepared to say that in an ideal state of society a man should desire anything, any return, for his gift; not for himself, but for the poor, he has given all that he can. But society at present is not ideal. A man does love to dispense with his own hands some of the benefits which his gift is conferring. And since there is at present

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no infallible method of determining who is a suitable patient for the hospital, it is a gratification to him to feel that some of those who live near him, who are personally known to him, perhaps by God's Providence are placed under his care, are receiving, when they need it, some benefit from his subscription. We must not too hastily condemn the desire to receive such a return as this, which is, after all, only the power to recommend a candidate for help, if found suitable.

But while the above desire is perhaps fairly open to discussion, the fact that individuals who become subscribers or governors are immediately interested in the Society, and become themselves standing advertisements of its value, is a fact which every secretary of every hospital in England will cordially acknowledge. Every one of them knows the value of the personal interest of their subscribers. Now, so far as "the Fund" is concerned, this feeling is destroyed. If the hospitals were maintained by the Fund, there would be no subscribers, and no personal interest. Each subscription is merged in the general result, and only an infinitesimal portion of it reaches an individual hospital. In smaller towns it is not so, because the number of hospitals is small and each is well-known. But in London it is so, because the number of hospitals is vast. The general public knows at the most only three or four per cent. of their number; the rest are lumped together in a mass, unknown to any one outside the medical profession.

Now this process of dissociation between hospitals and subscribers has been going in for sixteen years. If in other directions any great benefit had resulted, the promoters of the Fund might be able to plead that a great good was worth a little sacrifice. But we are searching to-day for a reply to two questions. Not only, why is the Fund not a success? but also, why are the hospitals so poor? and we reply that this arises in part from the fact that a general Fund must always tend to destroy individual interest, and that this general Fund, so far from making any effort to keep alive individual interest, has worked Rule VIII. and Rule IX. in such a manner as needlessly and wantonly to destroy it.

In Rule VIII. one point is clear, that the Fund will claim from the hospitals letters of recommendation to the amount of one half its grant. If it sends £100, it claims only £50 worth of letters.

There may be a reason for this; though there are in the world

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people so stupid as to have thought about it once a year for seventeen years, and not to have discovered it yet. But let that pass. Assume that there is an unknown but just cause for halving the literary value of money which passes through the Mansion House. This point in the rule is clear, and has been accepted without much cavil by the constituents of the Fund. But not by any means so clear is the rest of the rule. The letters of recommendation thus diminished in number are to be issued "by the Council, through their Secretary, on the application of the contributing ministers and others." Now does this mean (*a*), that the contributing ministers may claim letters to the extent of half their contribution? or (*b*), that the Fund will claim letters to the extent of half their grant? The wording would appear to be susceptible of either interpretation.

As a matter of fact, something like the first, marked (*a*), was at one time adopted. Ministers were allowed to send in lists of such letters as they were most likely to require; and though no one thought of demanding his exact "pound of flesh," yet each received a kind of rough justice. The Secretary did his best to meet the wishes of petitioners who were not very hard to please. And each congregation which had exerted itself to send in a worthy offering, felt that that offering was contributing to the welfare of its own poor.

But this interpretation of the rule, so far as regards the more valuable letters for Chest Hospitals, Convalescent Homes, and Surgical Appliances, has altogether disappeared. Ministers are informed that they must not any longer receive a supply of letters to be used at their discretion, but must wait their turn (which often is long before it comes), and must submit each case, with a name and an address, as it comes under notice. Now if the supply of letters were infinite and the claims of all applicants equal, this would obviously be by far the better course. Waste would be prevented, all would be satisfied. But the supply of letters is limited. Those most valued are rapidly exhausted. Those ministers who have made no effort, no special appeal, no personal sacrifice for the sake of the Fund, are placed upon exactly the same level as those who have struggled hard, have drained the resources of their congregation, have diverted much money from local objects. For one or two, or even three, months there is enough for all. But in the fourth month after the receipt of the grants, about the beginning of each new year, it becomes necessary to refuse even the most liberal contributors,

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and to ask them to wait three or four or five months before their wants are supplied.

It will no doubt be urged that this must be so; that all cases are equal; that the Fund was not started to supply the ministers of the richer congregations with a large number of letters, many of which they will waste, but to supply the needs of London; that it is altogether opposed to the principles of true charity to expect a return for a gift.

If the ministers were asking for a return which they might use for themselves, for their own families, or even for the donors of the money, there would be something in such arguments as these. But if it be remembered that the return which they ask is to be employed for their own poor, that they simply say, we who have exerted ourselves to collect this money, only ask that our own sick may receive a little help, then the fallacy of the above arguments is at once apparent. We could cite, if we were allowed to mention names, the case of a congregation which, by means of an offertory steadily increased each year, has sent to the Mansion House a sum of nearly £3000 in ten years, yet is obliged to subscribe to Convalescent Homes and to Surgical Societies in order to supply the needs of its members. Cases of convalescence want immediate attention. Surgical appliances, when ordered, cannot be waited for through three or even two months. Instant action is most often absolutely necessary, and for instant action the Fund is not as a rule available.

The hardship to the poor in those congregations which give liberally would be patiently borne, if it were felt that by this and other rules the Fund was working well and the hospitals were benefited. But when it is felt, and indeed seen, that this indiscriminate method of treating all congregations alike does but encourage the idleness of those who make no effort in the matter; when it is possible to put the finger upon a very large congregation of lower middle-class people, containing probably many who constantly use the hospitals, and scarcely any who subscribe to them, which in the course of nine years has steadily fallen off year by year in its collection, till from the very inadequate sum of £54 it has reached the disgracefully small figure of £33; when all these things are before us, it does become necessary to ask, whether there be not something in the rules which offers to the ministers of the various churches a little-needed encouragement to do nothing for an outside collection, when they are so much in want of money for home use. Many people think that

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the reply must be in the affirmative. There is nothing in the working of Rule VIII. to encourage each minister, and the minister, be it remembered, is a very important factor in calculating the amount of the collection—there is nothing to encourage him to exertion for the sake of his poor.

And by the working of Rule IX. he is debarred from introducing local interest by sending any portion of his collection to any particular hospital.

Those who know the great burden which ministers of religion in London have to bear; those who know the constant calls upon their private incomes; those who know that collections for outside funds, popular as they are, and good as they are both for pastor and people, yet oftentimes have to be taken indirectly out of the very purses of the local treasurers; they are very far from blaming that class which probably works harder and gives in charity more time and money than any other. They who are well instructed blame the system, not the men.

We have thus tried to pass in review the constitution and the rules. We have reserved for a third and last section that which I have ventured to call organization.

It will be thought, perhaps, that no such detail is needed. That it is sufficient to make the appeal, and to leave the kind hearts of the people to respond to it. Such is not the experience of the managers, even of Societies so deservedly popular as hospitals; and as £1272 was spent last year by the Fund upon salaries and other expenses, it is clear that the Council do not regard this detail as unnecessary. What, then, has been done in the last sixteen years in the way of organization? Has any effort been made by personal appplication to obtain the support of those ministers who are not on the list of contributors? Have any suggestions been issued as to the best method of increasing the collection? Has any attempt been made to appoint local secretaries who may be responsible for the proper working of districts or parishes? With the exception of certain local meetings, which were confessedly a failure, and have been discontinued, has the staff, whose salaries amount to £610, done anything except receive and reply to letters, and keep accounts? Is anything done to canvass the Metropolis by means of those willing volunteers who, for such a cause, abound in every place of worship? To all these questions, without exception, a negative reply must be returned.

We speak under correction, not being familiar, of course,

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with the smaller details of the office, but we believe we are right in saying that all goes on in 1889 much the same as it did in 1873. Experience has brought no lessons, time no improvement. The same old routine from the office, the same old forms—many of them for the waste-paper basket; a grand opportunity missed year after year, and a grand cause left to take its chance, keeping itself alive only by reason of its own grandeur. There is a Society in London which came into being many years after this Fund, which from small and very obscure beginnings has, by good management, almost doubled its income *each year*. Must there not be something wrong in organization if the answers to an appeal so touching as that of the hospitals are, as we have shown, year by year diminishing? It will be said, of course, that the Fund was not intended to organize. We reply that the Fund has taken upon itself the great responsibility of tying the hands of all the secretaries of all the hospitals; that it has, to use a well-worn expression, taken the wind out of their sails; that it is bound, therefore, to justify its existence by proving itself a benefit, or else to confess itself a failure, and execute as speedily as possible a happy despatch. It does neither. Having tied the hands of the hospital secretaries, it acts as if its own hands were tied also, and quietly allows matters to take their present disastrous course.

Yet a few simple expedients taken from other Societies might long ago have altered the whole aspect of its balance-sheet. At the head of these stands the institution of local secretaries. Is there a minister of religion in London who could not at once produce out of his congregation at least twelve young men who would be willing to take up a post so enviable? and out of the twelve would there not be at least one who would be efficient? Are there not several hundred churches and chapels standing in closely thronged thoroughfares where tables might be placed at the doors or the gates, and collections made by ladies on Hospital Sunday and on the day which precedes it? One church at least did this last year, and collected £57; repeated the experiment this year, and collected £93. Have the Council never heard of the system adopted in a great provincial town, of placing a sheet, attached at the corners by four poles, in the centre of the market-place to receive the offerings of the passers by? Is it enough to place a box outside the Mansion House? Could not ten gentlemen take charge of it, and so multiply its receipts by

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ten, perhaps by a hundred? Would it not be possible to issue collecting cards and boxes as other great Societies do? Ought it to have been left to an outsider to make that excellent suggestion of a regular penny a-week collection all the year round? Many are the plans, some more, some less successful, which could come to the front if it were possible to throw more life into the administration of the Fund. Those plans would, in our opinion, be best which kept steadily in view these four points:

1. The interest of individual subscribers in individual hospitals must not be destroyed.

2. The small but regular subscriptions of the lower middle classes, the artizans, and the poor must be diligently sought after.

3. Local interest in the general Fund must be encouraged by making the Fund a real benefit to the local poor.

4. The Council must be made more really representative by a constant system of retirement by rotation.

As a general result of the foregoing remarks, we venture to submit that the best thing possible for the hospitals of London would be to confess that Hospital Sunday has been a failure, and to abolish it altogether. In our opinion, ending would be much better than mending. To do this it would only be necessary to write to the Chairmen and Secretaries of all the great hospitals (not the specialist hospitals), and to ask them to send in anonymously a full statement of their views. We should be well content to rest our case upon these anonymous statements.

But if it be thought unreasonable that we should ask the Council at the Mansion House to make this suicidal request, in that case we suggest, with all possible respect, the following alterations in the rules, believing that they will in some degree meet the objections which we have raised, and ensure, after a while, a considerable improvement upon the present disastrous condition of Hospital Funds.

The number of the Executive Council should be reduced to twenty-four, of whom eight should retire each year.

Contributing congregations should be entitled to receive letters of recommendation.

In allotting these letters the Council should take into consideration—

(*a*) The poverty of the district from which the application comes;

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(*b*) The amount sent in by the congregation applying.

Collections in cash should go to the general Fund; but individual subscribers should be allowed to allot their subscriptions to any hospital they please.

Every congregation should have an organizing secretary to work the collection as shall seem best according to the circumstances of the neighbourhood.

Surgical Appliances and Convalescent Home letters should be the subject of a special rule.

All hospitals should be asked to admit visitors at convenient hours during the week preceding Hospital Sunday.

WILLIAM COVINGTON.

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The Art of Recitation.

PART II.

THUS, then, we have briefly and superficially noted the four chief points to be considered in recitation :—namely, dramatic and rhythmic declamation, gesture and facial expression. There are one or two other matters, however, that may claim the attention of anyone interested in the art ; foremost among which stands the choice of pieces for recitation. This is a work that demands great exercise of imagination, seconded by experience and perception of the temper and possibilities of a public audience. It is all the harder because it must be almost entirely a matter of personal taste and judgment. By introducing this element of personal taste it touches one of the chief dangers and difficulties of recitation as an art. It is, in any case, almost too personal. Actors—singers—instrumentalists—have at least one half of their work in combination with other kindred artists working to one complete whole. In these cases as a rule even the responsibility of the choice of the material selected rests with no one of them in particular. But the reciter is always alone. His personal judgment selects his material, guides his performance, and leaves its impress on the whole recital. Certain great poems are acknowledged as part of his repertory, and are expected of him. But his "stock" pieces are few and cannot be often given, and the greater part of his material must be selected by his own judgment. He should therefore be most careful to guard, as far as he can, against any warping of the better judgment and sense of what is the best ; best, not only from his own point of view, but from that many-sided point of view which he must occupy with regard to his audiences. For they may, in all justice and without offence to any question

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of art, demand that certain needs should be supplied, and certain feelings respected. The reciter must accept the conditions of a public recital.

The mine from which he draws his material is in itself dangerously broad and deep—nothing less than the wide field of English literature. In it he finds things he is tempted to recite because he loves them. But that is one of the worst of reasons for choosing them. They may or may not gain by recitation. His personal love for them must not cloud his judgment. He finds pieces magnificent in drama and scope for declamation; but the drama may be purely taken from the literary point of view, and its very excellencies judged thence may be faults from the actor's and reciter's point of view. Or the drama may be impossible for a public audience. One poem may touch too intimately or penetratingly some domestic or life sorrow, and another may jar on some feeling, possibly even some prejudice, which the reciter may not sympathize with, but which he is none the less bound to respect in his listeners. And lastly, some tiresome incongruity of appearance or manner may be the touchstone that decides his sentence against a poem which, if it be a poem he particularly likes and desires to recite is more than sufficiently annoying. A man, for instance, with a cheery face should not recite 'The Dream of Eugene Aram,' 'The Raven,' or 'Il Penseroso'; nor should a pale, spare man recite a line of Falstaff's, or expect any great success in a scene from 'Pickwick.' As a rule (a rule with exceptions, of course) men should avoid all pieces written in the first person singular in which the speaker is a woman. Shelley's 'Cloud' is difficult for a man, because of its ideal personality. It is impossible to resist the suspicion of ridiculousness when a man gravely says—

> "I am the daughter of earth and of water,
> And the nursling of the sky."

Matthew Arnold's 'Forsaken Merman' generally fails of its full effect for the same reason. I once heard a man, remarkable for a gift of plainness, recite (very well, but very vainly) Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women.' So, an elderly gentleman declaiming Lewis Morris's 'Psyche'; a lady, Tennyson's 'Revenge'; and a young man, Christian Rossetti's 'A Royal Princess'—were all equally undermined in their efforts by direct physical inappropriateness.

I remember the occasion when I first gave in public an

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admirable piece for recitation which Miss Harriet Childe-Pemberton sent me, called "Prince." In the last verse comes the line—

"I was the little chap, curly and brown."

I gave it with conviction, and the answer was an audible smile. All such pathos and drama as had been wrought by the story were defeated by this candid assertion to which my appearance gave the lie direct. The ridiculous inference that time and remorse had singularly changed me turned the whole thing into fun. In subsequent recitals I altered the line, and the recitation held its own uncontradicted. It is useless to argue the matter out on high grounds of imagination and the impersonal character of poetic recitation. Humour is not to be argued about. Anyone who does instantly detect it is hopelessly astray, and is either 'more clever or more stupid than anyone has a right to be.' It is unfair to ask too much of an audience. Inexplicable is the line at which imagination falters; but it is none the less drawn clear and strong, and can be felt at once. It is the same with the mysterious line where pity and terror sink into horror, and pathos and sympathy turn into coarse intrusion. These are the things that make recitation so delicate, and, as I hold, so fine an art. It demands extreme sensitiveness of touch—a sensitiveness that scarcely knows or can explain what it feels, but is only deeply conscious of the feeling. Imagination is good and kind, and will do wonders; and an audience, as a rule, is willing to give it generously—at least in public. But we must not ask too much. We must be imaginative in our appeals to imagination.

The preparation and rehearsal of a recitation require more work than many people would suppose. The learning of the words is the least part. It is necessary to find out the note to be struck by the whole recitation, and then to decide how this is to be done in the simplest and the truest way. Often very good effects must be foregone to keep the proportions well preserved — the resources unexhausted — and the audience steadily working up to the climax. Sometimes two or three readings must be tried and perfected before the decision can be made; and even then perhaps a performance given before the point is decided—one performance in such a case being worth a dozen rehearsals. Every tone and gesture, every pause and look, must be thought over. There must be no such thing as haphazard. Haphazard art, I take it, is no art. People talk a

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great deal of pretty nonsense about genius and the inspiration of the moment in reciting and acting. It is impossible to deny that there may be and are times when every artist has a sort of inspiration or instinct—and that such moments may be fine ones in his art. But they are, and should be, rare. To depend on them would be fatal. The artist who has best right to trust to them will be the last to do so. All is study, always study. To the inflection of a syllable, and the movement of a finger, a reciter should know what he is going to do; although it is more than possible he may often be wholly unable to explain the how and the why. Like the actor, he must preserve that double-consciousness that should be a part of his nature, whereby he is not only alive to the imaginary world he is in, in spirit, but is also vividly sensible of himself and his actual surroundings, in fact, and their probable effect upon his audience. By these means he utilizes everything that may accidentally assist him, and forestalls and counteracts, as far as may be, everything that may interfere with him or distract his audience. A trained actor knows all this well; and it is quite as necessary on the platform as it is on the stage.

And through all his work—alike in the selection of his material, grave and gay; in his practice of voice, gesture, and facial expression; in the arrangement of the conditions of his public work, and of his programmes; and in the actual performance—must be always present the sense of humour. Reciting is perilously girt about with opportunities for sinning against the genius of humour. And he is a god whom it is dangerous to sin against, for his revenges are very cruel and punctual. He is a great god, and a powerful, a merry god, and a kind—in his way; but withal absolutely indifferent and ruthless. His laughter rings out in reward or in derision with alarming promptitude. An alert sense of humour in a recitation from Dickens, from Thackeray, or from Ingoldsby, is scarcely more necessary than it is in some recitations, where pathos, drama, or poetic thought is the motive. Here a moment's obliviousness in this sense is fatal. Possibly the commonplace fact that the reciter is clothed "in his habit as he lives" is the basis at the outset of a ludicrous possibility of incongruity which may be seized on at any moment by some of the spectators, and in the magnetism of an audience, rapidly spread, even against their will, to the whole; or which only needs some unfortunate, imperceptible touch to make it obvious at once to all. Whether

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this be so or not, it is certain that the genius of humour places a peculiarly mischievous elf close by the side of a reciter, who will seize on any, the slightest, vantage ground, and in a moment turn his work into defeat of a very inglorious kind. To keep this antagonistic spirit dormant and powerless is one of the chief tasks of a reciter. A keen sense of humour can thus be shown negatively in serious work quite as plainly as ever it is in delicate comedy or broad farce.

Doubtless Recitation—if it is well done—appears a very easy art; and this must be considered a virtue, and a proof of its natural truth as an expression of dramatic feeling. At moments, however, one is tempted to regret that it should appear so easy. Were its difficulties more apparent, it might be preserved from the injury that has been wrought by some of the many hands by which it has been seized. It seems so purely personal, and—if well done—so purely natural, that it is not surprising that numbers of people who feel that they have the dramatic sense in them (and who does not?) should think reciting a delightful and convenient expression of hidden poetry and emotion. I hope it is not too unkind to add that it may also be regarded as an excellent opportunity for a little personal display, and the attainment of a little easy applause. But the art suffers sad injury; and that at a time when it needs all the support it can get. It is often difficult to anyone who cares about the matter to listen civilly to the extraordinary efforts of reciters who seem to think that personal conviction is an all-sufficient art; or to resist the temptation to express a very strong opinion about them. Reticence on the subject, however, is rendered more easy when one is upheld by a conviction that the art will shake itself free of all this folly, and take its place as other kindred arts have taken and preserved theirs, in spite of all the unconscious conspiracies to undo them on the part of the amateur world.

I can scarcely speak of Recitation, and omit the subject of music as an accompaniment, the combination having formed so large a part of my own public work. Music is not indeed any necessary part of Recitation, *proprement dit;* but it may fairly claim to be considered a very beautiful and valuable accompaniment to it. We may assign it, in fact, the exact place with regard to declamation that has been granted to words by music. Music is complete in itself—and does not actually need articulate words; but it has accepted Poetry—and the two arts, by universal

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consent, have formed one, which we call Singing. So declamation is complete in itself; but it can enrich and strengthen itself in like manner by accepting music. And I see no reason why universal consent should not declare them to have formed an equally true and beautiful combination, and find some definite name to describe it. The best word would seem to be "Recitative," if it had not already a technical musical meaning. But this combination, if it is to obtain, must be effected on exactly parallel lines with those that have produced singing. And as in singing—which is the acceptance of poetry by music—music is pre-eminent; so in this new recitative—which is the acceptance of music by declamation—declamation must be pre-eminent. And this is just the reason why the great musicians who have attempted the combination have—I say it with all reverence, but with all conviction—failed. They have made the music the first consideration, and given it the place of honour, whereas it must be merely an accompaniment, and the declamation must hold the first place undisputed.

Schumann and Liszt arranged several German ballads for recitation with music, and musically the works are very beautiful and picturesque. But I have been told that they have never gained the anticipated effect—I do not believe they ever will. Fine as they are, they have the radical fault of misconception. They are essentially musical. They should be essentially declamatory. Beethoven's 'Egmont' and Mendelssohn's 'Athalie' remain as proofs that these masters felt and confessed the strong appeal and beauty of spoken words wedded to music. But even these works—so illustrious from the musical point of view, and in a way so extraordinarily dramatic—have never gained the fulness of favour and success that should have attended them. Mendelssohn's 'Athalie' has held its own best, because in it the conditions which we maintain to be necessary are the best observed. But it is too evident that these works are not attractive—how should they be?—to the reciter. They, like the ballads I have already named, are purely musical works. No reciter would care to recite them. His art is obliterated and stultified in such cases.

But if, however, these great musicians had understood and accepted the relative positions of the two arts in this combination, what a splendid result might have been obtained! Wagner could surely have given the world a work of this sort that would have marked a new departure in art; for he was before all things

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dramatic—and I always like to believe that had this form of declamation and music been presented to him in all its fine possibilities he would have grasped its truth and given us a grand and perfect example of this new recitative.

There can be no question of the power of appeal to many people in this combination of poetry with music. Musicians, as we see, have felt it, but have attacked it from the wrong point of view. Actors and reciters have felt it, but they have lacked the mastery of the accompanying art. Mr. Bellew, years ago, used to give certain pieces with organ accompaniment and with an unseen chorus. But, though I believe the success he obtained thus was acknowledged, it was not followed up by other reciters. Since I began it in public, some ten years ago, it has become more popular. Mr. Henry Irving even tried the effect in that most grisly of stories, 'The Uncle,' music for which was composed by Sir Julius Benedict. Mr. Corder has composed music for a translation of Uhland's 'The Minstrel's Curse.' Amongst the numerous recitals that are now given I notice few programmes that have not got one or two pieces on them with the words "with music," which I adopted for fault of a better phrase when I first gave these accompanied recitations.*

Myself, I am willing to own that I do not yet see how recitations with music can be made effective under the conditions that usually mark the combination. At present the only chance seems for one and the same person to give both words and music—he is then master of the occasion and of the means employed. And it is necessary that he should be master of the occasion, and that the means employed should be absolutely under his control and subject to his will. No other conditions are possible. With great practice and an unusually swift sympathy and understanding, a coherent work might be made between a reciter and an accompanist, or even between a reciter and a band. But the latter would require the devotion and labour given to an opera at Bayreuth, instead of the casual and slipshod combination that is often attempted on such occasions. I will take an example. I once had the memorable pain of reading, or reciting (I do not quite know what to call it) the words to Beethoven's 'Egmont' at St. James's Hall. Giving, as I often do, months of careful work and constant practice to

* Since writing this, I have seen an announcement of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's new Cantata, "The Dream of Jubal;" in which the poem is declaimed through an orchestral accompaniment.

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the preparation of even some short poem set to my own ver simple accompaniment of music, I cannot forget my feeling when, late at the last rehearsal, on the very day of the concer I was asked to go up on the platform and "run through th words with the band." I was placed close by the emine conductor, and directly beneath his arm, he standing over m at his desk. The position assigned me, I saw at once, rendere action of any kind as impossible as it would have been ridiculou I was hemmed in by violinists whose bow-arms nearly touche me at every stroke. Several of these gentlemen very kindly ar courteously tried to move back, to their own inconvenience, as to give me more room. At each cue for the band there w an audible sign. We tried it over once. What dramatic effe was possible? Yet dramatic effect, I contend, should ha been the real note of the whole performance. Not the dramat effect of footlights and the stage, but of the best kind of declam tion. I believe Beethoven would have been the first to ov this. One hears in all the music the voice of the dramat instinct. Such a performance might be most impressive; b it would require most careful arrangement, many and accura rehearsals, and the co-operation of every one concerned towa one end—a dramatic statement of the story of 'Egmont' means of music and declamation. As it was, the whole thi seemed to me as inartistic and, in one sense, eminently ridiculo as any performance need be. I expected the injured and pr testing shade of Beethoven to appear. What wonder th reciters and actors have not favoured such work? What wond that even technical musicians feel the want and the imperfecti somewhere, and that these peculiar works of the great maste have not gained the favour and assured place that their oth entirely self-centred musical works have secured?

To come down for a moment to my own small attempts perfect this form of recitation, I must own that I should n care to have music in any recitation were I not able to be m own accompanist. If some one else performed the accompa ment, fond as I am of music, and picturesque as sounds are me, it would only distract and interfere with me. As it after arranging my music I often find it rises to over-promi ence—perhaps burdens the verse, or prevents my giving son action I wish to give; if so, I always let the music go. Nothi for a moment must interfere with the recitation, even if, musi ally, it is pretty, and significant of the drama. I only regr

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most deeply that I am not a musician, for then I might be able to work the matter out, and show how the combination might be achieved on a large scale. But I none the less speak with assurance on this point, because, having thought much about it, and had long experience, I am convinced that the only way to make this branch of recitation a true and perfect thing is to place it on the grounds I have stated—that of drama—by means of declamation assisted by music.

The piano is peculiarly adapted for this work, as it is full in sound and plentiful in resource; and it is possible for the reciter to use it with ease, and without detriment to his speech, or even to his gesture. The accompaniment can be so arranged that at moments when gesture is more necessary than the sound the hands can be at liberty; or at least the right hand, whilst the left can continue the sequence of the music. No other instrument indeed would be possible. An organ is inconvenient, clumsy, and far less rich in resource really than a *good* piano. But ah! it is necessary to emphasize the adjective "good." Many and sore must be the trials of any executant artist who depends for any portion of his work on the excellence of the pianos provided for his use at entertainments, both public and private, whether in London or in the provinces. The better his work is, and the more he has perfected it, the more open it is to defeat. It is a supreme moment for him when he sits down and runs his hand over the keyboard, and tests the working of the pedals. The names of certain makers, when I read them on pianos I have to use, are as the names of dear friends, whilst other names seem to me to spell failure. On some occasions I have omitted almost all the music, and given the recitations without accompaniment. For the music is one of two things—a great aid or a great detriment. If the piano permits the music to be music, it is a great aid. But if, as is not seldom the case, the music is obviously the result of certain poor bits of wire, wood, and ivory, it is clearly and very emphatically a detriment.

I recall one sad occasion when the recital was introduced by "a few words" from the chairman, a worthy canon of our church; and he spoke at length on the subject of music as an illustration of poetry, and said with what interest he was looking forward to the experiment and example which was to be so cleverly, etc., etc. On sitting down to the piano, at which I had long been gazing, with a sorrowful inquiry, I at once perceived that the instrument

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was aged and palsied, and, like Aladdin's mother, "had not" as the story-teller puts it "even in youth possessed any remarkable beauty." I did my best. But I have always supposed that that worthy canon must have regarded the interest with which he had looked forward to the experiment as sadly out of proportion with the effect produced and the pleasure administered.

Of course there are people—a larger number than would be supposed, and a far larger number than would confess to it—who do not like music, or who are, in spite of easy protestations, deaf to its real beauty and meaning, and to these, it is needless to say, Recitation gains little, and possibly loses much, by association with music—such would pronounce it as illegitimate, and an unworthy seeking after effect. But it is indisputable that the general verdict has been given in favour of the combination; that it commends itself to all our best instincts of art. Music gives to certain poems scenery, atmosphere, background of emotion, and means of insight. It is a strong and subtle second appeal, underlying and developing the poetry, sometimes working in unison with the words, and sometimes bringing what I may call a waft of memory of some previous thought of the poem, or foreshadowing some crisis of its drama and meaning. To me this form of recitation is one of the parts of my work I most delight in, and in which I find most satisfaction and encouragement. Nor do I see why it should not—if due care and artistic co-operation, on the lines of drama and declamation, were given to the subject—be developed into a grand and most successful form of the Art of Recitation.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, in his 'History of the Rise of Rationalism,' speaking of the Theatre, says: "This amusement, which has ever proved one of the chief delights and one of the most powerful incentives of genius, had, at the same time the rare privilege of acting with equal powers upon the opposite extremes of intellect, and is even now almost the only work connecting thousands with intellectual pursuits." There seems no reason why Recitation should not share these honours with the Stage. For it is eminently capable of "acting with equal power on the opposite extremes of intellect." Longfellow has recorded in a sonnet his delight and satisfaction in the "precious evenings all too swiftly fled," when he listened to Mrs. Fanny Kemble's "readings" of Shakespeare's plays. Many and remarkable are the spoken and written confessions of interest and pleasure in recitation from men whose names are

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great in the worlds of intellect and of art, which I could quote. Whilst remembering with lively pleasure the tears and laughter, the awakened sympathy and imagination, of audiences into whose lives, I fear, little of imagination or sympathy had entered, and to whom one felt that laughter too often meant cruelty, and tears the mere degradation of misery—I cannot doubt but that Recitation can also equally touch with a refreshing and refining hand that class to which the greater arts have but little to say, and which has neither power nor time to understand their meaning.

It fulfils, then, the conditions of an art. It needs a special gift and a special training in the artist. It touches the material it uses, not only with the bare truth of interpretation, but also with an illumination, a force, and a delicacy that is its own. It is a perfect medium whereby the world may be—

"... wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

It is singularly complete and self-contained. It encloses the old primitive way of telling stories in verse by rhythmic repetition, and also the more modern and civilised presentation of drama by the actor. It has been steadily increasing in artistic development and in public favour for many years, and has now attained a stature that entitles it to take its proper place. If true to itself, and if its position is not undermined by the incapacity of imperfect aspirants, it may well look forward to association and brotherhood with those older executive arts by which Literature and Music are brought home to the ears and to the hearts of a world that is ready and willing to listen, if only the right voice will speak.

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

THE END.

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My First Stag.

YES, it was remarkably pleasant in the smoking-room the nigh before, when my host took up his slate and said, "Now the what are all you gentlemen going to do to-morrow? Cliffor you'll have a go at the forest, I think you said;" and dow it went—"Mr. Clifford to be called at 7.0; breakfast at 7.3 trap at 8.0 for Broom Corry. Those are your orders, m boy—and now, who's going to have a turn at the grouse? Jir you've brought plenty of straight powder in your cartridges, hope?"

It was very pleasant, I repeat, over a good cigar, and a ta glass of whisky-and-soda fizzing gently round the ice whic clinked within it, to picture oneself striding up and down th grass slopes, bounding from peak to peak, firing shot after sh into herd after herd of antlered stags, standing so close togeth that the shot positively could not wriggle away left or right, a it has such a trick of doing; in fact, it was so pleasant, tha half an hour after I was roused by loud laughter, and sen summarily to bed by my host, for dropping my cigar into th aforesaid glass, and rendering both cigar and beverage impossibl "Bring home blood, old fellow!" he shouted as I sought m room.

But it was not nearly so amusing to be roused (for the secon time) by a somewhat contemptuous flunkey announcing, "th bath is waiting for you, sir; and they've brought your breal fast in."

In half an hour I was jogging off with my rifle between m knees, in its new case, with a favourite pipe between my lip rather doubtful as to the prospects of the chase. I may at onc confess that, though an ardent, I was not altogether an ex perienced sportsman. I was a decent rifle-shot at a target, an at the tin stag opposite the shooting-lodge. I had been ou stalking before; I had even fired at a stag late in the evenin

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and—well, "It was bad luck, sir; a harder shot I've never seen, whatever;" as the old stalker said to me when I pressed a sovereign into his hand, and I could not now help remembering how unaccountably small the beast had looked on the hill-side at a distance of ninety yards; how hard it had been to distinguish to my satisfaction the exact point at which the stag ended and the fern began; and how very difficult it had been to keep that little spot of bright metal at the end of my rifle, exactly where it ought to have been: it was always either coming up or dipping down; and I remembered, too, how I had sat in a chilly stream for half an hour, and crouched shivering into an angle of the rocks, with a drip down my back: and then I began to wonder when I should get back, and whether my host would produce the same brand of dry champagne that he gave us the night before.

Then, too, I did not like the method of playing the game. The sportsman, unless the stalker be very communicative, is not sufficiently in the secret. The stalker says, "Do this," and the sportsman doeth it. "Sit in this watercourse," and he sitteth in it. He is made to double and crouch and creep, go up a hill-side at a cruel pace, and he cannot guess what it is all about—and then, when the conviction of his unimportance has been thoroughly borne in upon his mind, when he feels nothing but a meagre slave, the whole thing is reversed; the rifle is thrust upon him and everything depends upon him. Just as he is girding up his loins to say that he won't be spoken to like a dog, the whole fortune of the day lies in his hands: and no one but himself is to blame if he doesn't do his duty. If he misses, he has almost to apologise to the stalker for not doing him credit—and unless it is an exceptional forest, far too much depends upon his single throw. To put your rifle into its case about three in the afternoon, to turn tail and sneak home, is almost too much even for the philosopher to bear. If the deer-forest is your own, it does not perhaps matter so much; but I have noticed that, as a rule, the owners of forests are not so keen about going out themselves as that their friends should bring home a fine stag.

But, after all, it is difficult not to take a rosy view of life as you bowl along under the crags and over the brown flashing waters, with the enormous moors looming and sparkling in the flying sunshine left and right of you. In ten minutes the keen sharp air had done its work on blood and brain. I do not believe there

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is a better tonic for mind and body than an early drive in the keen hill-air; and I don't believe I gave my sporting prospects another thought in that delicate glow of physical satisfaction that crept over me. Now and then the hawk sailed out of the alders below the crag, and hung pale and motionless with flickering wings: high up to the left an eagle was circling with that stiff mechanical gyration that may be stately, but is certainly far from lovely. The water flashed in the sun, chuckled in the grass, roared over the rocks as we spun along. Now and then a covey of the bonny brown grouse got up at the noise of the wheels, and went clanking and scolding hoarsely over the heathy knolls. On the top of a distant mound a black-cock was strutting and patrolling; and once or twice a snipe flicked up out of the rushes by a soaking spring with his strange tearing cry. Rough wild cattle looked fiercely at us as we passed: higher and higher over the moors we went, and the road grew stonier and straiter every step, till at last we drove out on to a smooth grassy track, and there at the side of a little brown rush-fringed pool stood the stalker's rough cottage, once a tiny Highland farm, with a saddled pony meekly grazing, and two or three figures in rough homespun dawdling about the porch.

And now my dream was over, and the sporting prospects had to be faced again. These Scotch fellows have a charmingly soft and deferential way of welcoming you; I felt like the Chieftain arriving in triumph as they doffed their caps to me. If I had been at all confident that the Chieftain would depart in triumph at the end of the day with any adequate testimony to the prowess of his bow and spear, I should have been more comfortable. However, when I was told that Donald had been out spying since daybreak, and had marked down a fine lot of stags at the head of the Corrie, I did my best to look pleased in a dignified manner, like a practised sportsman; implying that if they did their part satisfactorily, and brought me up to the deer, I would condescend to bring down a few. And here let me recommend one invariable course for the inexperienced sportsman—the policy of genial silence. The real sportsman is silent, because he is occupied in the serious business of life; and the flood of anxious questions aimed at giving an impression of friendly interest, by which a nervous young hand endeavours to cover his agitation, not only bothers the stalker, but breeds contempt, which he will be much too finished a gentleman to show. Sporting stories, which, if not supplied by experience,

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may be obtained from the pages of any magazine, are a little safer, but not much better in reality; and witticisms are a great deal worse: and if this course is advisable at the beginning of a day, it is infinitely more so at the end, when you have missed your beast. No excuses! a very little strong language is permissible, if you strictly confine it to the animal or to yourself, and do not permit it to include the stalker, or to alter the calibre of your tip—for, poor fellow! it must be remembered that he is fully as anxious as you are that you should get your stag. It reflects credit neither on him nor on the forest if, day after day, there is no beast to register in the game-book, and no horns to hang up in the hall.

Well, we are off at last, and I decline to ride, being anxious to get my first half-hour's walking—always the most distressing part if you are not in first-rate training—over as soon as possible, and we wind up the side of the hill in perfect silence, the stalker in front, I in the middle, and a young lightfooted gilly behind me carrying my gun. The scent of the bog-myrtle rises pungent and fresh round our feet; we brush through dewy bilberries and step over gurgling runnels deep below the turf. Now and then a hare gets up and disappears again among the stones; or, fussing and fuming, a covey of black-game bustle away; then up among the rocks, and the slippery spaces of grass, and the water becomes less and less frequent, and the wind shivers in the grass upon the *col;* while we find a corner just out of the breeze, and my two companions unship their glasses and bring them to bear on a certain little recess half a mile away, where even I can see some moving dots on the turf, and a long silent scrutiny begins, while I decide in my mind that I do enjoy this part of deer-stalking very much—and while the sun is warm on my back, I pull out my watch and think what my friends will be doing; and when I find that it is probable that they will still be curled up in bed, grumbling about getting up, I think of them with a very pronounced and genial contempt.

At last we make a move. We are to go up to a high top to the left, get just below the ridge, and work round above the beasts. I understand that there are five stags at least, two very fine ones. "We shan't let them get away," says my guide. I wish secretly that I personally felt very capable of stopping them; but I nod my head mysteriously and on we go. It takes the best part of an hour to do what we want, and during that time

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I am surprised to find my ambition sinking low and my courag lower still. "If I was quite alone," I think to myself, "with n one to see if I missed, I should rather enjoy it." But to b brought up to the beasts in first-rate style, to get out my bran new rifle, and to splinter a bit of rock a yard or two to the left- those horrid gillies always know exactly where the bullet strik —I don't want to do that at all; and then to go home.

"Well, old fellow, what have you done?"

"Nothing."

"What! didn't get a shot? I'm sorry for that. See any deer

"Well, yes; the fact was, I did get a shot—but I think Sandy said—it wasn't altogether an easy one—the light w bad."

"Yes, old chap, I understand. Well, we've done the best can for you—can't do more than show you the deer, you kno and get you up to them."

I don't like that kind of conversation at all; it makes m feel gloomy for the rest of the evening. I begin to thi that the best solution would be not to have a shot at all, a then I could say in the evening, "No! I couldn't get a look at the brutes; still I've had my day on the hill: glorio exercise! I've earned my dinner at all events." I begin wonder whether I couldn't make some accidental noise whi would frighten the deer, and even rather wish that I w carrying my rifle myself. In such reflections the hour pass very swiftly away, and we begin to steal noiselessly up to t *col*, and I suddenly realize in a moment of great agitation th the deer are probably about eighty yards from us at th moment, and that I shall be called upon in a few seconds to my part. Death or glory! Yes, that is a comforting maxim crises such as these; but when upon reflection it appears th my fate will probably be neither, I feel a little low, though one can say that I don't look excited. Presently the stalk stops me, not by a word, for words are dangerous just now, b by a gesture, and I with my attendant gilly sink upon the tu and I make signs for my rifle, and examine it from top to t with the greatest care. Yes! the rifle is straight enough, witho a doubt. After about five minutes of great suspense, the stalk comes creeping back.

"You'd better have your bit o' lunch here, sir," he says, "w may have to wait some time."

"What's the matter?" I say; "beasts there still?"

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He explains to me that they have moved farther down, and left some hinds, and that we can't get at them without disturbing the hinds. So we must just wait, and hope the hinds will move on.

I feel that a sort of reprieve has been granted me, and munch my grouse-sandwiches, and sip my whisky, and pass it on to Sandy, and survey my position. I discover (1) that we are very high up; huge shoulders and arms of the hills lie mapped out at my feet, the land near me looking exactly like a huge prostrate figure covered with a stiff green cloth; (2) that I am very cold and likely to be colder, especially as a grey cloud has begun to blow like steam escaping from a boiler over the hill-top behind me, and to distil its icy drops upon the back of my neck; (3) that we are likely to remain in this position for a considerable time, for Sandy, who pays periodical visits to the top, announces "no change," and adds, to keep up my spirits, "the hinds will move towards evening, sir, whatever."

To tell a man in my position this at one o'clock in the day, is rather a blow, but I resign myself, and Sandy tells me that we must be patient, and that no one need trouble to come out deerstalking at all who isn't patient; and so another hour passes away and the cold becomes perfectly insupportable. I remember a medical fact, that if the temperature of the blood falls three degrees, death is the inevitable result. I wonder how many degrees my temperature has gone down? I begin to compose at last a little paragraph for the papers.

"DEATH FROM EXPOSURE.

"A melancholy event, which we have to record, took place at Killispean on Friday ult. T. Clifford, Esq., an ardent sportsman, who was staying at Mr. Akers' lodge, went out deer-stalking in . . . ."

Sandy comes scrambling back and breaks in upon my reflections. "You must come up to the crest of the hill at once, sir, and try to get a shot; they're all moving together."

I do not deny that the shock was great. I was chilled to the bone and rather wet. I knew that no power in the world would be able to make me hold the rifle still. However, we scrambled to the top, I shaping—an experience, I believe, not unknown among many sportsmen—something very much like a prayer in my mind. But it was not to be.

Sandy cast an angry, disappointed look down into the Corrie. A long string of deer, twenty, at least, were filing downwards

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into the main valley, nearly three hundred yards away; I not now disguise the fact that I was heartily relieved; I turned to Sandy with a gloomy look, and said—

"Lost our chance, I suppose?"

"Yes," he says, and explains that something has star them, but that they are moving down to the rough gro below, and he then indicates a dizzy peak on the left, half-ve in clouds. "We must go over that top there," he says, " go over it smart, and perhaps we will come up with them on lower slopes."

I register mentally a hope that his prediction may not realized, and then start with great alacrity, simply for the s of getting warm.

On the way Sandy confides to me that I am something lil stalker; that many gentlemen would have been vexed to their chance like that; to which I rejoin. "Oh, no—I'm vexed; you did your best, you know," and we pass on, leavin hope, the impression in Sandy's mind that he has to deal wi kind of Happy Warrior, a Montfaucon, all gentleness and sl I know that I can answer for the gentleness, but the skill—w no more of this!

On we march—higher and higher, till the little ridge wh we have been sitting, which seemed high enough, is like a kn edge below. At last we reach and traverse a sharp, w swept summit, and hear the peculiar shriek of a high w through grasses and stones, which is so far shriller and n musical than any sound which the wind ever makes among resorts of men—and then down, over shingle and débris great bars of rock—feet slipping on smooth grass slopes, sloshing into peaty pools; till about five o'clock, when we nearing our goal, I realize that I am satiated with walking, find my thoughts recurring to dry champagne with somew painful persistency.

At last a halt is called; we are signalled to stop—and Sa creeps forward again, and I see him sweep slope after s with his glass, and I realize again, with some consciousnes the absurdity of the situation, how very strongly I hope I shall not be called upon to shoot at all. At last Sandy si up his glass and signals me forward, and I come up to the c anxiously, but on the whole cheerfully, for I now know tha shall have to be starting homewards. I reach Sandy and r my brows interrogatively.

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"They've just slipped away, sir. You won't get a shot to-day, I'm afraid."

I suppose no one ever felt more fervently thankful than I did then. I turn round with a look of quiet resignation. We were standing on the edge of a little valley covered with heath and reddish grass, with a little stream stealing along unseen at the bottom. Opposite, the slopes rise to a little top; there is not an inch of covert anywhere, except a rock with two or three scrubby alders about fifty yards to the left—beyond that is another declivity. Suddenly the gilly makes a sharp sound under his breath and points. Through a gap in the hillocks, about two hundred yards away, I see, following his finger, a herd of deer moving downwards; they have seen us, that is evident. Sandy sweeps them with his glass.

"Where are the stags?" I hear him say.

"Are those all hinds?" I inquire.

"Yes, sir."

As he says the words, he suddenly stops, and presses a hand on my shoulder. I sink to the ground, while Sandy tears the rifle from the gilly, pushes a cartridge in, and rams it into my hands. Out from behind that abominable rock, disturbed by the sound of our voices, march three stags; one, a glorious fellow with branching horns, two others just behind him. I feel that I am pale to the lips, and my mouth is suddenly and unaccountably dry.

"You must shoot at once," he says.

I feel that my voice is not all that it might be, but I manage to say—

"Is it cocked, and all that?"

"No," he says.

"Then cock it," I reply, handing him the rifle.

He gives an angry kind of grunt, and complies.

"Shoot, sir," he says. "It's your last chance."

"I can't shoot till he stops," I reply, feeling that to fire at that moving object would be simply ridiculous, as he is now about a hundred yards away.

"But he won't stop," he says.

"Then I shan't shoot at all," I say indignantly, endeavouring to get some sort of a sight on. The rifle is cold and clammy, and I am panting with excitement.

"Now, sir, now!—NOW!" he says, "it's your very last chance."

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The brute was about a hundred and twenty yards
and had reached a kind of platform on the slope; he
for an instant to get a view of us. I had by this time co
him pretty well, and was used to his appearance agains
heather. A rapid thought flies through my brain—I shall
and the smoke will clear away, and we shall toss a cartridg
and we shall see them gallop up the hill, and I shall go
home, and . . . I pressed the trigger; the rifle thundered
hills and the smoke rose in a thick cloud. I turned over c
side.

"Well done, sir!" I hear Sandy say. "A splendid s
you've got him!"

I can hardly believe my eyes, when, as the smoke cl
away, I saw a monstrous form, rolling, with head collapse
loosened limbs, downwards among the bilberries. I rise,
wildly round, thank Sandy somewhat incoherently, whil
wary old dog loads the rifle carefully again, thrusts it int
hands, and starts off at a quick run.

"He may get up again, sir," he says.

We approach cautiously, for we see a great head rollin
sinking again among the heather stems, and a leg kic
strongly enough, I think. As we run, Sandy unbuckles a
beneath his waistcoat, and in a moment we are up wit
Sandy peers round.

"Get hold of his hind legs, sir, sharp—and hold on."

But it is unnecessary—there is no struggling to speak o
in a moment Sandy has his head back, and the knife goe
his throat with a horrible swish; and, with a gasp and a
stream of blood shoots out into the heather. I relax my
and feel for the whisky-flask; while Sandy pushes back h
and wipes his forehead.

"Thank you kindly, sir, I will just have a drop:" the
Royal, sir, to be sure," and I pass my hand over the
which are still covered with velvet, and detect an infinit
swelling.

"This makes thirteen points, I think," I say.

"You're right, sir," says Sandy.

And then for the first time a kind of curious pity come
me at the sight of the great wild beast and his clear pathet
that was ranging the hills this morning as free as air, an
is down with the ugly gash in his throat, with his life
dyeing the heather. Well, if he must die, this is the be

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perhaps; but I do not feel quite so sure of the necessity, especially as he has only been serving my pleasure after all—and, may I confess it? a lump in my throat, a smart in my nostrils, and a filmy feeling across the eyes warn me that the veteran sportsman—as I appear in Sandy's eyes—must take his triumph quietly. Meanwhile Sandy has turned him over and finds the bullet just in the hollow of the neck by the shoulder. "A grand shot," he says, musingly—while I am dissolved in wonder that the rifle should have been pointed precisely there. when there is so much space in every direction which it might have selected.

Well, of how we signalled for the pony, and how we grollocked him there upon the heather, let the Muse be silent. I confess to having watched every detail with the liveliest interest; and when the complicated straps and buckles came into play, and were really used to strap the great carcass upon the saddle—those straps and buckles which I had eyed with somewhat ironical feelings in the morning; and how the little Scotch laddie who led the pony felt the beast all over from horns to hoofs, and looked at me with awestruck, wondering eyes—and how we blindfolded the pony's eyes, as he had been smelling about the corpse with unequivocal dismay and ears laid back—and how the good, sure-footed beast wound slowly down among the rocks with never a stumble or a slip—all these are sacred, exultant memories for the sportsman in many a lonely moment, over a fragrant cigar.

And little more need be said. When I burst unkempt into the dining-room as the party were sitting over their wine, and was greeted with loud acclamations, while my host drummed on the table, and sang the "Conquering Hero" in a loud, untuneful voice—when I was able to re-assure him, as he said "now that the applause has subsided, you'll excuse my anxiety, but how about his haunches?" and how my adventures put the Colonel's bag of grouse into the shade, and knocked Sir John's salmon which had till then been the hero of the evening, into a cocked hat; all that is very pleasant to recollect. I have shot several stags since then; but even now, when I take down my hat from the mild, hairy face that looks so wistfully down in my dingy London entrance-hall, the memory of my first stag sends a thrill of pleasure through me which no sporting triumphs will ever blur.

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The Cottager at Home.

By the Author of "The Danvers Jewels."

I.—COTTAGE ART.

We have passed lately through a somewhat bewildering cycle of celebrities at home in every grade of the animal creation. We have become conversant alike with every detail of the domestic life of the Gar fish, and the popular poet, as of the embryo prime minister, the risen author, and the *Cyclops communis*, or vulgar water-flea. Having remarked the attention that an intelligent public has bestowed on what could hardly have been expected to concern it, we venture to assume, now more popular themes are exhausted, that even the cottager at home may excite a momentary interest for those whose acquired taste daily requires details respecting somebody or something at home somewhere. We even trust that if the disagreeable portion of the subject, as set forth in the repeated articles on the dwellings of the poor, be only quietly ignored; if our readers are not forced into attic bedrooms and damp cellars; if they are not made uncomfortable, and it *is* uncomfortable for the moment to hear about the horrors that are walking in our midst; in short, if they are allowed to glance at the cottager at home when he is comparatively well to do; and if they are only asked to look at him from an irresponsible and consequently a rational point of view, that they may find a few notes about him, or rather about his artistic tendencies, of sufficient interest to while away a tedious ten minutes before dinner, or the arrival of the carriage.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes a visitor on going into cottages, especially in the midland counties, is how little reverence or regard remains in the present day for old heirlooms, old bits of china, old furniture. The inhabitants of the Manor and the Hall think "the old is better," but not so their brethren in corduroy.

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"All things new" is their creed, and all the more fixedly so because, like other creeds, they can so seldom act up to it.

The oak settee, the dear old corner cupboard, the tall inlaid clock, are rapidly becoming things of the past in the cottages. They are swept up by dealers and foragers of every description, and it is sad to see the old family friends of a bygone generation losing their polish in curiosity shops, and looking out at their time of life for another situation.

And even if one finds some cottager who is unwilling to part with the quaint bit of furniture or china that has caught your fancy, and who shakes his head as your hand dives into your pocket, it is not because the article in question has a value for him as a thing of beauty, but because it happens to be "Granfeyther's cheer," or "Mither's teapot, as she had from her Mither afore her, and as she drank her last cup of tea out of afore she was took."

If the departed relative had happened to have used the metal teapot instead of the china one for her final dissipation, you might have gone on your way rejoicing.

Only the other day I noticed in a well-to-do cottage a very beautiful old carved chair, and was told by the woman to whom it belonged that she had bought it to match her cupboard. I looked round for the cupboard.

"Eh! dear miss, and I wish you could have seen it afore it went," and she described an oak chest, carved all over, with a raised king's head in the centre, and a date "as she couldna' make out." It is needless to say she had been offered a small sum for it by a dealer, and that she had vowed she would not part with it, no, not for less than double. She had, of course, been taken at her word, and a cart had immediately appeared upon the scene.

The same woman bade her daughter fetch her scrap-book to show me, and as the child went for it told me that she had given her an old book "to paste her little picters in. It had been Granfeyther's, and he had set great store by it, so she didna like to make away with it, so she had given it to the child."

The sight of the poor old book, a quarto volume of sermons dating 230 years back, with its Treatise on the Passions, its queer old engravings and illuminated headings, its erratic spelling and pompous dedication to *Her Highnesse the Princesse Elizabeth, Princesse Palatine of the Rhine, and Dutchesse of Bavaria,* appealed to my finer feelings. It was not worth much, but it

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had a certain dignity. It had fallen, if not from a high, from a respectable estate. "Granfeyther had set great stor it," and I rescued it for a shilling, and sponged off the hum tions gummed to its first pages, and found it a place on shelf.

Near it stands, in a place of honour, a once homeless destitute teapot. It is white Wedgwood, beautifully sha covered with lightly draped figures in delicate bas-relief, th ornamented by the figure of a swan, minus the head, That teapot was picked up from a dung-heap in the neighb hood. The head of the swan is probably there still.

Yes, all things new. That is the one idea. The spirit o thriving working class—if it can afford to indulge in that dismal of possessions, a parlour—yearns after horsehair with crochet-work antimacassars, after wax-flowers under shades, and woolwork mats supporting immaculate fa Bibles, unruffled by an enquiring thumb. The pictorial art keeping with the rest of the apartment. A few familiar specir rise before my mind's eye as I write. There is *Happy Child* represented by a dropsical infant seated on an exper cushion, twining roses round the neck of an attendant Then there is *Charity* (poor Charity, who exists only t caricatured!) showing a vulgar over-dressed aristocrat in th of relieving a starving family with the contents of an ele flower-basket, while her coach and horses prance in the That picture, although it hangs on the wall, belongs to a generation. Such fossilized ideas about the relations of classes are happily obsolete now among the poor, at any ra still extant in some very remote country places in the mind the basket-owners.

Then there is *The Little Peacemaker*, one of a numerous of pictures which deals exclusively with domestic life in highest circles. We have our "Lion at Home." They the Nobility in its private moments.

The Little Peacemaker is represented by an outrageo fashionable female child, got up regardless of expense in a s flounced frock, and a pair of highly polished French boots tassels. She is trying in an impossible attitude to dra ringleted lady in full evening dress (no doubt her mother the direction of a profusely whiskered cad (no doubt her fat who is reading a newspaper with one leg curled bonele round the other. One can only wonder that the repugnanc

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the lady could be overcome at all, but the French boots are evidently winning the day.

Perhaps worse than any of these, because positively harmful, are the pictures which take upon themselves to represent well-known scriptural events. I have seen pictures of this description which, like the gratitude of men, have left me mourning.

"Harmful?" I hear the usual rejoinder. "Oh, no! You forget *they* don't look at them as you do. *They* don't think them irreverent."

Perhaps that is the very point. Perhaps if they saw the irreverence, the picture would do them no harm. Of course half a loaf is better than no bread. To some minds "A Little Peacemaker" is preferable to a bare wall. The craving for adornment is the same in all classes. There is a great gulf fixed between the prosperous and the struggling working-class, those that have parlours and those that have none, but, however poor the struggling class may be, poor to insufficient clothing and paucity of food, they will cover their walls somehow. They know the want of colour; not good drawing, not anything elevating, or even interesting, but a bit of bright colour. In a few houses I know belonging to older people, richly coloured paper portraits of the Queen and the Prince Consort at the time of their marriage are still to be seen, carefully preserved, but rather dilapidated when contrasted with the brand-new roseate soldier pasted near them, whose pink expressionless face has a far-off, a very far-off look of Gordon. Many, too, is the paper advertisement that started life on a biscuit or grocer's box, which, by reason of its flaunting coloured trademark, its crimson bull's head, or its gamboge lion, is passing an honoured old age on a cottage wall. Insurance companies' sheets of securities, old almanacs, old fashion plates, nothing comes amiss, provided it comes brightly clad. Anything to break the dead level of the wall with its mouldering paper or dingy whitewash.

In the bedroom of a very miserable cottage I know (excuse me, reader, I am only going into it for a moment. I shall be down again directly), there is a paper pattern of woolwork slippers carefully pinned against the wall. That one little attempt at decoration impressed the poverty of the house upon me more than the low bed heaped with old clothes, more than the gaunt woman bending over it with the hungry, hunted look in her eyes, or even than the prostrate, motionless figure in the

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half light, whose only chance was "a liberal and nourishi diet."

What had been considered utterly worthless, what had be thrust away into a well-to-do waste-paper basket, what h perhaps fluttered on a dust-heap, had been picked up, and broug home, and raised to honour over the head of the bed. T pictures that can be bought for a penny, the glories of art th are obedient to the beckoning of a sixpence, rose up before m And through all the years of that hungry woman's life she h never got further than that paper pattern!

These are the houses where four tin-tacks and a coloured she out of an illustrated paper are hailed with delight; more delig than the much-needed but unornamental flannel-petticoat th accompanies it. The aristocrats who have front parlours a *frames* would think scorn of your humble offering, but here it a welcome guest.

"Come down wi' ye," said an old woman the other day, tearin down a diminutive photograph of a gentleman relative, a hanging on its nail a picture which I had brought her.

"Well!" stepping back, arms akimbo, to contemplate specimen of floral art strewn with butterflies, about which I ha had my doubts; "Well! I never thought I should ha' had suc a present as *that*."

One class remains, an ever-dwindling one, of which we hav not yet spoken; the agricultural labouring people who a prosperous, and yet who have *not* parlours. They are dying ou at least in the midland counties, about which I am at prese speaking. May they never quite die out, the people who, as the would say, stand on their own footing, and "can't abide foll settin' theirselves up to be quality!" They have self-respect, an just as the old county family refuses with quiet dignity the tit that is caught at so eagerly by the hatter's grandson, so they fe that they do not depend on parlours, and can even afford dispense with those recognized credentials of gentility, wa flowers under glass shades.

Who does not know the look of those houses, with their patc work strip of garden in front? I think God favours cottag gardens; they are always so gay with hollyhocks and old fashioned roses, so sweet with clumps of gillyflower and lavend close against the wall. And the big yew-tree, with the to clipped in the similitude of a peacock, keeps guard over the gat Sometimes there is another yew on the other side trying to be

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peacock too. It may have but one slender shoot as yet where the bushy comet-like tail should be, but it has grasped the idea, and it presses in its tender youth towards the mark.

When you knock at the open door you are taken into the kitchen, the kitchen which will soon exist only in romance; with its shining array of cooking implements; its miracles of framed sampler; its dresser displaying a complete set of willow pattern; its tall family clock which marks (so you are told) the tides and the rising of the moon; its pendant glories of nude flitch and papered ham, under which at certain seasons of the year you are requested with true politeness not to sit, "for fear o' the droppings."

There is comfort in a room of this description, and there is also a certain dignity which is somehow lacking in the shrine of *The Little Peacemaker*. And the apron is not torn off, and the darning is not laid down when you come in. These are the houses where one is most at ease, and out of which I am sure—in the experience of any one who has become nearly acquainted with his poor relations—the best of our English working class come; people independent in manner as one would wish them to be, loyal in heart, people who are not afraid of hard work; people whose numbers, alas! even in the recollection of those who have hardly reached middle age, are decreasing year by year.

II.—VILLAGE ENTERTAINMENTS.

A MAN, we are told, is always a rogue when he is ill; and might it not with truth be added, when he is—*dull?* We all know that a malevolent spirit is specially employed to lure idle hands into unprofitable activity. It is part of our nature to be doing something, just as, in default of a mouse, a kitten finds it necessary to waylay and circumvent her own tail. I have always considered a Manx cat a particularly sad and vacant-minded individual, the reason no doubt being that it has had no tail to serve it as a pursuit in infancy, and a responsibility through rapidly-closing doors in later life.

In large towns I suppose dulness has in a great measure been elbowed out, even from among the lowest in the social scale, though possibly rather at the expense of peace, quiet, and respectability. Certainly the little London street arab who

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deposits your coin in his mouth, being only too literally out of pocket, though his clothing is suggestive of pockets all over, may look hungry, but he never looks dull. The class above him who are in some kind of work look cold at times, especially in winter, and discontented perhaps, but seldom dull.

It is to the country that dulness has fled, and intrenched herself among the labouring class, even occasionally in their very churches.

The unvaried monotony in many places of the country labourer's existence has aroused in most of us at some time a passing sympathy, even if Mr. Jessop had not drawn a picture, which those who live much in the country must have recognised as true, of the dulness, the apathy, of the little groups of labourers one sees standing about together after their work is done. This state of things sometimes leads to unfortunate results. No less a sum than three hundred and fifty pounds passed from one Yorkshire village to another last summer in the course of one week. The men had betted two or three weeks' wages in advance on their local cricket match. Anything for a little excitement! Possibly they may have had it, when they returned home to their wives.

So much is done for the poor you hear now-a-days, though rarely from those *by* whom much is done. And it is true. There are the Sunday schools where young ladies teach, an advantage to the children of the poor which those intimately acquainted with the extent of a young lady's education alone can adequately appreciate. There are Friendly Societies, Clubs for young and old, reading-rooms, mother's meetings, lending libraries of those choice selected volumes which we read with such avidity ourselves, in which a timid little narrative trips up and finally loses itself in a maze of scriptural instruction, and struggles up at the end for a moment, only to be suffocated for good by a flood of texts and a moral. A dinner is generally ready to rush in a covered basket on the heels of an accident or illness. Acts of personal kindness are very common. You hear "The Quality are very kind." The poorer girls of the village know that Providence will provide them through a certain recognized channel with their outfit when they are going to their first place. Remedial tracts for temporary backslidings are not wanting. Whether ill or well much is done, but in the same place where many or all of these things are willingly performed, the need for one thing more—for amusement—is but rarely seen,

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rarely taken into account; the essential need of recreation after work, of innocent employment of spare time.

And let those who are interested in their "own people" (and I know I am speaking to a large class), let them, while they do so much for the education and the welfare and the comfort of their poor, remember that there is still one thing needful. Let them remember that the young especially *will* have amusement. They will get it somehow. Have it they must, if not innocent then questionable.

I know that much is justly said against dancing as a recreation for the young (I wonder why people who disapprove of it always call it promiscuous dancing), but I have never been able to see why, if it is a harmless amusement for ourselves, it should be bad for our young foster-brothers and sisters in the village. People who have never at one time of their lives really loved dancing for its own sake, have never had any genuine youth, and must not be allowed to lay down the law for the young, as they so often try to do. It is one of the many unrecognized duties of the young to keep persons of this description in their proper place, which is a back seat when questions of this kind are discussed. The elder generation who have danced themselves never forget. They understand. Let *them* judge.

Some of the village balls at which I have been present, and where I have seen more genuine and intense enjoyment than at many a fashionable one, were given in his own house by a clergyman, who in his youth had been an enthusiastic dancer.

I have known village lads walk six miles at night after their day's work, to dance at some low place in the nearest country town and trudge back in the small hours. A good dance from time to time in a well-lighted parish room or tent, among their own favourite girls, under approving supervision, would have soon taken the wind out of the sails of a slip-shod gin-shop six miles off.

Fortunately for those who live in the country it is not hard to amuse the village mind. Very few among ourselves, if we come to think of it, carry about with us a spirit of enjoyment. Our mental high collars, or tight lacing, or pinching shoes go with us wherever we go. We cannot enjoy ourselves for the sake of enjoying ourselves. We want circumstances. That is the worst of us; and it is here that the poor have the advantage of us. They don't want any circumstances. They have, as a class, just that simplicity which we as a class have

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lost; that keen relish and generous appetite for simple, very simple diet, with which our over-refined digestions have parted company.

Look at the lower orders (I hate the word, but I know of no other) enjoying themselves. Mark the deep murmur of satisfaction, the subdued quaking of the waistcoat, the sudden roar of applause, the enthusiasm which finds vent in smiting itself and its neighbour upon the thigh, and in hammering the floor through. A village concert is of course the commonest style of entertainment, and as a rule a popular one, though perhaps it might be made still more so if the people who have to listen to it were a little more considered by the organisers. Who has not heard long weary violin solos at such entertainments because so and so played the violin and could not be left out? Who has not heard a little feeble soprano warble out "'Tis the last wose of summer," because she is the squire's daughter, and has had lessons? It is the same principle as that of Caleb Balderstone. It is giving what is absolutely worthless, what we (in private life) bear with grim patience as a dispensation of Providence, to the poor. And it is a little old-fashioned now to think that what we ourselves find a weariness of the flesh is likely to afford them any poignant satisfaction.

But in trying to amuse, with the best intentions, one may fail, and then the good people do not do things by halves. If they are not amused they do not pretend to be amused. They sit perfectly stolid, respectful, attentive, but they do not flatter you whom they respect perhaps and like, and who are taking such trouble and getting into such a state of heat on their account. It never occurs to them to act a lie, even such a harmless lie as that. You have chosen your piece of reading, or your song, or whatever it is, badly. It does not tickle them, and they are true to themselves. They make no sign.

Then let a man of experience, a man who knows the bucolic mind, succeed you. It certainly is very humiliating. That good-natured stranger who is staying with you, who comes forward gravely biting a large piece out of a slice of bread, brings down the house before he has spoken a word. He sings a little song with his mouth full. He is preternaturally grave all the time. At the end of the first verse he informs his audience that that *is* the first verse, adding funereally, "There are only two verses."

The audience screams with delight. The floor threatens to

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give way beneath the pounding of enthusiastic feet. He is a man after the audience's own heart.

This style of wit may possibly strike a town reader as small; but a very little humour will go a long way with a village audience, provided it be of the right sort—namely, visible to the naked eye, or obvious to every intellect. I have seen a wretch convulse two hundred villagers by singing a song in his hat, out of a small hole in the top of which he drew his very dilapidated pocket-handkerchief. They could *see* the wit of that. A slice of bread taken into the system in large bites appealed irresistibly to their sense of the ludicrous. A pocket-handkerchief pulled out through a hole in the top of a hat spoke for itself.

There are also stock subjects, a hit at which is certain to bring down the house at any time. Any depreciatory allusion to the married state may always be relied on, and a hit at a policeman invariably gives pleasure.

Next best to being made to laugh, a village audience likes to be made to cry; and very little will do it, if that also is set about in the right way. There are certain songs and certain tunes which affect us all. What soldier's wife or sister can hear without a certain contraction of the heart the tune of 'The Girl I left behind Me'? What Frenchman will not fire up at the mere echo of the *Marseillaise?* What village audience will not sympathise with 'Home sweet Home'? It does not matter how often they hear it; they are always ready to hear about the lowly thatched cottage again, even those among them who have new tiled roofs and a stucco porch. There is no place like home, as some of us know to our cost. But they never get so far as that. They are always touched—always, always, by 'Home sweet Home.' Very popular too is a song that treats of a young woman who is portrayed as being, somewhere in the spring, by a river, or a stile—anywhere will do—who is not found to be there later on, say in the autumn, though the stile and the river remain very much as they were.

Any song about a young creature of the name of Mary is also fairly sure of success if the name is repeated often enough, Mary being in most villages the commonest name of any. Everybody has got a Mary, or knows a Mary, though, alas! a Mary generally united to a prosaic Jane or Anne, which is never omitted in conversation.

A village concert is generally popular, as we have seen; but

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I am sure far more amusement will generally be found in an entertainment got up and mainly given by the people themselves, with one or two of the "quality" to direct, suggest, and control. This involves personal trouble and time, which, no doubt, in the busy lives of our country gentry can ill be spared; but when a small capital of this kind can be laid out, without detriment to more important avocations, it will bring in a heavy interest, and will not, I think, be regretted.

The people, of course, require to be educated to it, to a certain degree, to be made to wish to emulate other places, to gain confidence in themselves, to become ambitious. What is more hopeful than the slow enunciation, with the head a little on one side, of a worthy householder of Slowcum, that "if them of Slumberleigh could do it, why not them of Slowcum?"

I have known a whole village kept employed and interested, and liable to sudden bursts of laughter at whispered allusions, for three weeks or more, by a set of wax-works which the energetic squire set going. The people were to do it; the people were to make their own dresses and the stage requirements; the people, and none but the people, were to appear upon the stage. The girls had their dresses, all of the commonest, though the most effective, materials, to make, the expense of the stuffs being defrayed by the money gained. The time of one young man was entirely taken up in devising a cunning spring, by means of which a pasteboard lion, the elaborate work of another artist, was to be made to wildly wave its tail when Una put her head into its jaws.

The young man who was to personate an infant as reared on Nestlé's Infant Food shaved the moustache that had been the work of years. Enthusiasm made a rush at two entire suits of tin-foil and brown paper armour, two pasteboard chargers, two donkeys ditto, and an unknown number of spears, bugles, and swords, and carried all before it. Everybody felt that the moment had come for distinguishing himself or herself. There were two rehearsals every week amid shrieks of laughter, not to be controlled even by the presence of the squire, who, like an able officer, rebuked, restrained, exhorted, and finally led on to victory.

The delight of the village at beholding their own kith and kin exalted before them in unexpected dresses under vivid lamplight was indescribable. Was not that William, their own William of the post office whom they beheld in glorious apparel as a

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brigand chief? "Eh, but William's Jane! well might she be proud this night!" And Queen Elizabeth? was not that—why—if it wasn't Jemima Ann! And the nun; her in the black dress and white cross; could it be *Hemma*, Brooks's Hemma, Brooks's of the Mills Hemma?

The roof was nearly taken off: would have been if there had been standing room for another voice to swell the applause.

Opportunities make themselves for those who are on the look-out for them for providing, or better still, helping forward village entertainments, and it should be remembered that though the actual amusement to be got out of any entertainment is but temporary and dies with it, still the effect upon the rural mind is far more lasting, making it more capable of taking an interest, more energetic, more abhorrent of a vacuum.

No better time for what is vulgarly called a happy day exists than a Harvest Home.

I have seen Harvest Homes which were quite an epoch in the village year; when the squire and his farmers joined together to provide a dinner and an afternoon's entertainment for their joint labourers, allowing the world in general admission after dinner at sixpence a head. A conjuror, a Punch and Judy show, an Aunt Sally, and a medicine bottle, at which a rifle could be let off thrice for a penny, constituted the bulk of the entertainment, and when it became dusk lamps were lighted in the largest tent and dancing began.

"This," said one of the county magnates present, planting a magisterial walking-stick firmly in the sod, "this is true wisdom. That Aunt Sally nips Radicalism in the bud, and a meeting like this will do more good to the right side than twenty Conservative ones."

That village entertainments entail trouble and labour on the part of the squire, clergyman, or whoever is the chief mover in the parish there is no doubt. The days are gone by when Lady Bountiful can be enacted, and there is nothing for it now but working *with* the people instead of approving and smiling benignantly from a distance. Assisting by proxy and *de haut en bas* will no longer carry a thing through and bring it to a successful issue, if it ever did.

Personal trouble is the weapon of the present day as regards the lower classes. Where you lead personally they will at present follow; what you hold up to respect is sacred to them still; where you can show clean hands and an upright life, clean

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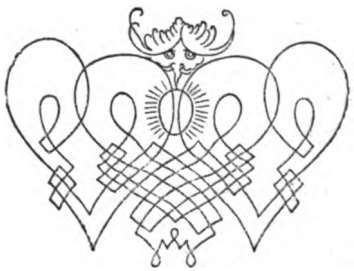
hands will grow to be respected, and—an immense step—dirty ones to be despised.

Opinion moves slower in the country than in the towns, and it is of the country only that I am now speaking, of places where Radicalism is still hardly more than a name, where the influence of the resident upper class as yet predominates.

Surely the lower classes were never more really dependent upon us than now, when (like a creeping child discovering it is possessed of legs) they are beginning to hear that they have rights, beginning to feel their independence.

Creeping is with our species in the nature of things, *for a time*, but walking is an advance upon it, in which youthful enterprise, ignorant of the laws of gravity, may contract heavy falls and many contusions, unless the experienced helping hand (instead of being withdrawn in contempt of infantile conceit) will still uphold, restrain and guide.



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Naomi.

Chapter I.

houses were high and wide, with flat fronts painted on
usive, brownish drab. There were some ten or twelve in
hey stretched in a line up St. Mary's Hill, a square
plat, by courtesy called a garden, in front of each house,
ounding the gardens, a stone wall of excellent height and
ess. The wall shut out the sight and sound of the giddy,
world that lived beyond, and saved the front drawing-
from over-much dust and sunshine. It was ivy-clad
, lichen-clad without, and the ivy straggled over the wall-
nd tossed in the keener, fresher breeze that met it, and
d indecorously above the heads of passers-by. At
r distances in the line of wall, low, narrow, weather-
d garden-doors opened upon the garden-squares. From
n-door to front-door stretched a strip of gravelled path-
very straight. The front-doors were narrow but tall,
knockered, genteely painted and imposing.

Mary's Villas were houses with a reputation—with a
y of more than mere negative respectability. Here in the
and fifties, the chief gentry of Dydmouth had hallowed
ound; and when, in the sixties, the gentry had deserted it,
g further away from the growing suburb of lath-and-plaster
es, cheap lodgings and offensive shops, still the odour of
gentility remained. This had perhaps proved oppressive
undesirable plebeian mind. The new tenants who had
in one by one were in every case, in every sense, unex-
nable—untainted by trade, in politics Conservative, in
ne orthodox, with a bias against Methodism, surpliced-
and followers in the kitchen, temperate, but temperate

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with wine on the table and a spirit-stand in the sideboard cupboard.

Miss Agatha Price and her sister Sophy, who lived at the foot of the hill, were typical ladies of the terrace. Their manners were invariably polite, gently ceremonious; their deportment was correct; their dress was of the best material and soberest tints, it followed the fashion but followed it slowly with suitable dignity. Their house was excellently ordered; their servants were well-conducted, black-gowned, white-aproned, neatly-capped, deferential; both mistresses and servants trod softly, spoke slowly in subdued tones, and smiled in a chastened way, without levity. The ladies lived a quiet, leisurely, not very useful life; but they rose to it at a severely early hour each day, and took their meals and walks and afternoon naps with a rigorous punctuality that gave to their leisure a savour of work and duty. They held strict views and held them strictly, not weakly subject to either persuasion or argument. They rarely talked about their views. Men might discuss opinions—that was fitting; women only *held* them. The gravest matters were not meant for womanly conversation: political talk was undoubtedly masculine, and religious conversation was at all times irreverent and unsuitable. In conversation, as in act and dress and manners, a lady should be a lady—sure of herself but unassertive, above all things unremarked.

Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy had their little circle of friends, old family friends who dressed as suitably, spoke as quietly, thought in all matters as correctly. Only mere acquaintances sometimes held false opinions. And such acquaintances remained acquaintances. Miss Sophy, when she spoke of them, spoke with pathos in her tone. Miss Agatha bowed to them distantly and looked with a prejudiced eye on the set of their gowns, the polish on their door-bells, and the fashion of their Sunday bonnets. Miss Agatha was the practical sister. But Miss Sophy with a less practical mind, was more often appealed to for advice. She had a sympathetic manner of listening; she had a soft, sympathetic pathetic voice; when she spoke of herself she spoke with a little air of gentle, regretful reminiscence that was somehow soothing to her hearers. Her younger friends called her "Poor Miss Sophy"; they confided parts of their love-stories to her when their love-stories were melancholy and not passionate, and when Miss Agatha was not by.

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Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy being what they were, all their ways so satisfactory, all their views so seemly, their conversation so refined, it was sad that their niece, Naomi, should have taken after them so little. It was particularly sad because Naomi for some months was to live with them. For many years they had been meaning to invite her—she was poor Philip's child—they owed a duty to their brother's child; it was only proper that some time she should come to them; poor Philip would have expected it; no one could say that they did not respect poor Philip's wishes. The invitation had gone forth. Naomi had come. And nearly a year must pass before she would be gone again.

Naomi favoured her mother's family, and her mother's family had always been unsatisfactory. She had been brought up by them. She had been brought up to talk constantly, with no dignified reserve, no becoming sobriety of speech, to laugh in a flighty way, to sit with her hands clasped about her knees in the most unladylike of attitudes, to hum secular tunes on Sundays, to draw up the blinds though the sun faced the windows, to throw up the windows though the wind was high, to talk about the play and the relative merits of London actresses, to wear bright-coloured gowns made of paltry stuffs, to issue from the garden-door with her gloves unbuttoned, to prefer the society of men, and of young men, and to declare it smilingly with unlowered eyes and without a blush.

It was nearly a month now since Naomi had come. From the first her aunts had disapproved of her; every day had but deepened their disapproval. Every day she had surprised them with some fresh iniquity. She had rested her elbows on the table at dinner, had put her hands together and bent them back to lean her cheek against them, and looking unconcernedly towards the head of the table had asked Miss Agatha, in the presence too of the parlour-maid who was handing the vegetables, "why she was not a Socialist?" She had bought cheap novels with vulgar yellow backs, and had brought them uncovered into the drawing-room. She had carried her breakfast-cup to the open window of the dining-room, had seated herself on the window-sill, and had thought of drinking her coffee there. She had been introduced to young Mr. Nicholson who lived next door, and the next day had laughingly addressed him across the garden-wall, and, although he had evidently been conscious that

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such an action on her part was unusual and unbecoming, and had been reluctant to abet her in her disregard for the proprieties, she had succeeded in detaining him for many minutes, had looked up at him with as sweet a glance as though he had been an old friend, and a woman-friend, and had made some giddy little joke at which she had laughed quickly and gaily, and at which he had very gravely smiled.

It was of Mr. Nicholson and of Naomi's unsuitable behaviour towards him that Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy had been vaguely discoursing all this afternoon. It was their duty to point out to Naomi that her manner was unbecoming—that strangers, who did not know her aunts, might even call it unladylike, might even think her "fast." The task had proved difficult. It was impossible to speak quite clearly on such a subject—clearness was indelicate. To breathe the word "fast" in connection with a niece of their own (even though the word expressed the false supposition of an ignorant and supposititious stranger) was too shocking. They could only speak vaguely in hints and parables. And reproofs so couched somehow failed to arrest Naomi's attention, failed to impress her seriously.

Naomi was standing in an easy attitude beside the window, her head leant a little back against the shutter, her fingers fidgeting with the tassel of the window-blind. She wore a cheap little gown, rust-red in colour, and oddly made, with too little width in the skirt and no trim collar-band about the neck—a gown which people in the street glanced at observantly in passing. Her hair, too, was mortifying to her aunts. In itself it was pretty hair, dark and soft and wavy; but it was cut almost short and allowed to fall forward upon her brow in a fashion perhaps artistic—certainly uncustomary. She was a pretty girl, but her prettiness differed somehow from the unobtrusive, well-bred prettiness of the girls whom her aunts had known. They had an uneasy feeling that she was too brilliantly pretty to be quite ladylike, quite refined. Her dark eyes were too swift in their glances; her lips expressed too much—perhaps it was her looks, even more than her words, that made her manners seem so free, so unbecoming.

"And there is nothing, Naomi, that gentlemen really dislike so much," reasoned Miss Agatha, her glance bent down upon her knitting, her voice lowered a little as she pronounced the word 'gentlemen,' "as a free manner in a lady. It shocks

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We have no idea how much it shocks them. It shocks
nexpressibly."
ni was still playing idly with the dangling tassel, and
gatha was not sure that she was listening.
shocks them, as I say, inexpressibly," Miss Agatha
d.
poor things!" said Naomi.
e was certainly laughter in the tone; Miss Agatha sat
more upright, held her knitting a little more stiffly, and
l her stitches with severity. Miss Sophy looked, in an
way, from her sister to her niece. Silence, and especially
nce of displeasure, always fidgeted Miss Sophy; she
er little world to chat constantly.
r Mr. Nicholson!" said Naomi—"poor dear Mr.
on!"
Nicholson," said Miss Agatha severely, "I scarcely
say it, Naomi, but Mr. Nicholson is—is a *young* man.
em, my dear, very strangely to forget that."
ni laughed—a flighty, sudden little laugh that made
phy's brow contract nervously.
s not quite—not quite nice," continued Miss Agatha, "to
in such a familiar way of a man as young as Mr.
on."
ng!" echoed Naomi. "Was he ever young? Even in
l pinafores he was elderly. I am sure of it. He ate
sops with the dignity of a patriarch. Oh, I know it—
see him. What a pity no one painted him—he would
ade a Christmas Number picture, a Graphic picture, a
icture! What a pity!"
Agatha was silent. She would be forbearing to Naomi
arance was perhaps a duty—but it certainly could not
her to continue a grave argument when Naomi chose

ni tossed back her hair from her brow and stood looking
he garden at the grey February sky beyond. She was
us of feeling a little cross, a little impatient—impatient
unt Agatha, with herself, with Mr. Nicholson, with the
in garden, with the greyness of the day, with all the
She was vexed with herself for feeling vexed. All this
ness of Aunt Agatha's should only amuse her—and it
use her—it amused her greatly.
w ought one to behave, Aunt Agatha, to a *young* man?

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she asked, in a musing tone, not looking round. "Mu
efface oneself—quite efface oneself—get into a corner
there and study the tips of one's toes? Do you think
I wore a grey gown—wouldn't a grey gown suffice? If I
my hair in the middle and wore a grey gown, Aunt A
should I still shock him, do you think?"

"It shocks us, Naomi, to hear you talk so flippantly,"
Miss Agatha. "I do not wish to be severe, my dear, bu
girls were never allowed to talk so much, especia
gentlemen. It is not usual. It seems—it seems forw
does, indeed. Mr. Nicholson yesterday looked quite emba
—you talked to him so long."

Naomi's eyes, looking straight at Miss Agatha's, l
suddenly. But her face flushed a little.

"I think, my dear, that you surprised him," said Miss
mildly.

Naomi's eyes still laughed, but her colour was still dee
She was a little anxious to show that she was quite at
only amused, not irritated. She raised her arms and
her hands behind her head and threw back her head
them lazily.

"I knew I was surprising him," she said. "I did no
surprising him—I did not mind it in the least."

Miss Agatha looked at her gravely for a moment,
silence, slowly and disapprovingly lowered her eyes.

"I like surprising him," continued Naomi, speaking
yet with some insistance. "It amuses me. He is so s
so respectable! Was ever anyone so respectable?"

The word "respectable" jarred a little on Miss Sophy'
of fitness. She looked at Naomi uneasily, feeling that a
was needed, but doubtful how to word it.

"There are the Carus Nicholsons," she said vaguely
Nicholsons are cousins of the Carus Nicholsons. A
mother was a Crowther—the Admiral Crowthers. The
no one so much looked up to as old Admiral Crowther
grave is close to ours—a marble headstone, railed in,
next to ours. It was pleurisy he died of. Such a fine
He was prayed for in church two Sundays—and th
Sunday every one in black—I remember it so well. A
daughter married Mr. Amos Nicholson. Bankers they a
Nicholsons.

"Is Mr. Nicholson's name 'Amos'?" asked Naomi.

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"No; Mr. Nicholson is Mr. Edward. We have known him all his life. We have always thought very highly of him."

"No one could think anything but highly of him!—no one would ever dare," said Naomi. "And how that lady will admire him—that lady of his choice! Poor Mr. Nicholson! I do hope that he will find her—"

"My dear, I never heard that there was any lady," said Miss Sophy gravely, looking down at her soft black dress and examining the shape of the cuff with a contemplative air. "I think not—I *think* not. I never heard of any lady."

"But there *is* a lady," declared Naomi, with a little frivolous laugh. "A very model lady. She wears collars and cuffs—beautiful starchy collars and cuffs! She wears a grey gown, and parts her hair, and always blushes when she is spoken to. She writes in the sweetest, finest Italian hand, and all her sentiments are fit for copy-books. She spells man with a big 'M' and woman with an invisible 'w.' She's most admirable. I don't like her—but she's very admirable. I think perhaps he has never met her yet—he is in love with her all the same. Whenever he looks at me he thinks of her—he thinks he is sorry for me, I am so unlike her. He looks at me and looks away—gravely and slowly, as you look, Aunt Agatha—to mark his disapproval. Poor, poor me!"

Miss Agatha laid down her knitting and sat upright stiffly in her easy chair, and looked with a steady glance at the frivolous girl before her.

"I disapprove of your conduct, certainly, sometimes,—you force us to disapprove," she said, in a quiet and chilling way. "What I try to bear in mind, my dear, is your training, your bringing up. We know that you have laboured under disadvantages—living so long in London—and a circle so different from our own. Your grandfather's friends are naturally artist people—that is natural, indeed inevitable, I suppose. And you have lived there now for so many years. Of course we bear that in mind."

"I remember," said Miss Sophy musingly, with a sigh, "staying in London with your mother once—years ago now, when your dear father was still living; and your mother took me to spend an evening with her people. I remember it very well—Aunt Agatha has often heard me speak of it. There was a little party—a very odd party. Some one, I remember, played a violin. There was one very strange-mannered person, I can see him

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now—a person with a beard—he nursed his foot whilst he spoke to me. And he put his arm upon my chair—right across the back; I remember it very well. All their manners were most familiar, most free—not at all what one is accustomed to. And their coats! And their hair! I shall always remember it."

Naomi unclasped her hands from behind her head and turned her face towards the window with a quick impatient movement. It was still with impatience and restlessness that presently she turned again towards her aunts.

"You would never understand, would you?" she asked half fiercely, "that I pine for the sight of a velveteen coat again—my heart almost aches for it. Oh, don't look at me like that—don't! I know all my sentiments are shocking. I know it—never mind saying so again."

"My dear, you are excited!" expostulated Miss Sophy mildly.

"No. Only tired of the sight of broadcloth," said Naomi with a little laugh. "In the presence of velveteen, life is so beautifully simple. Velveteen thinks one's faults most charming—most original. Broadcloth looks at one's virtues superciliously and finds them—thin. Poor Mr. Nicholson! I wonder how he would look in velveteen with his hair grown long. Would his hair curl, Aunt Sophy, do you think?"

But Miss Sophy was glancing nervously at Miss Agatha; Miss Agatha's long thin face expressed silent, dignified displeasure.

"I do not think his hair would curl," said Naomi after a minute, slowly and profoundly. "It's a comfort to think that he is not perfect, that there is something wanting in him. A wonderful comfort!"

Again there was a minute's silence. Miss Agatha sighed. "You are speaking very frivolously, Naomi," said she with a patient air. "I think you scarcely know how foolishly you speak."

"It's the thought of so much wisdom and solemnity," said Naomi. "It oppresses me. One is bound to laugh at Mr. Nicholson—to remind oneself that he's but a mortal. Mr. Nicholson! *What* a name! But it's like him. One would know without telling that he wore top hats, and black kid gloves on week days. He turns out his toes from a high moral motive. He never smiles except from a sense of duty. Yes, I knew that I disliked him."

She crossed the room in an aimless way, looked at a picture

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of grapes and roses and dewdrops on the wall, and wandered aimlessly back again. She put her hands on the rail of Miss Sophy's chair, and bent forward with an odd little smile, half mischievous, half caressing.

"I'm not a very nice niece, am I?" she said sympathetically. "It's horrid for you, isn't it? Never mind! I'm nicer than I seem, Aunt Sophy—inside, you know."

"My dear, we are not finding fault with you," said Miss Sophy hastily. "You are treading on my dress, my dear."

"I can't be a model person," Naomi explained, with a long-drawn sigh; "and I don't want to be. Your dress? No, I'm not touching it. Rummaging your hair? I didn't mean to. You poor thing! Kiss me, and I'll go away."

CHAPTER II.

The back gardens of St. Mary's Villas opened into a grass-grown lane; a pretty little countrified lane with a straggling hedge on one side and a view of fields beyond the hedge. Here, in the spring evenings, Mr. Nicholson would sometimes bring his paper, and walk slowly up and down as he read or reflected. In the spring afternoons and evenings Naomi, too, found the house depressing. She issued forth, book in hand, crossed the little green lane, climbed a padlocked gate, and trespassed with untroubled conscience in the fields on the other side.

This sunny April evening Mr. Nicholson was taking his customary stroll. He held his paper in his hands, but his hands behind him; he strolled slowly, his shoulders well back, his head erect, his glance fixed reflectively on the soft blue sky before him, his thoughts intent on business matters, the day's every-day events in town. Suddenly, as he approached the padlocked gate, his glance was attracted earthwards. On the other side of the gate, and close to it, half in the sunshine, half in the shadow of the hawthorn hedge, sat Naomi Price; hatless, jacketless, gloveless, her elbows on the grass, her chin between her hands, an open book on the ground before her. He glanced aside at her; for an instant his grave face wore an expectant look; then he glanced away again, straight before him. She had not turned, and he passed on without addressing her.

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But the vision of a girlish figure in a russet gown and an inelegant attitude had disturbed his sober thoughts of safe investments. He was conscious of a sudden restlessness of mind. He unfolded and folded his paper decisively, and fixed his attention on the paragraph that first caught his eye. The paragraph treated of the evil behaviour of one William Baker, charged yesterday with petty larceny; he read the account half through, then forgot that he was reading and let his glance travel again, in an abstracted way, to the blue sky beyond the lane. She must have heard him pass. Yet she had not raised her head, had not looked his way. She had let him pass—and he was glad. Certainly, he was very glad. To assure himself of his gladness, he put his paper once more behind him and reflected as he walked on Naomi's unadmirable qualities and imperfect conduct. She flirted—undoubtedly she flirted. Some men found such girls amusing; he, for his part, could not overcome a habit of regarding all women seriously. His mother he had reverenced; all other women whom he had ever known he had been able to treat gravely and deferentially, to think of respectfully; Naomi was different from them all. There was levity in all her ways. Her laughter was too frequent; her glance was too swift, too expressive; she talked in a light, exaggerated strain, pointing her speech with little gestures, smiles and frowns; with sudden effective changes in her tone, and little dramatic pauses that held your attention in spite of your own desire—held it as a woman's talk had scarcely any right to hold it. She had let him pass and had not turned; he was glad that she had not turned.

All the way up the lane he was very sure about his gladness. At the end of the lane he hesitated. Should he stroll back now, as his custom was, or should he take his paper and his thoughts further from home this evening? He stood for a moment, his hands behind him, thinking out the question; then, without duly weighing it, turned down the lane again. This time, surely, she must turn her head. If she turned her head she would surely smile. Yesterday her unexpected smile had excited him unduly—he would like to prove himself more master of himself to-day.

. . .

For the last ten minutes Naomi, with her book spread open on the ground, had not read a word. A minute ago she had suddenly become conscious that she was listening, that she was waiting—and waiting with a feeling of eagerness—for footsteps to come down the lane. Suddenly, as she realized it, she had

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bent lower over her book, turning the leaves hastily in search of a more absorbing page.

But the absorbing page in a very few moments had ceased to prove engrossing. Unconsciously she was listening again. Down the lane came the sound of returning footsteps, and at the sound her heart beat quicker, in a strange and fluttering way, half fearfully, half happily, wholly unreasonably. She was seized with a desire to flee. She half rose; then, on second thoughts, laughed at her first impulse. Who was Mr. Nicholson that she should run away from him? She need not even raise her eyes from her book; she might let him pass again without even showing that she knew that he was near. But to affect unconsciousness was as foolish as to rise and flee. Any acquaintance but Mr. Nicholson she would accost without a thought, without a moment's silly prudery, simply and naturally —and why not Mr. Nicholson? Was Aunt Agatha succeeding in her many lectures, making her think of men in a silly, vulgar, simpering way, as potential wooers? If Mr. Nicholson *did* think her over bold, was that important? It was his thought which was at fault. Why should she bend her behaviour to his false opinions? On the whole, she preferred his disapproval. She had always said so—she preferred it greatly.

She raised her eyes from her book as he reached the gate, and, turning her head, looked up at him with the sudden smile he found so disconcerting.

"Shall I be prosecuted, do you think, for trespassing?" she asked. And he paused at the gate as in duty bound. It was scarcely duty that constrained him to rest one arm on the topmost bar and to draw such a deep breath of satisfaction as he looked down at her.

"You have found a very pleasant spot," he replied after a moment. "Yes, I fear that you are trespassing—but that need not trouble you. Generally, however, the gate is locked."

"The gate *was* locked," said Naomi with a comical little air of dramatic solemnity. "I climbed it. I meant to climb another. I meant to climb that other gate over there at the other end. But over there there are cows to-night. Are you afraid of cows, Mr. Nicholson?"

Mr. Nicholson's grey eyes smiled in a grave way at the flippant question which he left unanswered.

"Not when they stop feeding," pursued Naomi, "and lift up their heads and their horns and solemnly look at you? No—

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nor I. But I like to admire their picturesqueness from a distance."

Mr. Nicholson was looking away from her over the fields where the cows, with gentle down-bent heads, were scattered feeding. A little breeze blew across from the West; all the air was sweet with the scent of hawthorn.

"What a perfect evening it is," said he presently, "and how still! It is hard to remember that the town is so near. With our faces this way we are in the country."

Naomi had risen and was standing by the gate, looking silently in the direction in which he was looking. Except for the soft twitter of birds, the light rustle of twig and leaf, everything was very still. Perhaps it was the stillness of the evening which cast a spell about her. She felt as sometimes in rare moments she had felt when low music had thrilled her and held her bound. It was only with an effort that she broke the spell and was frivolous again.

"Yes—we are in the country," she sighed regretfully. "And in London presently the gas will be lit in all the shops."

"You are not fond of the country, Miss Naomi?"

"Not when it's very green, Mr. Nicholson. Not when it has a *vegetably* look. I like the country when Turner paints it. Then it has an air of town about it."

"That's a curious criticism, is it not?"

"Of the country or of Turner?"

"Well, of both. Your criticisms sound original."

"I hope so. Why should I bore myself and you by quoting criticisms that are customary? Are all your criticisms always customary, Mr. Nicholson?"

Her eyes, as she spoke, looked suddenly into his with a merry gleam of confiding laughter. He was conscious that his heart beat quicker whenever she glanced at him so unexpectedly; he could not meet her glance and be as calm as was consistent.

"I fancy that all my notions, on all subjects, would be, as you say, Miss Naomi, more customary than yours. I am much less sure than you of the virtues of independent thought. I think one generally finds that unusual notions are original only in some twist of wrongness."

"Would you like the world without its twists of wrongness?"

"I should prefer it—greatly."

"And I should hate it. I should be bored to death. Think

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—a world perfectly correct, with no bye-lanes leading no-
, and all its human nature starched!"
was looking at her gravely, with a contemplative yet half
ant glance. Her words held his attention; they might
been words of wisdom of which he could approve, so heed-
e listened.
ou find it dull here?" he suggested after a moment's
nt.
mi's eyes, looking frankly into his, laughed merrily again.
as you, not I, who made that application," said she. "I
t imply that I found the world here perfect."
t you find it quiet after London?"
, yes, I find it quiet—oppressively quiet very often; Aunt
a and Aunt Sophy sit so very still!—the very sight of
makes me need to fidget. Aunt Agatha's mental forefinger
ays up, saying 'hush' to everyone. The servants speak
tly, move so softly, do everything so softly, that I feel
imes as though something loud *must* happen or I should
ate and die. Do you know that sort of feeling?"
Nicholson smiled in quite a sudden way. "Not at all," he
.
ow at home," continued Naomi musingly, "nothing ever
ns quietly. If Jenny—(Jenny is a very jolly little girl—
tle girl who does the work)—if Jenny is only washing up
reakfast things she likes everyone to know all about it.
one does everything with a sociable, cheerful clatter. I
se I miss that—I suppose I miss London too. I miss
n dreadfully!"
ut what is it exactly that you miss?"
scarcely know 'what.' I seem to miss everything. I like
gness and the freedom. I like the airiness. Yes, I know
nds strange to you to talk of London's airiness, but here in
ountry sometimes I feel that I cannot breathe. I like
thing in London. I like the early mornings. I like the
s across the roofs; I don't care a bit for your country sun-
but a sunset across miles and miles of houses is a very
ent thing indeed. I like the lovely roar of the Strand when
eatres are coming out. I like the shop-windows—*all* the
ws—and the gaslight—and the look of the river when the
s are lit along the bridges—and the beautiful rumble of cabs
l the voices of men behind the omnibuses. I look out
my window here in the mornings and long for chimney-tops.

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I like chimney-tops so very much better than hawthorn bushes, Mr. Nicholson."

He was never quite sure whether she was in earnest in all the strange things she said, or whether she was laughing at herself, or aiming at amusing him. She spoke with apparent feeling; and when she spoke so, there was a note somewhere in her tone that affected him most strangely, in a way not at all to be explained, and made him a little unsure of himself and of what he might say and do. She was leaning, like him, one arm upon the gate; but although her face was turned towards him, she was looking past him musingly. He glanced away from her at the shadows of the hedge upon the grass, and breathed more freely. Yet, after a moment, he glanced back at her again. Near her thus a man might make love to her and scarcely be to blame. To touch her hand, to be looked at with a longer look might become a necessity—a passion. He could imagine the danger well—for some men.

He had lingered long enough. Raising his arm slowly from the gate, he drew himself into an upright attitude. He glanced in a doubtful way along the lane. But it was a gloomy path: the shadow of the back-garden walls lay right across it. He glanced back again at Naomi who was standing in the sunshine. And at that moment, Naomi looked at him with one of her swift, straight glances, and spoke again.

"Let us go for a little walk," she said. "Talking of London makes one restless—let us go for a little walk and walk it off."

It was only for a moment that he hesitated, but the moment was long enough to make Naomi feel the enormity of her suggestion. Even as she had made the suggestion she had known how it would strike him. But there was a sense of triumph, of elation in saying to Mr. Nicholson the thing which she should not say, the thing which seemed at the moment the most unbecoming thing to say and which must most surprise him.

A week or two ago he had scarcely disguised his disapproval. Now, when he looked long at her, the disapproval was somewhere in the background of his glance, and his grey eyes met hers with a light neither calm nor critical, a light that set her heart beating fast, deepened the colour in her cheeks and made her desire desperately to look away, to be silent—and otherwise "silly." She would not yield to the impulse. She resented the truth, which in spite of herself she was forced to acknowledge to herself, that in Mr. Nicholson's presence she could not be at ease,

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that she took thought what she should say and what she should do, and that those things which all her life she had said and done simply and spontaneously she said and did now with an effort, after a second's hesitation, half defiantly.

He was over the gate in a moment and at her side. Then he stood regarding her as though there was something a little wrong.

"You would like—a hat?" he suggested.

"A hat?" repeated Naomi with quiet seriousness—"I think there is nothing I should dislike so much. We will keep to the fields—then we shall meet no one. Don't you like to feel the breeze blowing your hair about?—*I* do. That is the one advantage of the country over London—one cannot very well walk hatless through the London streets; though, if one strolls through a bye-street with Mark, he often takes off his hat absently whilst he is talking to one, and carries it behind him, and forgets all about it, I believe, until it strikes him that every one who passes him stares."

"Who is Mark?" asked Mr. Nicholson rather hastily.

"Mark Powell. You must have heard of him!"

"No."

"I am afraid you ought to feel sorry, then—I'm afraid it argues yourself unknown. He's a Socialist—he'll be a great leader by-and-bye—he holds meetings, and crowds and crowds of men come—working men, most of them, but most of them in the winter time with no work to do. I often go to Mark's meetings."

"You!"

"Oh, yes, very often. It's a thing to move you, a great meeting like that—the great crowd of earnest, rugged, attentive faces and Mark's speaking. I don't think Mark is a great orator; some people think he is because the men listen to him in such a way, but I think the power he has is something more than that—more than just the power of oratory—something deeper, much. I know how *I* feel; I always feel that there is something in Mark that is in touch with the better part of me—I expect the men feel that too. He does not speak so very fluently, but every word he says rings *true*. It's his trueness which is his power, I think. When he only looks quietly in his grave way at the crowd before he begins to speak, you feel his power—it stirs you somehow. You feel that all the shams and smooth hypocrisies and secret oppressions of the world have

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pretty well had their day; you feel that truth and right are so strong that they are bound to triumph. You feel that truth has a grip on men's hearts that nothing else has. I say all this, but you can't understand—you ought to hear him."

"I would rather hear *you*," said Mr. Nicholson smiling slightly. And the smile or the words or the tone somehow jarred upon her. She regretted that she had fallen into serious talk; with the thoughts and feelings that appealed to her better nature he had no part nor lot—she had realised that again and again before to-day.

"What is this—this friend of yours besides a demagogue?" asked Mr. Nicholson.

The gentle patronage of the tone provoked her to sudden irritation. She walked on at a quickened pace, a bright little flush of colour in each cheek, her eyes lowered, but her head held defiantly erect.

"Do you mean 'What is his profession'?" she returned presently. "That is what no one who knows Mark ever thinks of asking—it matters so little—it matters nothing. He earns a living somehow: I think he writes sometimes—sometimes he gets secretary work to do—sometimes some committee can afford to pay him for the lectures that he gives. He often wears very bad coats and hats—and I don't think he always dines. But on the days when he gets no dinner someone hungrier gets an unexpected meal—"

There was a little tremor in her voice. She stopped suddenly—

"He lives down at Poplar," she continued after a pause, in a quieter, slower tone. "I believe one can live on very little down at Poplar. But one gets old there quickly—if one lives as Mark lives. *I* feel it hard to realize other people's sufferings except bluntly; Mark doesn't. I believe he lives with a heart-ache always now-a-days. Sometimes, do you know, I think that that thin, grave face of his, with its deep eyes that have given up smiling lately, and its lines—all the deep lines that grow deeper every year—I think sometimes that Mark's face sort of symbolizes the life of East-end London."

In spite of her intention, she had fallen again into a tone of eager seriousness.

"You are enthusiastic, are you not?" said Mr. Nicholson indulgently. And again Naomi felt herself brought down suddenly to a lower level of thought and feeling.

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"Yes, I am enthusiastic," she answered, "and I am glad. One's enthusiasm, it seems to me, is sometimes the only thing of which one can be proud. I am always glad to remember that Mark's goodness stirs me."

A minute's silence, whilst the two walked on side by side together, looking straight before them. Mr. Nicholson's air was admirably calm, judicial, and superior.

"I think that any excessive enthusiasm," said he slowly and reflectively at length, "is apt—to be a pity."

"And I disagree," cried Naomi warmly. "Oh, I disagree utterly! In times of enthusiasm, it seems to me, one gets flashes of insight that one could not get in quite calm moments. One catches for a second at some truth which has always been, but which one's soul was too torpid to see; and after that—well at any rate one is *different* after that—one has new capabilities —if one falls, one must fall lower after that. I seem to be preaching you a sermon," she added, with a sudden change of tone. "You did not expect me to turn sermonizer, did you?"

He certainly could not say he had expected it. But neither could he feel that it had surprised him greatly. He felt that he was prepared for anything in Naomi except those well-bred, gentle, retiring modes of thought and speech and manner, that had always seemed to him the inseparable attributes of a "lady," young or old. It seemed only consistent with his thought of Naomi that she should be too earnest as she was too frivolous. She would never choose the happy mean in anything.

"I do not wish to cast a slur on your—your socialistic hero, Miss Naomi," said he, bringing her back from high-flown abstractions to practical life again, "but you will permit me to doubt the good influence of such a leader."

"You do not know Mark," replied Naomi coldly.

"No—only what you tell me. Pardon me, but I think the influence of such men is an unmixed evil. I think they do incalculable mischief. They rouse up discontent at ills which they know to be inevitable. They are not employers themselves —and they care nothing for the interest of the employer—in nine cases out of ten they care nothing for the interests of the labourer either. They crave for public attention—and they gain it."

"You do not know them," repeated Naomi in a quiet voice.

"I know enough of them," replied Mr. Nicholson with an air of excellent and conscious temperance, "to desire to know no

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more. I cannot say that I have much sympathy with this new outcry every winter about the poor. We have had times of commercial depression before to-day, and the working classes have suffered, naturally, as all other classes have suffered, but they have been content to be patient and reasonable and to wait for things to mend; all this sensational writing and talking is a new fashion, and a fashion with which, I confess, I have very little patience. There is bound to be poverty—there are bound to be men out of work sometimes. And who *are* the unemployed, taking them as a class? Who are they? Ninety-nine out of every hundred are men who *will* not work, loafers and roughs—more than half are utterly incompetent, men who cannot reasonably expect to find employ—the other half are drunkards—and almost all, you will find, are utterly improvident."

"And beyond the pale of sympathy; yes, the case seems proved," said Naomi in his own tone of eminent temperance and common sense. "Are you—quite sure of your statistics?"

He glanced at her keenly for a moment.

"I am only saying, Miss Naomi, what anyone will tell you," said he with a certain accent of displeasure.

Naomi paused before answering "I do not need anyone to tell me," she said then, simply. "I know; and I know you are wrong. I think perhaps I have seen more of the 'unemployed' than you have done—and I have not found that want of work is a test of a man being saint or sinner. Even if it were a test, what then? Both saints and sinners have an inconvenient habit of feeling hungry about dinner-time, and of shivering without fire on a December day. You make me talk bitterly when you talk like that. I have seen a good deal sometimes, in the winter times, of the 'unemployed' and their families. I have gone about with Mark—gone to their homes to see them—often—often and often."

"He ought not to have taken you," said Mr. Nicholson shortly and decisively.

"Ought not? Why not?" echoed Naomi.

"I do not think that scenes of extreme poverty, squalor and misery, are fit scenes into which to take a lady."

"Mark feels differently."

"Yes. I should expect him to do so."

"You say that as though the difference implied some lack in him. Mark's views of ladyhood seem to me to be truer than yours, Mr. Nicholson. Mark has a way of assuming the

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existence of a soul in every one—even in a lady. He never expects one to be lower than one's better self. He never in his life asked me whether I objected to smell foul smells and to climb dirty stairs into dirtier rooms. He never— Let us turn back, shall we? Let us talk of safer topics on which we can agree."

"Willingly. Of what shall we talk?"

Naomi laughed—an impatient, not very merry little laugh.

"It's a question, is it not?" said she. "Let us talk of something that does not matter—to us or to anyone. Let us talk of sunsets—and hawthorn bushes."

CHAPTER III.

April was over; May's blue skies and sweet perfumes and soft breezes bore a promise already of sunny June; and Naomi had had one month more in which to reveal to her aunts and her aunts' friends the indecorous bent of her nature.

In those four weeks Naomi had lost something of her old gaiety of spirits, her careless ease, her lightheartedness. She said as shocking things as ever, but she said them in a different way, almost as though with forethought and intention. She had moods of unreasonable excitement, and moods of equally unreasoning depression. She would gossip with the servants to-day with a familiarity terrible to Miss Agatha, and to-morrow be even more silent than was consistent with dignified politeness. To-day she would be found talking and laughing in the wildest, gayest spirits with Mr. Nicholson across the garden wall, and to-morrow, if he chanced to call, she would sit without a word, scarcely responding to his well-meant efforts at pleasant conversation.

And one night a very strange thing happened.

Naomi had retired to her room somewhat earlier than usual. It was half an hour afterwards, perhaps, that Miss Sophy, who had just come upstairs, crossed the landing from Miss Agatha's bedroom and tapped gently at the girl's door. After a moment's pause, she opened the door softly and looked in. The room was in darkness; but Miss Sophy held a bedroom candle in her hand, and the candle-light discovered Naomi standing by the open window. The window was open wide; the cool air swept in and fluttered the curtains and made Miss Sophy's candle

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gutter in a disreputable fashion in which no candle held by Miss Sophy had ever guttered in its life.

"I came to look at your water-bottle," explained Miss Sophy, shutting the door behind her, and regarding her guttered candle with a grave and regretful air. "Charlotte has been careless about the water-bottles lately. Aunt Agatha's has quite a sediment; let me look at yours. I must speak to Charlotte in the morning."

Miss Sophy had put down her candle on the dressing-table; she brought the water-bottle across the room to the light. But, crossing the room, she fancied suddenly that Naomi was wiping away what looked like tears. She forgot the engrossing question of "sediments," set down the bottle without examining it, and came to the window where Naomi was standing.

"My dear, you will get cold," said she in a gentle tone.

Yes, Naomi had undoubtedly been crying. There were tear-stains beneath her eyes; she had the tense, strange glance of one whose nerves have been too highly strung, and who cannot, however valiant may be her effort, come back at once to the tragedy of water-bottle sediments and guttered candles and the risk of taking cold on a soft May night.

"Look at the sky, Aunt Sophy," said the girl in her tense, still voice.

Miss Sophy raised her eyes obediently. The night was cloudless; the calm, "clear, star-sown vault of heaven" seemed very far away.

"There must be a moon—a new moon—somewhere," said Miss Sophy, vaguely but pleasantly. "You oughtn't to be standing here, Naomi—not like this—in the night air. Why haven't you gone to bed?"

But Naomi, with her head leant back against the shutter, stood silent, still looking up with tense yet dreamy eyes at the far-away night sky.

"You've not been crying, dear?" questioned Miss Sophy, in a gentle, nervous tone, glancing observantly once more at the girl's tear-stained face, and glancing nervously away. But Naomi made no attempt to deny the tears.

"Yes, I've been crying," she admitted simply. "Crying because I am like I am—not a nicer person."

Miss Sophy looked at the girl with a very softened glance. Tears, if the tears were gentle, not passionate, were a form of penitence that always touched Miss Sophy. She could not

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deny that Naomi had cause enough for weeping, yet inconsistently she tried to comfort her. She put out a thin, white, shrivelled hand, and stroked the girl's sleeve consolingly. Naomi was still looking away out of the window; her eyes were bright with some strange excitement; her voice, when she spoke, seemed to have lost its sweet, softly modulated notes.

"The sky," said she, "makes one tell the truth about oneself to oneself. I don't like the truth, Aunt Sophy, any more—not any more, not any longer—now. It makes my heart ache. One does not like to be such a failure—so different from what one meant to be. It made me cry. I meant to be—a better woman—different—better! I meant to care for things, to be sorry and glad; and I care for nothing. There are people suffering, sorrowing; and I cannot care. And people are being noble, being good and true and noble; and I cannot care. And to-night I know it and cry, and to-morrow I shall know it, and try *not* to know it."

There was scarcely anything of passion in her manner as she spoke; but her tense tone and strange words flustered Miss Sophy and checked her desire to be sympathetic. Naomi's tears were only part of her oddness, not tears of penitence for her oddness. Miss Sophy removed the caressing hand from the girl's white sleeve, and spoke in a less pathetic tone, though still soothingly.

"I would go to bed, dear, if I were you," she advised. "You're excited; and you're getting cold. What have you been doing?"—with a glance aside at an open blotting-book on the dressing table—"writing letters—up here? I wouldn't write letters in my bedroom, dear, if I were you, at this time of night. I must close the window, or my candle will gutter when I open the door again."

Miss Sophy shut the window as she spoke.

"Go to bed, like a good girl," she recommended sensibly. "Yes—look at that sediment in your water-bottle! Charlotte is not careful about filtering the water first; I wish you would tell me, Naomi, if it occurs again. Good-night, my dear."

And Miss Sophy, candle in hand, went away to confide to Miss Agatha the fact that Naomi had been in tears, and that Naomi's explanation of the motive of her tears was altogether unsatisfactory.

And Naomi, left alone, turned away from the window and took up a letter which was lying unfinished on the table. It was too dark now for her to read what she had written, but, without reading, she tore the sheet across, and put down the torn

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pieces on the table with a sigh—a sigh that was half a sob. She had tried to-night to write to Mark—tried and failed. Mark had always believed the best of her, she had tried to write according to his faith; but suddenly in the middle of her letter she had paused; all at once she had realised that she was expressing thoughts and wishes which were part of her past, but were filling no part of her present. She had pushed the letter away from her and risen hastily, putting out her candle and throwing open her window, with a sudden desperate need for more air, more freedom; and, standing at the window, looking out into the darkness, looking up at the calm, quiet, star-lit sky, she had, as she had said, told the truth about herself to herself. All that had been best in her—all that had been noblest in her—all that Mark had believed in in her, she was leaving far behind. New personal needs, ignoble but passionate, were standing between her and her old ideals. The remembrance of how her heart had beat yesterday when Mr. Nicholson had stood near her and held her hand, had more power to sway her than the remembrance of all Mark's noblest speeches. The foolish joy that thrilled her when Mr. Nicholson's eyes looked deep into hers and half reluctantly yet softly smiled, had crowded out of her heart her old feeling of fellowship in others' joys and pains. To see him at least once a day—to let him for a moment hold her hand in his, to meet his smile, to feel his presence; that was her "good." Her "ill" was for a day to pass, and to miss him all the day. He did not honour her in his thoughts as Mark honoured her; her "high" was his "low"; what was best in her seemed to him most faulty; he cared for her for her prettiness' sake, for her smile's sake, for some trick of voice or manner that in spite of himself had caught his fancy; cared for her in spite of his own desire, in spite of his common sense, in spite of her better self. Yet to know that he cared for her, even so, seemed often happiness enough, a happiness that filled the day. It was a poor happiness, but it held her in bondage; it shut out all older interests, all older, better needs; it possessed her soul. Half despising Mr. Nicholson, knowing that with one side of his nature he despised her too, still she loved him—and love contented her. How could she write to Mark who believed her good?

Miss Sophy had broken in upon her thoughts. Now that Miss Sophy was gone, she tore up the half-written letter slowly and hopelessly, and opened the window again. The stiff, neat, excellently-furnished room, with its polished mahogany, its four

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slate-grey walls, seemed to suffocate her; she could think better when she need not see it, when she could feel the free out-of-door air in her face and look up at the great calm sweep of sky overhead—the sky that was shining down on Mark, shining down on all those old friends at home—artists, scribblers, reformers, what not—old friends who took life too lightly or too gravely, laughed too rarely or too often, wore the velveteen of Bohemia or broadcloth with too beggarly a nap, but whose lives had all some touch of nobleness, of high endeavour, and whose human sympathies were quick and wide. Thinking of home, she could see things in their truer light again; she could look at the passionate, emotional life she had been leading lately and know it for a lower life. Even now, in this fever time of love, she was not deceived about the quality of the love she felt; it was based on nothing—an unaccountable thing, that had sprung up she knew not how, and grown she knew not why, and that by and by must pass. Looking forward calmly, she knew that it must pass. And yet, because she knew it, she dreaded to look forward; her love was a poor thing, not love as she had dreamt of love, read of love, believed in love, but her heart sickened when she thought of life without it. She could not give it up!—she could not give it up!

And yet——

The clear, calm night-sky stretched away far above the silent lanes and fields—tender, tranquil—

> "A world above man's head, to let him see
> How boundless might his soul's horizons be,
> How vast, yet of what clear transparency!
> How it were good to live there, and breathe free;
> How fair a lot to fill
> Is left to each man still!"

and something of the spirit of the heavens seemed to fall upon the girl as she stood looking upwards. Passion was calmed away. Her strongest need was not to love and be loved, but to be good, to be true—true to her highest instincts, true to "the best" in her, that "best" that Mark had believed in, and appealed to always. She must justify Mark's faith in her. She must—she would—live nobly according to her lights. She *must* get away from self; she *must* care again if others were glad or sorrowful—care as she used to care about Mark's poor people—if that poor sad-eyed, thin-faced girl in the hospital whom he had sent her to see and help was setting her life right

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again, if there was work to do this summer, if next winter promised to be less hard than last; she *must* care, she *must* get back to that wider life, those wider sympathies; she must—she would.

The grey, early morning light was creeping in between the chinks of Miss Agatha's green blinds next morning when Miss Agatha awoke an hour earlier than her wont, and awoke, as she was unaccustomed to awake, with a sudden start. The door had creaked loudly. Naomi, with the door held open, was standing on the threshold of the room.

Miss Agatha sat upright, looking a little startled and bewildered.

"Naomi! My dear, what is the matter?" she asked, in a tone of mingled expostulation and concern.

"May I come in, Aunt Agatha?"

"Come in. It must be very early, Naomi. What is the matter?"

The girl came forward into the room. "Aunt Agatha," she said earnestly, "I came to tell you—that I am going home. I wanted to tell you as soon as I could. I want to go home now—to-day."

Miss Agatha sat looking at her in amazement—amazement too great even for displeasure.

"Go home?" she echoed.

"I cannot stay any longer," said Naomi falteringly, in a tone almost childish in its helplessness. "Let me go, Aunt Agatha. Don't try to persuade me. I have been thinking about it all the night. Don't try to turn me from it. Let me go now—to-day."

"Certainly, if you wish. We will talk about it a little later. The servants are not up yet; it cannot be much more than six o'clock. I am afraid, Naomi, you have disturbed Aunt Sophy, moving about so early. I cannot talk to you at this time in the morning; downstairs, when prayers are over, we will discuss the question. It is a very sudden determination. I am sorry we have not been able to make you happy here. We will talk about it after breakfast. My dear, please to go away quietly. Aunt Sophy sleeps very lightly; she is never accustomed to be called till half-past seven. Perhaps you had better leave the door upon the latch."

Two hours later, when Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy descended punctually at eight o'clock to prayers, crisp toast and eggs,

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Naomi, although she had been guilty of the solecism of having arisen before the servants, had not yet arrived in the dining-room.

"Ring the breakfast-bell again," said Miss Agatha, as she rose from her knees and took her place before the urn. "Miss Naomi did not hear the first bell, perhaps."

"Miss Naomi went out, I think, 'm," ventured the parlour-maid, in an approved tone of grave deference.

Miss Sophy was lingering a moment at the window. At that moment the door in the garden-wall was opened by some one in the road outside, who held it open a little way as though hesitating whether or not to enter; Miss Sophy caught a glimpse of a puffed, cuffless, red brown sleeve and a gloveless hand; an indistinct murmur of voices came borne across the garden through the open window; then the garden door shut with a click, and the voices were lost again.

Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy were very silent through half their meal; but over their second cups of coffee they began to talk of Naomi, and fell into a very serious conversation.

"And I cannot help feeling," concluded Miss Agatha, as she rose from the table, "that if Naomi wishes to go, we had better not oppose her wishes. I do not like to say anything against the child—after all, we must remember that she is poor Philip's daughter—but she is not like us, not like any of our family. I think, perhaps, if she wishes to go, we should let her go."

"And yet it's a pity," said Miss Sophy lingeringly. "It seems a pity, Agatha, just now. I daresay it is only my idea," she added apologetically; "but lately I have thought sometimes that Mr. Nicholson had taken a sort of—a sort of fancy to Naomi. It seems a pity that she should go away—just now."

There was a minute's silence whilst Miss Agatha looked down musingly at the house-keeping keys she held, and Miss Sophy stood watching her nervously.

"It may be only my fancy, Agatha," said Miss Sophy hastily, "but he pays her attention. He certainly pays her attention. You too must have noticed that."

"Yes," agreed Miss Agatha slowly, "I have noticed it. But Mr. Nicholson is so sensible—not likely to be imprudent. And it *would* be imprudent, Naomi is so—so unlike any well-bred girl. I do not think he is likely to make such a grave mistake as that."

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"It would be such a good thing for her," said Miss Sophy regretfully.

"A very unhappy thing for him," said Miss Agatha, moving away.

In the meantime, on the other side of the ivy-covered wall, Naomi and Mr. Nicholson were strolling slowly, and more and more slowly—up and down St. Mary's hill.

The road was quiet. Only at very long intervals a milkman, late on his round, or a countrywoman bearing baskets with fruit or vegetables, would disturb the solitude. There was a scent of mignonette borne on the soft air from some garden border—the morning air was warm already.

As Miss Agatha went away with her keys to the kitchen, Naomi reached the garden-door and stopped. Mr. Nicholson stood still too. Neither was speaking, neither had spoken for many moments; but the silence between them was intense with the remembrance of the words that had last been spoken, and the expectation of the words that next must come. She put out her hand against the door. But she stood facing him, her eyes with a great fear in them raised to his, beseeching him with passionate urgency against the words he meant to say.

"Naomi, you must hear me," he urged, in pleading yet decisive tones. "You have let me say so much, you must hear me to the end."

Only her eyes answered him. Her eyes spoke a language passionate but incoherent. They besought him to be silent, and yet they tempted him to speak. She raised the latch of the garden-door, but as she raised it he put out his hand restrainingly and took hers with decision in his own.

"Naomi, you must listen to me," he declared. "You owe it to me."

She yielded the hand he took; she drew a deep breath, half of passionate regret, half of more passionate happiness, and stood passively before him.

"What I said just now," he continued eagerly, his glance kindling, his heart beating fast as he looked down at her, "is the truth, Naomi. I love you. You must have *known* I loved you. You do not believe in my love—what can I do, what can I say to convince you?"

"Yes, I do believe," said Naomi faintly. Her voice was unlike her own; her heart was beating so wildly that to speak at all was difficult. "I believe—but, don't be angry with me—it will

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pass, you will forget. I'm not the sort of girl you should have fallen in love with. I'm sorry I came—I didn't know. When I go away I shall pass out of your life; you will forget again, you'll be glad I went away—not yet, but *sometime* you'll be glad."

There was something of reason in what she said; he realized it. It was what he had said to himself again and again, day after day, for many weeks past. A week or two ago—even now in sane business moments—he could look forward hopefully to the forgetfulness that might come with absence. But this was not a moment of supreme sanity, he dreaded nothing at this moment so much as the possibility of his own future indifference.

"I do not mean to forget you," he said steadily, holding her hand more closely as she tried to withdraw it from his clasp. "Not unless you can tell me that you do not love me. You cannot tell me that."

A long silence. He stood looking at her steadfastly.

"Tell me that," he continued softly.

And again there was a long moment's pause.

"Naomi," said he, still more softly, "if we love one another why should we put away happiness so lightly? It is not such a common thing. After all it is the best thing we are likely to get in life."

Naomi had drawn away her hand. She looked at him quickly now, with an eager protest on her lips; but the protest died away unspoken. His eyes had spoken to hers in the soft, passionate, persuasive language of love; and last night's visions, this morning's reiterated resolves were all forgotten. Suddenly he bent and kissed her.

It was half an hour later, perhaps, that Naomi came slowly up the front garden path; and Miss Sophy, sitting alone in the dining-room, wondered at her slow step and quiet air. The girl came through the hall, and after a minute entered the dining-room and came slowly towards the window at which Miss Sophy sat.

Miss Sophy looked up, with a vague but agitated feeling that something unusual must have happened. Naomi was unlike herself; her face was very pale, her eyes were bright—too bright—bright without the suspicion of a smile, without any touch of softness or happy eager expectation; she was quiet—it was unlike Naomi to be so quiet.

She stood still just opposite Miss Sophy's chair, but looked

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away out of the window as she spoke. She spoke in so dull a tone that it was a moment before Miss Sophy took in the meaning of her joyful tidings.

"Mr. Nicholson has asked me to marry him," she said; she paused for a moment, the words seemed to come in a laboured way. "I am engaged to him," she added.

For a moment Miss Sophy sat and looked at her in bewilderment. Then she rose up hurriedly and came nearer her.

"Naomi, my dear child—I am glad!" she exclaimed.

Naomi stood looking away with no answering smile, looking out across the garden at the ivy on the wall-top with a dull, unseeing glance.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am," said Miss Sophy, her mild eyes beaming. "It never seemed right, Naomi, your living in London like that, knowing such strange people, with such strange ways too. Yes, I know they were good to you, dear, we won't say anything against them, you were fond of them, I know. But they were not the sort of people one cares about. It never seemed to me quite right."

"Does this seem right?" said Naomi, turning her face slowly, with a curious, very mirthless little smile. Then, suddenly, as Miss Sophy took her hands, she drew them away with a short, sharp sob. "Don't let us talk of what is wrong or what is right," she said; "what is the use? what is the good? Nothing is right for me, any more."

SHELDON CLARKE

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Notes of the Month.

THE marriage of the Princess Louise of Wales is the topic of the day, and has given rise to various curious points of constitutional law and precedent. A kindred question, not bearing directly on this event, is forcing itself forward, and has not yet, we believe, been determined. What will become of the Queen's male descendants, who are English subjects, in the third generation? George II. left no grandchild who was an English subject save his successor, George III. George III. had thirteen children, but no grandchildren in England save Queen Victoria, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Princess Mary—now Duchess of Teck. The Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Albany, have only one son each, who will in due course succeed to their fathers' titles; but what titles, career, and surname will be open to the sons of the Princesses Helena and Beatrice? Will their descendants merge into the common national stock, or will they retain the title of Prince and Princess indefinitely?

The Eton and Harrow match of 1889 will be remembered as "Gosling's year," for there can be little doubt that his innings of 35, which occupied 2 hours and 35 minutes, on a wicket which at times played badly, was a remarkable display of pluck and patience. Had Gosling had the physical strength to punish the bowling, it must have materially affected the result of the match.

The Public School matches at Lords have in time past given rise to various "cricketing curiosities." In 1830 Winchester went in for their second innings with 1 run to get, but 2 good wickets fell before it was obtained. In 1844 Winchester, playing against Harrow, were 30 runs behind in their final innings, and lost 7 wickets before they won the match; while in 1862 Winchester followed their innings, and yet Eton won by only 1 wicket. The Eton and Winchester match in 1862 was a tie, the scores being Winchester, 111, 52 = 163; Eton 66, 97 = 163. But the most remarkable instance of the "glorious uncertainty" of the game was in 1838, when the three Schools played at Lords, and when Harrow beat Winchester in one innings, Eton beat Harrow in one innings, and Winchester beat Eton in one innings. A curious feature of the two latter matches was that in both instances the victor's score was 157, while the vanquished made, respectively, 56 and 71, and 53 and 70 in their two innings.

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The subject of gambling is so prominent at the present time that an accurate definition of the word is sadly wanted. Dr. Johnson defines to gamble as, "to play extravagantly for money," and a gambler as "a knave whose practice it is to invite the unwary to game, and cheat them." Webster holds that to gamble is (1), "To play or game for money or other stake;" (2) "To lose or squander by gaming;" and that a gambler is "one who plays or games for money *or other stake*." These definitions can hardly be regarded as satisfactory, as Webster would include any one who plays whist for sweeties as a gambler; while Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, would exclude from the category all who were not knaves and cheats. Dr. Johnson, however, was something of an "opportunist," and was not always consistent in his views, for on one occasion, in an argument with Boswell and Mr. Erskine, he said, "Sir, I do not call a gamester a dishonest man, but I call him an unsocial man, an unprofitable man. Gaming is a mode of transferring property without producing any intermediate good. Trade gives employment to numbers, and so produces intermediate good."

At the recent Canterbury Diocesan Conference, Archdeacon Smith (following apparently a writer in the *Quarterly Review* of January last) defines gambling as "the risking of larger sums than a man can afford on ventures over which his own industry can effect little or no control." This comes nearer the mark than the foregoing, but is unsatisfactory as being too wide in part, and too narrow in part, as was pointed out in a *Times* leader (July 15, 1889). The fact is, the word is ambiguous, and is used in different senses. The man who plays whist for farthing points, strictly speaking, gambles; but in the eyes of the majority of mankind he would not be regarded as a "gambler." If a real effort is to be made to check one of the greatest and most insidious social dangers of the present day, either a new definition will have to be discovered for an old word, or a new word coined to distinguish reckless and immoral gambling from what may be reasonably described as legitimate and harmless gambling. Can any of our correspondents help us?

The comings and goings of "Society" between town and country are even more an affair of "Seasons" in America than here. The annual round of the fashionable world in New York is thus sharply defined: After Christmas and New Year's week, which, following a temporary "English fit," it spends in the country, Society remains at home until Lent begins, when people migrate to Florida and the South, returning for a brief space before May and June despatch them to Europe. The next two months are the opportunity of Newport, Mount Desert, and Narragusset Pier, while Lenox is the rallying-point in September and October. Visits anywhere and everywhere fill up the late autumn, and not until December does New York welcome her truants back

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again. What a restless existence! Compared with this, the demands upon the strength of fashionable folk in England sink into insignificance.

Who will be bold enough to try "Succatash," which a New York correspondent describes as a "delightful dish of Indian name and origin, at this season *the* thing to partake of"? Here is the recipe: Take Indian corn (sweet) and slice the kernels carefully from the cob; then take beans—usually Lima beans—and mix them with the corn in the proportion of one-third beans to two-thirds corn. To a quart of this mixture add one pint of milk, and season to taste with pepper, salt, and a little butter.

Notes from Paris.

The greatest recent artistic event has been the Secrétan sale, where the high prices reached have caused general surprise, the present time being considered especially unfavourable to artists, who have great difficulty in obtaining even reasonable remuneration for their efforts. Economy is the order of the day, retrenchment is the rule, and no one seems to have money for superfluities. Meissonnier's works are, however, sure of a good sale, and their small size is an advantage, for in the modern Parisian apartments large pictures are strangely inconvenient and out of place. Still 190,000, 66,000, 71,000, francs, seem large sums to pay for such diminutive gems and by a living artist. Corot, whose peculiar style and misty grey colouring caused much controversy during his life, now commands as high prices as Meissonnier; his "Biblis" reached 84,000 frs., and was sharply disputed. The great rival of Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, also attained high prices; his "*Chien d'arrêt*" reached 70,000 frs. And Courbet! Courbet, formerly so much abused for his ugly realism! His "Remise de Chevreuils" fetched 71,000 frs.!

But the great struggle, which became a question of patriotism, was over the "Angelus" of poor Millet, who lived in poverty, almost like a peasant, in a humble *maisonnette* of Barbizon, a village in the forest of Fontainebleau. There he worked to get bread for his *fourteen* children; and the very picture just held up as a national glory, to be kept at any price, was sold by the artist for 1500 frs.! M. Proust, the representative of the French Government, was authorized to bid up to 1,000,000 frs., and a private syndicate was formed to advance the money. The great painter Munkaczy offered funds; and although the rival competitors were Americans, a gentleman of that nation was so moved by the anxiety and eagerness of the French,

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that he actually handed over 10,000 frs. to carry on the bidding on the French side. Mr. Sutton, representative of the American Art Association, was, it seems, authorized to bid up to any price, but was taken by surprise in consequence of the rapidity of the French bidding. Now, however, he obtains the picture at the knock-down price, since the Government have not voted the money advanced by the French Syndicate. It seems hard that Millet's widow and heirs should gather nothing of the golden shower, and that their straitened circumstances should be in no wise improved by the glory come too late.

The pictures by old masters have not reached such high prices; one Rubens, "David and Abigail," was knocked down at 112,000 frs., but this was the highest figure; next comes a Gerard Dow, an "Old Woman," 102,000 frs.; a Vandyck, "Portrait of Anne Cavendish, Lady Riche," 74,000 frs.; a "View of Venice," by Cascale, 63,000 frs.; and a few others.

The exhibition of enamelled jewellery of Messrs. Tiffany of New York attracts much attention. The sprigs of flowers, even of the most minute kind, such as mignonette, are remarkably well imitated, and were much admired by M. Carnot on one of his recent visits.

In the French jewellery division is a wonderful necklace of coloured diamonds, which is rather disconcerting to preconceived ideas as to "water." The intensity of sparkle alone reveals the diamond. There is also a marvellous ruby, of fabulous price, "et il n'est pas gros," was the remark of the jeweller. The colour is wonderful; a congealed drop of angel's blood! if they have any—for the comparison is scarcely orthodox.

The setting of diamonds now adopted is peculiar, and looks very insecure; they are held only by an invisible gold wire, and seem scattered, without any setting at all. It is very fanciful, and the effect is pretty, but imitations would be more agreeable to wear than real stones under such dangerous circumstances.

Dresses for evening wear are trimmed with flowers in a garland round the edge of the skirt; blue tulle, with a border of corn-flowers, or mauve, with Parma violets, are very pretty. The black and white lace *blouses*, thrown over a plain silk under-skirt of any colour, and gathered round the waist only by the sash, tied in a large bow with short ends, are extremely convenient, and always elegant. The *blouse* hangs straight down like a surplice, without any made bodice. Some, more fragile and delicate, are made of *crêpe lisse*, in fan-like plaits, on the same principle of loose, careless attire.

The Telephone at the Exhibition communicating with the Grand Opéra, Opéra Comique and Eden Theatre, is extremely popular. Each

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visitor is allowed ten minutes, and it is said that the sound is heard as distinctly as in the theatres, which causes great delight and amusement, especially to those of the lower class, who have not often an opportunity of hearing what takes place at the Grand Opéra.

"The latest sensation in the scientific world," writes a correspondent, "has been the experiment for 'regaining youth' of Professor Brown-Séquard. The witches' cauldron is extremely in favour just now, and 'bouillon' is made by scientific gentlemen, which is worthy of the recipe in Macbeth. M. Pasteur's 'bouillon de microbes' and 'bouillon' of essence of rabies seemed quite sufficiently repulsive; but now comes Professor Brown-Séquard with a new variety of sorcerer's cookery, which is to ensure 'perpetual youth.' For this certainly desirable end, poor little guinea-pigs and puppies are said to be vivisected, and their internal organs, while still quivering, pounded in a mortar, mixed with distilled water, and then filtered. The liquid thus obtained is not swallowed, but injected by M. Brown-Séquard under his own venerable skin (he is seventy-two) and lo! he is young again; his eyes are bright, his appetite is excellent, which under the circumstances is certainly surprising; no ghosts of guinea-pigs or suffering puppies disturb his peaceful slumbers; his intellect has become sufficiently vigorous for other horrible inventions to be anticipated from his fertile brain; in short, his condition is highly satisfactory to himself and his friends; that of the puppies may leave room for improvement.

"I can understand and admit that even the horrors of vivisection may sometimes be accepted in the serious interests of science—but to cut up guinea-pigs and puppies whilst alive, merely to make M. Brown-Séquard fresh and blooming, does not seem sufficiently justified by the importance of the result obtained. I must acknowledge that I sympathize in some degree with the energetic female who, not long ago, flew at M. Brown-Séquard and belaboured him with her parasol, during one of his vivisection séances. I should not do likewise, but I can understand her feelings."

The opening of the Rossini Home for aged singers, either Italian or French, is an event here in the artistic world. The sum devoted by Rossini to this philanthropic purpose was a large one (£140,000), and everything has been arranged so as to make the inmates as comfortable as possible. The Home can accommodate fifty of both sexes, but only twenty-six are as yet established there. The earliest age for admittance is sixty. The Home is at Auteuil, a suburb of Paris, in a charming situation, overlooking the extensive grounds of the neighbouring establishment of Ste. Périne. The Home itself has a sufficiently large garden, and is airy and cheerful. Each inmate has a comfortable room, with a dressing-room adjoining; plainly,

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but conveniently furnished, and with a charming view. There is a large, airy, dining-room; a library, well provided with books and music; and a *salon*, or drawing-room, for the general use of the inmates, which contains the only piano allowed in the house! A most prudent rule. Here are many portraits and *souvenirs* of Rossini, and here many voices are heard singing his music; voices having lost their stage power, but often still pleasing, and able to recall former triumphs. One would fancy that such an assemblage of talent in such agreeable surroundings would form a perfect little paradise of rest for the veterans of art—but alas! it is whispered that there is more melody than harmony within the precincts, and that quarrels are frequent. The French and Italians do not sympathize, and all have grievances. Alas! for poor human nature!

The Paris season is unusually prolonged in consequence of the attractions of the Exhibition, but soon all the *beau monde* will fly to their *châteaux*, to watering-places, or to the sea-side. Trouville is no longer fashionable, and is principally frequented by business-people, who highly appreciate the facility of spending Sundays with their families, and returning on Mondays to Paris. The few exclusives go to Deauville, the twin sister of Trouville, a bare, sandy, ugly, place, where they can at least keep together, which is about its only advantage. Further on, are Beuzeval, Houlgate and Villers; very pretty, very rural, and very quiet.

But Brittany has at present more attractions for gay people; Dinard, St. Enogat, Paramé, are all much frequented, and enjoy more favour than the bathing-places on the coast of Normandy. There is more of the picturesque element in Brittany; the country is more wild, and the peasantry have kept more of their former characteristics; but it is to be feared that the influx of tourists will soon destroy the peculiar and primitive charm of those regions. Even now it is necessary to go much further to see Brittany as it should be seen.

The favourite watering-places, apart from real physical necessities, are Royat, Vichy, and Aix-les-Bains. Others, less brilliant, are frequented by those who really seek for health; such as Plombières, a very pretty place, but comparatively quiet; Luxeuil, very efficacious as regards medical treatment, but insufferably dull; Contrexéville, St. Honoré les Bains, which deserves to be better known, and is very remarkable for bronchial and throat affections; Néris-les-Bains, for nervous disorders.

The *châteaux* are at present devoted to "la vie de famille," and will only become animated when the shooting season begins, if the elections,

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which threaten to be stormy, leave room for private pleasures and recreations. All await that time with considerable anxiety.

A recent work, called "L'Europe en armes," by Théodore Cahu, better known by his pseudonym of "Théo-Critt," has attracted considerable notice from the important documents to which the author has had access, and which are quoted by him. It is a clear and comprehensive picture of the armies of Europe, their strong and weak points, their comparative chances of success, their most remarkable leaders, and their plans of campaign. M. Imbert de St. Amand has added another interesting volume to his series of celebrated women: "La Duchesse de Berry en Vendée." The account of the dangers and adventures of the mother of the Comte de Chambord in her mad-cap expedition, so near to our time, is well worth reading; but the volume ends with the arrival of the Duchess at Nantes, before she was taken prisoner. Amongst novels we may mention: "L'hôtel St. François," and "Le Secret de Solange," by Maryan; also "Norine," by Ferdinand Fabvre; a clever writer, not always to be recommended, but unobjectionable in this instance.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

The Editor has to acknowledge the receipt of 5*s.* from S. O. for "MURRAY'S MAGAZINE Cot" at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital.

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Our Library List.

DARWINISM, by ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE (1 vol. 9*s*. *Macmillan*), is a re-statement of what may be called the primitive orthodox Darwinian doctrine, stripped of all the subsidiary theories and more or less unauthorized deductions with which it has become to a certain extent obscured in recent years. No one is better qualified to speak with authority on such matters than Dr. Wallace, whose noble suppression of all personal claim to be considered the originator of the Natural Selection theory is perhaps unique in the history of science. The present volume is not one to be lightly skimmed, but readers prepared to devote sustained attention to some of the most important problems that underlie human existence will find it profoundly interesting. The style is perfectly lucid, and as simple as the subject matter admits of. Dr. Wallace holds that man's body only has been developed from a lower animal form, but that his higher intellectual and moral faculties must have had another origin.

EARLY LETTERS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE, Edited by D. S. RITCHIE (1 vol. 12*s*. *Sonnenschein*), should do much towards rehabilitating the sage of Chelsea and his brilliant wife in popular estimation. The bulk of the letters here printed date from before their author's marriage, while she was hesitating whom to choose among her numerous suitors, leaving, however, little doubt as to where her true affection lay from the time when Carlyle appeared on the scene. The correspondence is brimming over with high spirits, and is characterised by the charming mixture of *naïveté* and shrewdness which marks her later writings. The reader is left with the conclusion that Jane Welsh might have done a great deal worse for herself than marry Thomas Carlyle, and that both she and her husband were probably as happy as their temperaments and an average allowance of good and evil fortune would allow. One closes the volume with a certain feeling of remorse that the inmost recesses of an innocent woman's heart have been laid bare before an indifferent public to be wrangled over by angry disputants.

WORDS ON WELLINGTON, by Sir W. FRASER, Bart. (1 vol. 7*s*. 6*d*. *Nimmo*), is a somewhat miscellaneous collection of anecdotes concerning the Great Duke, and a dissertation on the precise site of the famous Waterloo ball. Whether or no we agree with Sir W. Fraser that his hero

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stands side by side with Michael Angelo and Shakespeare as one of the three greatest men that the world has seen, we shall assuredly admit that he is a national hero of whom we can hardly know too much, and shall accordingly welcome any volume which makes a distinct addition to our knowledge of him. Many of Sir William's stories are very good, and some are new even to readers well acquainted with the literature of the subject. It is, however, curious that our author has not apparently taken the trouble to read Lord Stanhope's 'Conversations with Wellington,' and thus avoid the repetition of anecdotes printed within the last few months. While enlarging their knowledge of Wellington, readers will acquire a good deal of information about Sir W. Fraser.

REMINISCENCES OF A REGICIDE, Edited by MRS. SIMPSON (1 vol. 14*s*. *Chapman & Hall*). This volume is compiled from the autobiography of Sergent, Administrator of Police during the French Revolution. He seems to have been desirous in his later years to make the best *Apologia pro vitâ sua* that he could. Our impression after perusing these memoirs is that nothing more clearly shows the hideous perversion of justice and morality which prevailed in France during the terrible epoch of the Convention than this attempt by one of the ringleaders to palliate and excuse his conduct. Every book that reminds us of the inhuman ferocity of the Revolutionary "heroes," and the crimes against God and man which made the whole civilized world shudder at the very name of France a century ago, forms a wholesome corrective to the astounding blatancy of the present celebrations in Paris. Sergent's narrative, confessedly making out as good a case as possible for the Regicides, will, we venture to say, inspire nothing but horror and loathing, mingled perhaps with a faint tinge of pity for the wretches who, like himself, were so lost to a sense of justice even as to boast of evil-doing.

CLEOPATRA, by H. RIDER HAGGARD (1 vol. 6*s*. *Longmans*), is the most ambitious of its author's works, inasmuch as it endeavours to paint for us anew a figure which the imagination of the civilized world has pondered over for many centuries, and which, moreover, has been portrayed by Shakespeare. Absolute success in such a task would of course be impossible, nor has Mr. Haggard submitted to the years of previous toil which enabled, for instance, Flaubert to reconstruct a vanished civilization in Salammbo. Setting aside, then, any very exalted ideal, we find a sufficiently thrilling story of how Harmachis, the lineal descendant of the Pharaohs, was designed by enthusiastic patriots to drive out the usurping dynasty, and to restore Egypt to the Egyptians; how he sacrificed all for the love of Cleopatra, and found himself betrayed and deserted for Antony. Mr. Haggard's style is not less opulent than in former works.

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THE WRONG BOX. By R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne (1 vol. 5*s*. *Longmans*). Joseph and Masterman Finsbury are two old men, the only survivors in a Tontine: how to keep their respective fathers alive the longest is the constant care of the younger generation of Finsburys. Morris and John are the sons of Joseph; one an unsuccessful, mean fellow, but acute enough to control a fast, flashy brother. Michael, a sharp, shady lawyer, is the son of Masterman. Morris suspects that Michael's father is really dead and his death concealed; but he cannot discover the truth; meanwhile Joseph and his sons come in for a railway accident which enables the father to escape in the confusion from the embarrassing vigilance of Morris and John; they, however, think they recognize his body among the victims, and determine to try and secure the Tontine by hiding the fact until their Uncle Masterman's death is announced. They pack the body in a barrel and despatch it to London, intending to bury it in a cellar; but a practical joker gets into the van and alters the labels on all the goods: the body now begins its adventures as "The Wrong Box," which form the chief theme of the story: in the end of course Joseph re-appears, Masterman proves still alive, the crimes of Morris are exposed, and he has to sign away his reversion in the Tontine as the price of immunity. How far such a volume is worthy of Mr. Stevenson's reputation we leave the reader to judge.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

Dramatic Opinions.

By MRS. KENDAL.

Part I.

My opinions! What nonsense, they won't interest any one, for my personal friends already know them, and my enemies won't like them, or believe in them; they will only dissect them, turn them inside out, and try to make out and prove to my unknown generous British public that I am wrong in everything I say! You see, I start with the idea I've enemies. I'll tell you why: all people that have many friends must have the other things; now, I am sure I have the former, so there you are. Who is it says, "A man without an enemy has not got a friend"? Well, I believe that—that's one of my *opinions!*

Before I begin, I suppose I ought to say, like a child on going into school, how old I am and where I was born. But, dear reader, please don't ask me that—where I was born and how old am I. Don't you know? Some folks add a year or two to my age when writing about me, and can't quite decide where I was born. Perhaps I "growed," eh? I shan't tell you, because curiosity in a man is awful; in my sex it's pardonable, I'm told, and most women ask each other, "How old do you think Miss, or Mrs., So-and-so is? Now think. She began in such a theatre, and played such a part; she must have been over twenty then, that makes her —— Oh, my dear, she *must* be!" But *men* never talk like that. At their clubs they converse only of politics, and discuss the progress of the different ages of man, but no, never—never of woman!

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Both my father and mother were on the stage, so were my grandfather and grandmother, so were my great-grandfather and great-grandmother; so were my great-aunts and uncles, my *simple* aunts and uncles, my brothers, my sisters, my nephews, my nieces. I hardly have a relation in the world that hasn't been on the stage, except the new-made knight, Sir William Tindal Robertson, the member for Brighton; but his father, my uncle, was an actor for some years.

We are very, very proud of the fact; when I say we, I mean the Robertson family. *We* sounds regal, doesn't it? but I can't say *us* because that wouldn't be grammatical, so I am obliged to say *we*. Yes, we are proud of it. The blood of the Montmorencys doesn't fire up more when they speak of their long line of ancestry dating from the Conquest, than the Robertson blood burns with enthusiasm when speaking of our long line of descent from actors of old. And we shall, I hope, do nothing in the future to lessen that enthusiasm.

I am the twenty-second child of my parents. Yes, the twenty-second. My brother Tom, the author, was my father's eldest son. I am the youngest of the family. I never knew my brother Tom except as a man grown up—such a great many brothers and sisters came between us.

I am sorry to say I did not play in any of his comedies, in none of what is considered his best work I played in 'Dreams' at the Gaiety, which was charming to the end of Act II., and then fell off considerably, and none knew this better than himself. I often hear my brother's work spoken of as "*The Bread and Butter School.*" Bread and butter! but what good bread and butter! How fine the flour! How carefully kneaded, and always served hot from the bakehouse! Then the butter! How fresh and sweet, what an excellent colour, what delicate pretty pats, with just enough salt to give it a rich, delicious flavour! And then, again, how well the butter was spread over the bread—just enough, no more. And this bread, like all good home-made loaves, was all the better for the keeping. Everybody must eat bread and butter, then how necessary these commodities should be wholesome and pure! We Robertsons never speak of Tom without calling him "Napoleon," for his "Bread and Butter School" was the *coup d'état* to many things. Sometimes I fancy people mean to be rude and speak slightingly of his work when they call it "bread and butter," but at every tea party I take my children to I say, "Begin with your uncle's

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fare *first*, you shall have some fairy poetical drama called 'cake' afterwards!"

Now let me say a few words of personal biography.

Once upon a time there were three theatrical circuits, the York circuit, the Bath circuit, and the Lincolnshire circuit. A Robertson built theatres in the eight towns of the Lincolnshire circuit: companies used to travel (as we do now on a larger scale, among the provincial towns); but in those days all the theatres within a certain radius belonged to one manager, and you were an actor of importance if you belonged to either circuit. My uncle, who was known as "old Tom Robertson, the Mogul," succeeded to the property; when he died he left it to his wife, from whom my father obtained it.

Mr. Chippendale, Messrs. Compton, Braid, and Rogers of the Haymarket Theatre were all actors in my father's theatre. I have letters from Compton to my father when he began I do not like to say at how much a week—and how he was advanced a certain sum of money to get to town. Afterwards life was reversed, and when I became an actress at the Haymarket Theatre I was called by these old actors "The daughter of the Regiment."

When the railway mania or some other burst of speculation reached into Lincolnshire, my father lost everything he possessed; and, on the very day and hour when he knew everything was lost, I was born.

As I have told you, I was the youngest of the family, and considered a very wonderful person to have been reared, because I was the twenty-second child of the same parents. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Marinus. She was a German—the name is Dutch. She was born near the Hague, but her parents really were Germans. Mr. Buckstone was at one time, I believe, a sweetheart of my mother's, and he was so thin and so small, that my mother used to say she could blow him away! I always have believed, perhaps it is a childish belief, that if my mother had had a fair opportunity of appearing before the London public, she would have been a very shining light indeed. I believe she did act there once, but not in any prominent part. She was a true *comédienne*. I was too young to form a reliable estimate of her powers until she was quite an old woman, but her reminiscences and her anecdotes and her sense of humour were very fine.

It appears that my mother wrote to Mr. Chute, of Bristol,

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and said: "You were a poor actor once in our theatre; you have now one of your own; let me be an actress in it." Mr. Chute said "Yes"; and in that theatre I was brought out as Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

Gentlemen who acted with me were George Melville, William Rignold, and George Rignold. A clever lady, Miss Cleveland, who now is Mrs. Arthur Stirling, was the Eliza. I was cast for the part of Eva, which contained three or four little songs, because I used to sing as a child, and was supposed to have something of a voice. At the end of the play I used to be carried up to heaven with Uncle Tom. I was put in a kind of machine, something was put round my waist, and I went up in a sort of apotheosis, as in 'Faust and Marguerite.' I remember too that all my hair was let down my back. I was very fair when I was a child. You can imagine that, as one grows older, hair gets darker if nature is not interfered with.

Then came a blank in my life, when I was too old to play children's parts and not old enough to play women's. There was a certain Miss Pillinger, an intimate friend of Mrs. Chute's, who used to keep a musical academy of very great pretensions. From Miss Pillinger I received—I must not say my musical education, because I am not a sufficiently good musician to say that, but the elements of one.

I remained at Miss Pillinger's Academy until I was about fifteen, when Mr. Wild, who was a partner of Mr. Buckstone at Bradford, came and heard me sing, and insisted on engaging me for the burlesque boy's part of Rasselas. Mr. John O'Connor was the scenic artist. He used to do painting on his own account. I said to him one day, "Mr. O'Connor, when I am rich I shall buy a picture from you," and the first five pounds I ever spent on a picture was in buying a bit of still life of his, which now hangs in my drawing-room.

At this time I used to play parts in the first piece, the burlesque boy's part in the second, and then I sang, and nobody could discover whether I was going to be an actress or a singer, or what my future was to be. I was always told I was "going to be something," and perhaps the most tangible result of the prediction was that during this period of my life I began to earn £10 a week. I was very glad and happy, because I then took my father and mother off the stage, and never allowed them to act again.

I had for some time been very anxious to do this. One day

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an old actor had come off the stage and said, "God bless my soul, Robertson has forgotten his lines again!" I thought, "They shall work no more." From that time my father and mother never acted again.

After leaving Bradford, I came to London, and played for six weeks at the Haymarket Theatre with Mr. Walter Montgomery. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield played Roderigo; he was a great friend of my brother's, and a great lover of art in every way. During the time that I was there Mr. Ira Aldridge was engaged to act. Mr. Ira Aldridge was a man who, being black, always picked out the fairest woman he could to play Desdemona with him, not because she was capable of acting the part, but because she had a fair head. One of the great bits of "business" that he used to do was where in one of the scenes he had to say, "Your hand, Desdemona." He made a very great point of opening his hand and making you place yours in it, and the audience used to see the contrast. He always made a point of it, and got a round of applause: how, I do not know. It always struck me that he had got some species of—well, I will not say "genius," because I dislike that word, as used nowadays—but gleams of great intelligence. Although a genuine black, he was quite *preux chevalier* in his manners to women. The fairer you were, the more obsequious he was to you. In the last act he used to take Desdemona out of bed by her hair, and drag her round the stage before he smothered her. You had to wear sandals and toed stockings to produce the effect of being undressed. I remember very distinctly this dragging Desdemona about by the hair was considered so brutal that it was loudly hissed. Those are the main points of my performance in 'Othello,' to the success of which I am afraid I did not very much contribute.

Now, I must tell you something very odd. Madame Jenny Lind, afterwards Madame Goldschmidt, once called on me and told me she was going to teach the scholars of the Royal College of Music, by the wish of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and she did not feel that she would be able to teach them to sing unless I would teach them how to speak. I told her I didn't consider myself qualified to do so, whereupon she replied that she would not belong to the College of Music unless I did. I was so immensely flattered by this great and gifted creature coming to me, that on the receipt of what I am proud to think was a command from H.R.H. the Prince of

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Wales, who, you know, is the President, I undertook to teach the scholars that came to Madame Jenny Lind. Well, when I first called over the names of my pupils, I found the name of 'Miss Aldridge,' and was informed that she was the daughter of the gentleman with whom I had acted Desdemona as a girl at the Haymarket, a fact which immediately gave me the strongest interest and feeling for her. She has since then given singing lessons and concerts.

From the Haymarket I went with Mr. Montgomery, and opened the new Nottingham Theatre which he had taken. Nottingham was one of the places where my grandfather had built a theatre. It was a strange thing that my eldest sister sang the last note in my grandfather's theatre, and that I sang the first note in the New Theatre Royal. Again, you see, I go back to my singing propensities. I sang the first verse of "God Save the Queen," which in those days was always upon the programme. I was in Nottingham for a very short time. From there I went to the Theatre Royal, Hull, which was a new theatre, to open with Mr. William Brough, who was the manager. I was the leading lady. I used to play everything, from Lady Macbeth to Papillonnetta. Papillonnetta was a lady with wings, in a burlesque of Mr. Brough's. The wings were invented by Mr. Brough, and they used to wind up and flap for about ten minutes, and you then had to run off and be wound up again. In that I used to dance a *pas seul*. Every actress on the stage of any known position has always attempted Lady Macbeth, and has got a more or less ridiculous or interesting anecdote to tell of that attempt. Here is mine:—Mr. Samuel Phelps came down to Hull to play for three nights, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. He chose for his three nights' performances, 'Richelieu,' in which I played Julie; the 'Man of the World,' in which I played the comedy part, and, to complete it, 'Lady Macbeth.'

The reason I played Lady Macbeth was that there was nobody else to play it, except a very old lady. Mr. Phelps had to choose between this very old lady and myself. Mr. Brough told Mr. Phelps that he had better take me, as, whether I could do it or could not, I had at that time so completely got the Hull people to like me that they would forgive me anything. I was put in a garment of my mother's. Mr. Brough, thinking that this was a hazardous experiment, put it in the play-bills "for the first time." I went on, and was received tremendously, and,

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having been taught by my father, I suppose I got through it somehow, and was vociferously cheered. It shows how if anybody, however incompetent, pleases an audience, they will sweep art, experience, and knowledge out of the whole thing and give the inexperienced a hearing. I was called over and over again. Mr. Phelps did not take me before the curtain. Why should he? When he went on again, he was greeted with the most tremendous cries of "Bring her out!" As my father was standing at the wings, he was sent for, and a young man out of the gallery, of enormous size, came round and said to him, "Ay, Mr. Robertson, if thou say'st t' word, I'll duck him in t'Humber; he's not brought on our Madge." My father had to take Mr. Phelps out of the front door to avoid the gallery boys throwing him in "t'Humber." A greater insult to a "genius"—for this time we may apply the word in its right place—a greater insult than a chit attempting to stand upon the same stage with this man, who was, as all the world will acknowledge, a really great actor, I have never experienced. But so kind, so generous, was Mr. Phelps, that, when I came to London, he paid me the compliment of sending for me to play Lady Teazle at his benefit at the Standard Theatre.

From Hull I came to the Haymarket Theatre under Mr. Buckstone, where I remained seven years. There I met my husband, and married. I went to the Haymarket a single girl, and left it "*The Matron of the Drama.*" This title, which is always applied to me, it would be foolish to say I am not proud of. I am very, very proud of it; but with the pride comes a feeling of regret at being so conspicuously selected. To the generous-minded friends who have given me this title my grateful thanks are due; but I fear they did not take into consideration the feelings of many others when they placed on my poor head this crown of honour! I next went to the Court Theatre with Mr. Hare to play Lady Flora: then to the Prince of Wales's to play in 'Peril' and 'Diplomacy'; and afterwards to the St. James's. Such has been my life. They say that rolling stones gather no moss, but sometimes I think it is a pity to remain too stationary.

I have often been asked, I may say, by thousands, both in letters and in conversation, as a matter of interest by my friends and from curiosity by others, why my husband and I always act together, and have never been parted. I wish to state to the public why it is so. My father was an actor who

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said he believed that the greatest amount of domesticity and happiness in a life devoted to art could exist upon the stage, provided husbands and wives never parted. If, on the contrary, a man, because he could earn £10 a week more, went to one theatre, whilst his wife for a similar reason went to another, their interests tended to become divided; their feelings ran in separate grooves, and gradually a shadow would grow up at home which divided them for ever. On my expressing a wish that I should marry an actor, he said that only on this condition would he allow me to marry my husband,—that we should never be parted. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean always acted together, and she endorsed my father's words. If my husband and I had been separated, if he had played parts to other women; if other women had played parts to him, and I to other men, and other men to me, there is no doubt that certain go-ahead people would have preferred it, and we should probably have been worth thousands of pounds more to-day; but, on the other hand, there is another section of the public who say they like to see us act together: that the very fact of knowing we are man and wife gives them a certain satisfaction in witnessing our performance, which they would not otherwise feel. That, however, I must leave for the public to decide; as far as we are concerned, however, it was a vow made to my father, from which my husband has never departed; and if, when we are dead, we leave our children less money, let us hope they will respect what we have done.

Letters have been written to me, and friends have come to me and argued the point, saying it would be more interesting to see another man embracing me. Where the interest comes in, I do not know. Also that it would be infinitely more fascinating if somebody else acted with my husband. I believe there is a little sort of story going forth that the reason of all this is to be found in the existence of a peculiar green-eyed monster in Mrs. Kendal's heart. Poor lady! It is a blessed gift that her shoulders are broad, because I have found that, if a woman has lived many years happily and creditably with her husband, some reason or reasons must be given. However, in return, I beg the disaffected always to look with large opera-glasses at my husband, who, having lived with me for twenty years, is a very good target for them to shoot their pistols at!

I wonder will it interest you to hear what I think of the French actors coming over to London, and the effect it had on art generally

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in this country? I think for one thing that it has made the English people see that there is just as much good art here as abroad. But then you must make allowances for the different peculiarities of nations. For instance, as you drive through the streets of Paris you often see two people talking at a corner, and you notice their gesticulations. One is explaining something to the other. From the extraordinary twinkle in his eye, the expression of his mouth, the waving of his hand in the air, and the undulating sort of movement of his body, you suppose that he is describing some most exciting scene, perhaps a murder; you go up to him and find that he is simply pointing to a *café* where he had some beer! Now all these gesticulations are to a Frenchman perfectly natural, he is to the manner born.

We English, speaking generally, have by nature no gesticulation. We are more phlegmatic, more solid. Like the parrot, we "think a great deal," but we don't show it. We sit on our perches and imagine we are expressing all sorts of emotions, but as a matter of fact we are doing no such thing. Our excitement is taken inwardly; inwardly we feel as much as the French do, perhaps more; but we do not give that extraordinarily graphic description of what is passing in our minds which makes a Frenchman's account of even trivial events so dramatic. Therefore I consider that the gesticulation on the French stage, which is supposed to be so wonderful and so charming, is merely the result of a difference in national temperament. With us it is more art than nature: with them it is more nature than art. As animated gesticulation is more difficult of attainment by English actors, it ought, when we do see it, to be estimated doubly highly from an art point of view. But there is another reason why we pay less attention to the small details of gesture. English audiences are so totally different from French audiences. I remember going to see a play called 'Les Danischeff,' where one of the greatest actresses, Madame Favart, played the part of the mother. She was a *grande dame*, and came on the stage with two attendants, a parrot and a dog. For a long time she held her audience by little remarks, such as "my son has arrived in Paris. Pleasant society there. I was there myself in my youth. I enjoyed it immensely"—then to the parrot, "you darling,"—and so she went on; she just played with her little bits of lace on her dress—put her rings straight—arranged her bracelets—took her lace pocket-handkerchief up and sprinkled a little scent, fanned herself, played with the dog, conversed with the parrot,

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spoke of the political intrigue that was going on in Russia. There was not any action, any "play"; but the artist arrested the attention of the audience, who sat listening eagerly to nothings exquisitely delivered.

An English audience would have grown impatient; they would have said, "There is nothing going on, there is no conversation, there is no narrative, there is no action."

French audiences will listen attentively to long duologues, or even monologues; witness the monologue in 'Don Cæsar de Bazan,' and that oration of Charles V. to the tombs of his fathers in 'Hernani.' When I heard it, it was magnificently delivered by M. Worms. It lasted—my gracious! how long it lasted! Nothing took place, the actor was surrounded by tombs; a dark scene, a beautiful soliloquy in verse, and the audience listened to the music of their own language, delivered by an elocutionist whom to hear was a delight.

Now an English audience must have action. The eye must be pleased or the ears tickled, there must be some strong appeal to the senses. You must gratify the eye by spectacle, or the ear by an equivoque, some such devices are indispensable. In France you hear two or three men and women discuss some political question or society question of the day for twenty minutes or half an hour, as they do for instance in the play of 'Le Monde où l'on s'ennui.' Such is the difference between an English and a French public.

I have often been asked whether actors who play minor parts conspicuously well spring suddenly into more prominent positions. The question reminds me of an incident which occurred in a play by Arthur Sketchley, the well-known author of the "Mrs. Brown" series. He had written a three-act drama called 'Blanche,' which my husband and I, on tour at the time, were playing at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. The plot was taken from an old French drama, and consisted of a woman being falsely accused of poisoning her husband. It was very hard work, I remember, for three acts for every one in the play. In the last scene, when the villain steps forward and denounces the heroine with the words, "You poisoned your husband. I saw you put the poison in the glass at such and such a time," a black man-servant comes forward and says "Liar!" I am sorry to say that this was the only occasion for genuine applause throughout the play. So great was the success of the minor actor, that he immediately jumped into a most prominent

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position in the provinces and became a leading man. Whether he has kept his position till now I do not know, for I have lost sight of him.

Many actors have established reputations by playing small parts only, and by playing them so well that, of course, being known for a particular style of acting, they are engaged solely for the kind of parts that suits their peculiar personalities. In this way they sometimes establish a good reputation, and are really more valuable than some persons in greater positions. As to the income they can earn, it is hard to lay down a general rule. There are men in our profession, and women too, who have played subordinate parts, and who, when fitted physically and artistically for them, are worth their weight in gold. They earn an extremely large sum of money while they have an engagement, but the engagement is so precarious and breakable, according to the arrangement,—whether it be for the play, which may or may not be a success, or for whatever time it may be. In a bank, when a man has once arrived at being the manager, he gets so many hundreds a year, and it goes on until he dies or does something unworthy of the trust of his employers. We actors and actresses are but "creatures of the hour," and, if we do not make money while before the public, we certainly make nothing when we are hidden from their admiring eyes.

Perhaps you want to know whether there have been any public favourites who never could really fill a prominent position or take a leading part in a play, but who have made a small part famous? I think I may safely say that there have not, because, directly a man has made a success, he immediately gets on, and on, and on. There is no station at which you take the train "for ever" in our profession. You see the man who made his reputation by the one word "Liar" did not go on lying—he jumped. On the other hand there is no difficulty in finding actors to take small parts, the difficulty is to know whom to refuse nowadays. All these matters are easily arranged. There is no difficulty in anything when you are down in the world, difficulties only begin when you rise to a position. As long as you are a nobody, you hurt nobody, and therefore you are a charming person and all right. It is when you are in a position, when others want that position, and when, if they cannot say one thing against you, they wish to devise something else, that difficulty comes in.

(*To be continued.*)

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Books and Book-buying.

I HARDLY know whether to lament or rejoice over the en dispersion of old Libraries which has taken place dur last few years. On the one hand, the natural conserva the English mind compels regret that the books whic cost so much time and trouble in the collection, an doubtless afforded such intense interest to the collector be sent forth (to borrow the touching words of Lord C in his Preface to the sale of the second portion of his l "to battle for new homes and hearths." On the other is well to remember that the accumulation of valuable b the hands of individual owners for a great length of tir much knowledge kept from the world at large, and dissemination of that knowledge through a hundred channels can hardly fail to be more or less generally use to stimulate literary research and enquiry which the fresh supplies would discourage and diminish. From th of view, I cannot share in the regret which I sometim expressed, that so many of our good books find their America. On the contrary, I think it is a subject fo satisfaction that our American cousins should del acquiring English books, and should show their appreci our literature by the practical method of paying highly f and old editions of English works. It is a proof that th the tie of blood and kindred which exists between the and us, that they consider themselves to have a claim to of the pride which we feel in our great authors, and d possess and preserve memorials of the old country to w other nation has so good a right.

Wherever the books have gone, there is no doubt of t either of the quantity or quality of those which hav brought under the hammer within seven years past.

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that period because it comprises the years during which I have amused myself in the collection of a library, chiefly relating to English Topography, and have consequently paid some attention to the sales which have taken place. In dealing with these sales, there is nothing more remarkable at first sight than the different prices obtained for the same books in different libraries. I say "at first sight," because, when the matter is investigated a little more closely, it will be found that the particular edition, the binding and the condition of the books go a long way to account for the variety in price. I have seen valuable books brought into the market, immensely depreciated in value from the fact of having been kept in damp rooms. The accumulation of dust also, especially London dust, is hurtful to books, and a glance round the volumes arranged for any coming sale at Sotheby's will soon tell an experienced eye whether they have been well cared for or neglected, in which latter case rubbed backs, broken bindings, &c., soon pull down the value even of a good edition of a good book.

As a matter of curiosity, I have analysed ten of the noteworthy sales which have occurred during the time of which I write.

Name of Sale.	Year.	No. of Days' Sale.	No. of Lots.	Amount realized.	Average price per Lot.
				£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1. Beckford sale . .	1882 1883	40	9,837	73,551 18 0	7 9 6
2. Towneley sale . .	1883	8	2,815	4,616 0 0	1 12 9
3. Stourhead sale . .	1883	8	1,971	10,028 6 6	5 1 9
4. Gosford sale . .	1884	11	3,363	11,318 5 6	3 7 3
5. Osterley Park sale .	1885	8	1,937	13,007 9 0	6 14 3½
6. Hartley sale . .	1885–6	20	5,057	14,895 13 6	2 18 10½
7. Sir T. Phillipps' sale .	1886	8	3,346	2,200 15 0	13 2
8. Aylesford sale . .	1888	9	1,983	10,574 14 0	5 6 7
9. Thornhill sale . .	1889	2	410	2,030 6 0	4 19 0
10. Buccleuch sale . .	1889	3	1,012	3,702 16 0	3 13 2
			31,731	145,926 2 6	4 13 3

My statement as to the variety of price will be fully sustained by the above figures; but there is something more to be said to account for that variety, and a casual glance at the list may easily mislead as to the value of the books in any particular library. The arrangement of the Catalogue has to be taken into account; in some catalogues many lots include several books, whilst, in another, single volumes may be the order of the day,

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which has, of course, an appreciable bearing upon the value of each lot. Then, again, there are books which are sold "with all faults," upon which the wise buyer looks with a suspicious eye, as this description precludes him from returning his purchase if he should find imperfections in any or all of the lots so purchased. As a general rule, a good collector will not admit into his library any book which is not perfect, and, if he buys one which is "not subject to return," he is in the position of the man who buys a horse without warranty, and must run the risk. That necessarily diminishes the market value of the book. There are, of course, exceptions to the "general rule"; one, when the book happens to be one of which absolutely perfect copies are almost impossible to get, and another, when the book itself is so rare, that if a man waits for a perfect copy he will probably go without any copy to the end of his days. Then, again, what *is* a perfect book? A collector of British topographical books appeals to his 'Upcott' and 'Lowndes,' invaluable assistants to the searcher after perfect volumes. Upcott is especially particular and minute in his account and description of books. He gives the titles, half-titles, engravings, contents, number of pages in each volume, and even down to the misplacing of pages, so carefully, that if the volume corresponds with his description it is tolerably certain to be perfect. There are some books, indeed, notably Nichol's great 'History of Leicestershire,' and Blomfield's 'History of Norfolk,' of which it is almost impossible to obtain a copy perfect, according to Upcott. I have examined many copies and found some one or more imperfections, though often immaterial, in all. But the worst part of the story is, that although Upcott is delightfully minute, and Lowndes exceedingly accurate and useful, the book of the former was published in 1818, and that of the latter in 1834. Consequently there are a large number of topographical works of a later date, of which the two authors I have named knew nothing and could say nothing. It would be a valuable service to the topographical literary world if some successor to these two authors should arise, and carry on the account of British topographical works down to the present time. The taste for writing small works relating to local topography seems to be on the increase, but, so far as I can see, it is highly improbable that any more—certainly not many—large County histories will appear. A supplementary work to those of Upcott and Lowndes would be certainly a somewhat arduous

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undertaking, but it would be of great interest, and would supply a want which increases with every new topographical publication.

While speaking of the price of books, one must not forget that competition forms an important factor in the determination of price. This seems a self-evident proposition; but the meaning which I intend to convey is that there is a great variation in competition, which causes a natural and corresponding variation in the prices. This is easily understood when one considers the character of an auction, and the different classes of bidders and buyers. These may be roughly divided into three separate categories. First are to be named the booksellers and agents who have received commissions, general or specific, to bid for customers. If a would-be buyer employs one of these gentlemen, the usual practice is to pay him ten per cent. upon the price given. I have heard of more being charged; but this is the legitimate price, and fair enough when all things are considered. If the buyer has been wise enough to select a bookseller of standing and position, who is himself habitually a large purchaser of books, he gains several distinct advantages. In the first place, he takes out of the field a probable competitor who might otherwise oppose him; in the next place, if, as is sometimes the case, he is obliged to bid for books by the catalogue, without having been able to see them, he has the advantage of his agent's personal inspection and judgment, and in any event he saves time and personal trouble to an appreciable extent. Moreover, I am bound to say, that there is a perhaps not unnatural desire on the part of some of the professional bidders for books to prevent an amateur from securing "good bargains," which points to the desirability of his proceeding in what these gentlemen consider the proper and legitimate manner by employing an agent. It has been observed to me that, inasmuch as the payment is according to the price given, it is the interest of the agent that a large price should be given in order that his percentage may be higher upon the transaction. At first sight this would appear to be the case, and of course there are honest and dishonest men in all trades, but I can only say that my experience has been on the side of honesty. I have bought many hundred pounds' worth of books through an agent, and have over and over again found that he has purchased them for less than half the price to which I had authorized him to go. Of course it is easy to suppose collusion between two

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or more men to "run up" the price of a book for their own purposes; but, as a rule, I believe that the bidding at the great book sales is as honest and straightforward a proceeding as in any auction sales that can be named.

Besides the booksellers who hold commissions, there is a second category which consists of those who buy on their own account, hoping, and being very often able, to realize a fair and sometimes a large profit on their purchases. As a rule, however, I think the better class of books generally fetch nearly their full value, inasmuch as that value is pretty well known to the booksellers, none of whom is inclined to let a trade-rival have a lot much below the price at which he knows it can be easily resold. Risks and speculations there must be, and sometimes a good book is sold at a cheap rate; but this is the exception and not the rule, and generally happens at some small sale where such a book accidentally turns up among a lot of "rubbish." The third category of bidders and buyers comprises the amateurs, who like to bid for themselves. As a rule they pay for their pastime, for the professional buyer soon "spots" the amateur, and the latter has to calculate whether he saves his commission, or pays a sum which covers it, by bidding for himself. A curious incident once happened to me in relation to this practice. I chanced to stroll into the room where a book was selling for which I had authorized my agent to bid £12 12*s.*, which, with the ten per cent., would have been £13 17*s.* He had very properly stopped bidding at my limit, and the book was just about to be knocked down at £13 5*s.*, when I gave one bidding for myself, and got it at £13 10*s.*, or 7*s.* less than I should have given if I had bought it through the agent. Of course there are men who leave price entirely to the bookseller they employ, which doubtless may very often be done with impunity, but which, if I were a bookseller, I should very much dislike. It is better to give a limit, even if it be a very wide one, else such mistakes may occur as happened ten years ago at Lord Farnham's sale at Sotheby's. There was a book entitled 'The Brights of Suffolk, England,' published for private distribution in Boston (U.S.) by an American gentleman who desired to commemorate his descent from the English family whose name he bore. It was an interesting book enough, and had cost the author (as he tells us in his dedication to his daughter) "many hours of wearisome labour, while tracing the footprints of his ancestors in England." But to the general

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public it was of no great value, and a couple of pounds at the outside would have been the price for this octavo volume, "with plates and pedigrees, clean, brown morocco, red edges." However, two agents had been employed to bid without limit, and they actually ran the volume up to £25 before the hammer fell. The same copy was afterwards sold for £2 10*s.* at the sale of the second portion of the Hartley Library in 1886. The extraordinary price given at Lord Farnham's sale was accidentally the cause of my buying a very clean good copy of this book for £2 6*s.*

At Colonel Chester's sale at Sotheby's in April 1883, the Farnham incident was given—or rather the price at which the book had then been sold was stated—in the catalogue, and casually hearing the bidding hanging at £2 4*s.* 0*d.*, I made one bid, not knowing anything of the book, and somewhat to my surprise, secured it. Curiously enough, when I came to look into the book I found that one of the ancestral relations claimed by the author is one concerning whom I have a similar claim, namely Mary Waters, daughter of Robert Waters of Lenham, Kent, and Katherine Bright. This lady married Robert Honywood of Charing, afterwards of Marks Hall, Essex, who is stated on her tombstone to have been her only husband. Furthermore it is stated that she "had at her decease lawfully descended from her, three hundred three score and seven children, 16 of her own bodie, 114 grandchildren, 228 in the third generation, and 9 in the fourth." She died at Marks Hall at the age of 93, in the year 1620, having been married in 1543 at the early age of 16. This is the lady of whom we are told in 'Fuller's Worthies of England,' that "falling at one time in a low, desponding state of mind, she was impressed with the idea that she should be damned; and exclaiming in a paroxysm of the malady, "I shall be damned as sure as that glass is broken!" at the same time she threw on a marble slab a glass she held in her hand; but the glass did not break." "However," says Fuller, "the gentlewoman took no comfort thereat, but continued a great time after in her former disconsolate condition." I may remark that the glass referred to in this story was kept for many years in the Honywood family, and at last broken by one of them at the beginning of this century, whilst showing it to visitors.* This reference to Mrs. Honywood of Marks Hall made

* There is a story akin to that of Mrs. Honywood and the glass, which I have never seen in print. I inherited from my Hugessen ancestors various

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the book all the more interesting to me, but neither this, nor anything else than the mistake of giving a commission without limit, could have brought it up to the price which it fetched at Lord Farnham's sale.

As to variations in price, the ten sales which I have given as

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old books, of which one was a large folio—Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion.' Upon the blank sheet, immediately after the picture of the author, the following is written in cramped, but tolerably clear, handwriting. I transcribe the page as it stands.

E. LIBRIS GULIELMI HUGESSEN,
Anno d^ni^ 1705.

A Letter relating to a Particular and most amazing Circumstance concerning the illustrious Earl of Strafford, transcribed from the original letter to a Lady of that worthy Family, written by Dean Crelly (?) affirm'd in a most Solemn manner by Jones, one of the Companie.

To be carefully bound with this book.

MADAM,

A little after my Lord's death, there fortun'd to meet at the Cross-Keys Tavern in the Strand, five Gentlemen of good qualitie: and my Lord, who was the only Subject of all discourse, afforded them them argument of conversing together: four of them (namely Mr. Lambert, Ffloyd, Jones and a nameless Gentleman) spoke with extream violence and bitterness against my Lord, insomuch after general unjust and uncharitable speeches, the conclusion of that discourse was these words of Lambert; "the Earl of Strafford lived like a villain, and dyed like an Hypocrite." The first gentleman, Mr. Harris, a papist, replyed to these words thus: "I will not take on me to justifie the Earl of Strafford's life, since he was judged by the greatest Court of the Kingdom, but for his death t'is acknowledged by all to have been a most holy, pious and Christian-like death; and I doe not doubt at all but he is now in Heaven." Hereupon Lambert with great furie rejoynes thus: "Talke no more, Harris; the Earl of Strafford is as certainly damn'd as this glass is broken,"—and with much violence and furie throws the wine-glass (of a small boat-fashion) against the wall, from whence it bounded up to the top of the Roome, falling down to the window, and thence to the ground without breaking. The Drawer took up the glass and delivered it to Lambert, saying, "Sir, the glass is whole:" Lambert answered "Sure it is," confused; and with that lett it falle on the floore, where it broke in many pieces. This is the true storie, madam, as it was told by a first person (not of the Company) to Mr. Chillingworth, an honest and learned Divine, who with his friend repaired to Mr. Jones, who repeated all the particulars to him, concluding, "Sir, upon my Salvation this is true, and soe I pray you report it." From him Mr. Chillingworth went to the Tavern, who desiring to see the roome could not, it being taken up with Companie, but was assured by the Master of the House and Drawer then present that all those particulars were true. After he had accounted these things to me, I went with him to the Tavern, where the Master and Drawer repeated the same passages over again, showing us all the places where the glass struck against the wall, cieling, window and ground. This, madam, is the true storie concerning that particular.

S George Radcliffs House
near ye gatehouse Westminster
15 Feby. 1641.

(Signed) HU CRELLY.

FINIS.

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examples will on further analysis show some curious instances. I have selected sixteen well-known books, copies of which were sold at several of these sales, and placed them in a list, by a glance at which their variations in price may be seen. Sir Thomas Phillipps' sale ought perhaps to have been excluded from this list, as on looking closely into the catalogue and results of this sale, I find that many of the books were imperfect, and cannot therefore be fairly compared with the perfect copies in other sales. This of course accounts for the lowness of the average price in this sale, and affords an example of the deceitfulness of "averages," since the Phillipps' low average materially brings down the average of the whole ten, which would otherwise be a tolerably fair criterion of general value. The Towneley books were old and not uniformly in good condition, but this (so far as averages are concerned) is balanced by the exceptionally fine binding and good condition of the Beckford books, which, added to the rarity of some of them, brought the average out at a high figure. To those who are curious in the matter, the list given in the Table on the next page will be of some interest.

It is curious to trace some of the books in later sales, and to note their relative prices. Of Ashmole's 'Order of the Garter,' I only find one small-paper copy sold in 1887–8 at a "miscellaneous" sale at Puttick and Simpson's. It fetched £3 2*s.* 6*d.* A large-paper copy sold for £11 in the Hildyard sale in June of the present year. Atkyn's 'Gloucestershire' was sold in 1887 at Cooper's sale for £21, and at Brice's sale for £39; whilst in 1888 a copy was sold at the Wimpole Library sale for £27. The later edition of this work (1768) only fetches as a rule about £10, and I have seen it sold for less. It does not contain the portrait of the author, which is in the first edition, and, being less rare, is consequently in less request.

According to Mr. Gray's 'Book-prices current' for 1887 and 1888, no copy of the best edition of 'Chauncy's Hertfordshire' seems to have come into the market in the former year, and besides the Aylesford copy, only one in the latter year, which had been re-backed, and sold for £11 5*s.* 0*d.* at the Beresford-Hope sale. This book, though by no means as complete and minute a history as the more modern production of Clutterbuck, is a good, interesting and accurate volume, and if in fair condition, always maintains its price. The same may be said of Drake's 'Eboracum,' the best of the many histories of York. Apart

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Books.	Beckford Sale.	Towneley.	Stourhead.	Gosford.	Osterley.	Hartley.	Phillipps.	Aylesford.	Thornhill.	Buccleuch.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Ashmole's 'Order of the Garter,' large paper.	20 10 0	...	...	19 0 0	...	5 5 0	...	6 5 0	3 9 0	...
,, ,, small paper.	...	...	6 15 0	...	3 6 0	4 7 6	...	...	...	1 11 0
Atkyn's 'Gloucestershire' (1712)	52 0 0	...	38 0 0	33 0 0	...	38 0 0	5 10 0 very imperfect.	33 0 0	29 0 0	...
Chauncy's 'Herts'	21 0 0	15 10 0	17 0 0	14 0 0	7 15 0	12 10 0	...	22 10 0	12 0 0	13 15 0
Drake's 'Eboracum,' large paper	63 0 0	...	27 0 0	32 0 0	23 0 0	32 0 0	...	...	27 0 0	...
,, ,, small paper	...	11 0 0	...	...	...	9 5 0	...	12 0 0	...	...
Dugdale's 'Warwickshire,' 1st edition. . .	20 0 0	14 10 0	24 10 0	16 0 0	...	23 10 0	...	9 10 0	16 5 0	...
Yough's 'Sepulchral Monuments'	31 0 0	50 0 0	15 10 0	...	...	51 0 0	2 3 0 imperfect.	25 10 0	...	13 0 0 imperfect.
Peck's 'Stanford,' large paper	10 15 0	...	8 10 0	...	...	2 18 0	...	2 2 0	1 12 0	...
Plot's 'Oxfordshire,' large paper	8 15 0	...	...	...	...	4 4 0	...	3 6 0	4 4 0	14 0
,, ,, small paper	...	1 16 0	3 15 0	...	2 12 0	...	10 0 imperfect.	...	...	...
Plot's 'Staffordshire,' large paper	40 10 0	...	48 0 0	32 0 0	10 15 0	21 0 0	...	6 10 0	12 5 0	11 10 0
Sandford's 'Genealogical History,' ed. 1677 .	9 7 6	...	6 0 0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
,, ,, ,, ed. 1707 .	9 2 6	5 0 0	...	14 10 0	2 15 0	12 0 0	...	2 8 0	9 15 0	2 2 0
Thoroton's 'Nottingham,' 1677	14 10 0	...	...	26 10 0	15 5 0	12 0 0	...	12 0 0	...	8 10 0
Tanner's 'Notitia Monastica,' 1787 . . .	...	6 6 0	7 5 0	8 5 0	1 11 0	...	2 10 0	4 10 0	...	...
Todd's 'History of College of Bonhommes' .	5 12 0	...	...	7 0 0	...	3 3 0	...	3 3 0	...	...
Warner's 'Glastonbury'	5 5 0	...	3 10 0	3 0 0	...	2 12 0	...	1 12 0	...	...
Warner's 'Hants,' large paper	...	...	...	23 0 0	...	25 10 0	...	29 0 0	...	...
,, ,, small paper	...	9 15 0	14 15 0	...	...	...	...	...	4 6 0	...
White's 'Selbourne,' 1st edition	8 5 0	1 8 0	3 15 0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

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Aylesford sale, I find only six small-paper (and no
r) copies in the catalogues of 1887–8, and these sold
anging from £5 (Sykes' sale) to £7 10*s.* 0*d.* (Dr.
's sale), save the Beresford-Hope copy, which for
on not disclosed by the catalogue sold only for two
I may remark that in Mr. Hildyard's sale this year
ferred to, a good large-paper copy, in old gilt russia,
11 10*s.* 0*d.*, and also that at Mr. Perkin's sale
ly, a fine copy of this work, "inlaid in 6 volumes,
extensively illustrated with Portraits, views, and
awings, russia extra," sold for no less than £60.
was stated to have belonged to the unfortunate Mr.
. The first edition of Dugdale's 'Warwickshire' (1656),
1887 for £6 10*s.* 0*d.* at Sir William Hardy's sale, and
nobleman's sale;" whilst in 1888 it fetched £10 at "a
ous sale," and £6 5*s.* 0*d.* at the sale of the Wimpole
copy, "slightly stained," fetched £7 at Hildyard's
ut £10 is a fair price for a good copy of this edition,
of 1730 (two volumes) fetches double the money, or
s. I do not find any perfect copy of Gough's
l Monuments,' Peck's 'Stanford,' or Plot's 'Oxford-
1887–8, save one of the last-named book in the
Library" sale, which fetched one guinea. Plot's
ire' also was scarce in these years, and the only copy
in the Whatman sale, where a large-paper copy, "in
t," was bought by Quaritch for only £7. I gave £21
y, which was in the third portion of the Hartley sale.
ver quite make out how it got there, among a number
neous books and prints, instead of having been with
aphical books which formed the greater part of the first
he sale. There it was, however, "in handsome crimson
ith bands and rich gilding on back, edges and borders,"
beautiful volume, that I did not for a moment regret
The 1677 edition of Sandford's book, which Lowndes
s valued by some as containing the best impressions
tes," was sold in 1887–8 for £1 1*s.* 0*d.* at the Bennett
sley sale, and £1 8*s.* 0*d.* at a miscellaneous sale; whilst
ford's copy of the 1707 edition fetched £6 12*s.* 6*d.*—no
ct copies in those years. Tanner's 'Notitia Monastica'
1 1887 for £5 in the sale of "a gentleman's" library,
. 0*d.* in Bennett and Cookesley's sale, and for £4 in
man sale; whilst in 1888 the same book fetched

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£5 10*s.* 0*d.* at Gibson-Craig's sale and £3 8*s.* 0*d.* at the Wimpole Library sale; whilst a copy with the binding broken fetched £3 5*s.* 0*d.* at Sir Theodore Brinckman's sale in the same year. The only copy of Thoroton's 'Nottinghamshire' during the two years was in the Wimpole Library sale, and fetched £11. Todd's 'College of Bonhommes' fetched £5 10*s.* 0*d.* at the Gibson-Craig sale; a copy "half-bound" sold for £1 at Fane's sale; and at Hirst's sale a copy in half-morocco realized £1 14*s.* 0*d.* No large-paper copies of Warner's 'Hants,' and no copies at all of his 'Glastonbury,' seem to have come into the market since 1886; but four small-paper copies of his 'Hants' have been sold, for £6 5*s.* 0*d.*, £5 10*s.* 0*d.*, £8 12*s.* 0*d.* and £11 respectively, at the (Sir Thomas) Hardy, Harefield, Whatman and Walford sales. It is by no means a perfect or exhaustive history, but somewhat rare, and always fetches a good price if in tolerable condition. The first edition of White's 'Selbourne' sold for £2 8*s.* 0*d.* at the Bleasdell, £1 8*s.* 0*d.* at General Phillips, and £2 at Sir Theodore Brinckman's sale, and this concludes the story of the sixteen books of which my list consists. It will be understood that these have not been selected on account of their special merit or value, but as fair examples of the variations in price which happen at auction sales to books of average price and in tolerable demand.

There are some books which always fetch a long price either from their merit or their rarity, that price being varied only by their binding or condition. For instance, Gould's 'Birds of Australia' fetched £280 in the Beckford sale, "7 vols. green morocco super extra, borders of gold, tooled leather joints, gilt edges, beautifully coloured plates, uncut 1848. Supplement, 5 parts, unbound, coloured plates 1851." At the Gosford sale an "original subscriber's copy," also in green morocco extra, but with only parts 1, 2, 4 and 5 of the Supplement, fetched £200. At the Hartley sale, 8 volumes, bound by Bedford in dark green morocco, also an original subscriber's copy, sold for £220; and the same amount was obtained for the Aylesford copy, also 8 volumes bound in green morocco extra. Another copy was sold by Messrs. Hodgson for £212 in 1887, a half-bound copy; 7 volumes with only 600 of the coloured plates was bought by Quaritch for £136 at Wheble's sale at Puttick and Simpson's in 1888; whilst in the same year Sotheran gave £150 for 8 volumes, with the Supplement in parts, at Lee's sale at Christie's. The most expensive of the County histories is Nichol's 'History of Leicestershire,' of which the Towneley copy in "brown morocco

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extra, leather joints, &c.," fetched £235 ; the Stourhead copy "in russia extra," £230 ; and the Gosford copy, in crimson morocco extra, £275. Before these sales, Mr. Comerford's copy had fetched £280. In Mr. Leonard Hartley's extensive topographical collection there was no perfect copy of this book. In 1887 a copy "from Mr. Hartley's Library" was sold for £100, and in 1888 a copy in the Brinckman sale fetched £115, and a half-bound (russia) copy went for £75 in the Aylesford sale.

Another book which always fetches a good price is 'Purchase his Pilgrimes,' 5 vols. folio, 1625-1626. The Beckford copy in calf fetched £63 ; the Gosford copy in crimson morocco, £82 ; a special copy at Brice's sale, in morocco extra, £73 ; Lord Crawford's copy in russia, £60 ; and the Osterley copy in old calf, £48. Besides these, in 1887-8 there were several imperfect copies sold, *i.e.* the Brinckman copy, £32 ; the Meysey-Thompson copy, £27 5*s.* 0*d.*; Lord Leigh's copy, £25 10*s.* 0*d.*; and the copies at the Randall and General Phillips' sale, £19 and £15 respectively. The price in each case indicates the amount of imperfection in the copy, some copies being very slightly imperfect. Those who care only for the letter-press of these good books, and are not buying with the view of acquiring a perfect volume for their libraries, may get their copy at a comparatively small price by looking after these "imperfect" copies, the imperfection often consisting of the absence of a couple of plates, or something else which does not affect the matter contained in the volume. I gave £50 for my copy, an excellent one, in calf, at the Duke of Buccleuch's sale of duplicate books in March of the present year. Another purchase which I made at the same sale affords an excellent example of the variations in the price of books. There was a time when the works of Thomas Hearne—published between 1701 and 1736—were in great request. Chalmers tell us in his 'Biographical Dictionary' (1814) that "even in his own time his works rose very much in price, and it is well known that of late years they have been among the most expensive articles brought to market, the best of them being beyond the reach of common purchasers." The books, however, have to some extent been superseded by more modern publications, and the same description would hardly be accurate to-day. Still they have a certain value, and any one who gave an order for them would find it difficult to obtain a complete set in good condition, and would certainly have to pay tolerably well for the same. It was therefore something of "a bargain" to obtain

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for £80, as it was my good fortune to do, 56 volumes of these works, all on large paper, bound in "old red morocco extra, gold tooled, gilt edges," a set for which £423 had been given by the late Duke of Buccleuch.

Passing from individual books, I come back to my ten quoted sales, about which a few words may be interesting to book-lovers. The Beckford sale was a stupendous affair, the volumes sold having formed only a portion of the library—or rather libraries, at Hamilton Palace. The books were in splendid condition; the bindings were in many cases magnificent, and the prices given were large. Mr. Beckford not only collected, but read his books—and not only read them, but wrote notes in them, sometimes of a sarcastic and amusing character. I do not pretend to enter into a description of this collection of books, about which, indeed, a volume might be written. Out of the 6929 lots which were disposed of during the sale of the two first portions, I noted down at the time that upwards of 2000 lots were bought by Quaritch, at an aggregate price of over £26,000, which will give some idea of the magnitude of the operations of this firm. Mr. Quaritch is certainly a leviathan bidder, and his personal presence at a sale is always advantageous to the vendor, since he seems to have a natural dislike to seeing a good book go at a price below its real value.

The Towneley books were old, and, as I have already said, not in such good condition, but the library contained many interesting and valuable works.

The Stourhead sale was the dispersion of Sir Richard Colt Hoare's famous library, which Messrs. Sotheby described in their catalogue as comprising "probably the most choice collection of British topography ever formed," and which was certainly of great interest and value. The Stourhead books were in good condition, and fetched their value. There was a further clearing out of this library in December 1887, when 1313 more lots were sold, but the best of the books were in the first sale. The Gosford sale was conducted by Puttick and Simpson in Leicester Square, and contained a large number of County histories, as well as many Irish books, and a great variety of books of importance in one class or another. The Osterley Park sale, which, like that of the Duke of Buccleuch's, was the sale of duplicate and superfluous books by the fortunate possessor of more than one library, contained many good books, but few comparatively of a topographical character. This cannot be

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e Hartley sale, which surpassed the Stourhead in the not in the quality of its topographical works, and if at all behind in the latter element. Mr. Hartley defatigable collector, and, like Mr. Beckford, was in of writing—sometimes voluminously, and, not unfre- most illegibly—in his books, which is a practice of at ful wisdom. It is a good and useful plan to write in ge of a book anything which relates to the history k itself. A successor to the library, or, if it should e hammer, a buyer, may like to learn where the volume , what it sold for, what prices have been given for it nes, and anything which shows speciality about the the volume. But it is doubtful whether any future uyer will think any more of the book on account of a notes, not always interesting and not always easily le, scrawled on the tops and margins of the pages. witness to the fact that the former owner has read but they rarely interest a future owner, or add to value of the work. Mr. Hartley's sale by his execu- edience to an order of the Court of Chancery, was o Counties, from Bedfordshire to York, followed by the f Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; then "General y;" and finally a mass of miscellaneous publications, aring upon topography. Every English county was l at this sale; some of them by many volumes, and a tunity was offered to the collector of a topographical he third and last portion of this collection was sold in ; the sale lasted eight days, and 2937 lots sold for *d.* I have not included this portion in my analysis sales, because so many manuscripts and papers were the sale, that it seemed hardly a book-sale proper. nt occurred, by the by, at this sale, which showed the hich some bidders allow themselves to entertain, and which it occasionally recoils upon them. There were, day of the sale, some thirty copies, in different lots, Visitation of Suffolke, made by William Hervey, King of Arms, &c.; vol. i., cloth, uncut; vol. ii., only wanted one copy for my library, but there was ere who was determined to have them all. I let him rst three copies for 15*s.* and 17*s.*, the next for a pound, 7*s.* 0*d.*, £1 10*s.* 0*d.*, £2 2*s.* 0*d.*, and four copies at *l.* each. No one else was bidding, and if he had let me

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have one copy for about £1, he would probably have got nearly all the rest at a price not exceeding that amount. But as he was so obstinate, he had to pay from 5*s.* to 10*s.* per copy more than he otherwise would have done up to the fourteenth copy; by that time he had began to hesitate, and I bought the copy for £1 15*s.* 0*d.*, and knowing that my friend had made me pay nearly double what I should have had to pay without him, I gave a few friendly bids for the next dozen copies, for which he consequently had to pay £1 15*s.* 0*d.* or thereabouts per copy. I calculate that this determination to have all must have cost him £10 or £12 at the very least. I have already alluded to Sir Thomas Phillipps' sale in 1886, and to that of the Duke of Buccleuch in the present year. There only remain of my ten the Aylesford and Thornhill sales, the latter of which was remarkable for the number of good topographical books in so small a collection. The Aylesford sale, at Christie's, was full of interest, and singular in one respect that the prices, which ranged high during the first four days, fell considerably during the concluding days of the sale. On the first day, Anderson's 'House of Yvery,' in old calf, fetched £13. It had fetched £5 15*s.* 0*d.* at the Towneley sale, £11 (in red morocco), at the Stourhead, and £9 (old russia) at the Gosford sale. On the fourth day a copy of Gilbert's (Davies) 'Parochial History of Cornwall,' which book had been sold at the Stourhead sale for £3 6*s.* 0*d.*, went for £11 (though something must be laid to its purple morocco binding); and Hearne's 'Glastonbury,' a large-paper copy of which in red morocco sold for £4 4*s.* 0*d.* at the Towneley, and a small-paper copy in blue morocco extra, for £5 10*s.* 0*d.* at the Thornhill sale, fetched on the same fourth day of the Aylesford sale, £14 10*s.* 0*d.* When the tide turned, Hutton's works, "10 vols. in 9, calf gilt," went for £4, having fetched £5 13*s.* 0*d.* at Bates' sale at Sotheby's in 1886; Horsley's 'Britannia' (small-paper copy) went for £6 10*s.* 0*d.*, as against £10 10*s.* 0*d.* at the Hartley sale; Parson's (R.) 'Conference about the next Succession to the Crowne of England,' red morocco extra (a copy of which sold during the present year for £17), fetched only £1 12*s.* 0*d.*; and several other books sold at that which a buyer calls a "very reasonable," and a seller a "very poor" price. On the whole, however, the books sold fairly well, and many of these were very good copies. The ten sales which I have selected for analysis by no means comprise all the large or the best sales of the period. One

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of the most important was the Earl of Crawford's sale in 1887, when 2149 lots realized £19,073 9*s.* 6*d.* A second portion of this library has been sold this year; when 1105 lots fetched £7324 4*s.* 6*d.*; so that the two sales comprised 3254 lots, and fetched £26,397 14*s.*, or an average of £8 2*s.* 3*d.* per lot, a higher average than that obtained in any sale I have enumerated. This is to be accounted for by the rarity and consequent value of many of the books, this library being one of the largest and finest in Great Britain. How absolutely misleading is the plan of giving "averages" may be shown from the fact that in the first portion of this sale were twenty lots, each of which fetched more than £100, ten of them fetching over £200 each, one £500, one over £1000 and one over £2000. These three last lots were (1) the "Block Book, Apocalypsis Sancti Johannis, printed in wooden blocks, the cuts printed in colours and the xylographic text in brown ink; bound up with other matter, printed and manuscript, in the old oak boards, stamped leather, brass corners, bosses and clasps, sine ulla nota, circa 1430, folio," which fetched £500; (2) "Biblia Sacra Latina," 2 vol. 1st ed. morocco, gt. edge, by Derome, 1462, which fetched £1025, and the famous 'Gutenburg' Bible, "circa 1450-58," which sold for £2650. Mr. Quaritch was the purchaser of all three lots, as of the greater part of the rare collection of Bibles which appeared in this portion of the sale. The second portion included 14 lots which reached, and some considerably exceeded, £100, the highest price given being £400 for the 'Coin Catalogues;' whilst, among the number of rare liturgies which formed an attractive feature in the sale, the "Missale Mixtum et Breviarum secundum Regulam Beati Isidori dictum Mozarabes (cura Alfonsi Ortiz) cum calendario" sold for £370. The best Caxton ('Cicero on old Age') went for £320, and £305 was the price of the 'Budeus,' which Lord Crawford's preface describes as "a triumph of art produced for Diane de Poictiers by Le Faucheux." Space forbids me further to particularize this sale, full of literary gems, and deserving of a much more minute notice by a more skilful pen. I must also omit or postpone the further and closer consideration of the works on British Topography with which I had intended to deal, but which would require an article to itself, and cannot therefore be dealt with at present.

BRABOURNE.

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The Railways of Scotland.

II.—The Outlook for the Future.

We saw last month that universal and ubiquitous competition was the leading characteristic of the Scotch railway system. We saw too that the earliest lines were built without any thought of such conditions, merely for local traffic; that, for instance, in the immediate neighbourhood of Glasgow, there were, on the north side of the Clyde alone, six independent companies; and that when, some twenty years later, the idea of through traffic first emerged, even then the railway magnates of the day contemplated nothing more than a series of allied companies forming separate links in a continuous chain; and that accordingly, to take one example, the main high road from Carlisle to Aberdeen was divided into Caledonian, Scottish Central, Scottish Midland, and Aberdeen Line territory. Similarly what is now the North British began—even confining ourselves to its main lines—as half-a-dozen separate companies. The Edinburgh and Berwick needed the alliance of the Edinburgh and Glasgow to bring it on to the west; that of the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee, to give it access to the north; while the Waverley route between Edinburgh and Carlisle was originally two separate systems, which met at Hawick. The great North of Scotland is the result of almost as many amalgamations as it to-day has branches; while the 'Highland' has absorbed the Inverness and Ross-shire, the Sutherland, the Duke of Sutherland's, and the Sutherland and Caithness, into a single company, which—in length of line at least—is the equal of the Midland, the superior of the North-Western, and the inferior only of the Great Western Railway.

For practical purposes in all Scotland to-day there are only five companies. Four of them have been mentioned above; the fifth is the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. There

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is indeed a sixth, the City of Glasgow Union Company. But though it is known to the Stock Exchange as possessing a capital of £1,500,000 sterling, and to engineers as having a mileage of 6¾ miles to be maintained, *Bradshaw* is ignorant of it, for it does not own a single engine or a single carriage, and has never yet run a train of its own. It is really a short line round the south and south-east of Glasgow, uniting the North British and South-Western systems, and worked entirely by those two companies. *Bradshaw*, however, does know of yet another company, the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire, the possessor—it cannot be said the happy possessor—of some thirty miles of single line across the barren South Ayrshire moors. But of this little line, which till recently was worked by the South-Western, more anon. It deserves notice, not only as an almost unique instance of a semi-absorbed undertaking escaping final deglutition, but also for the pluck and energy with which it is at present struggling against an unkind fate.

Meanwhile let us admit that the existence of—with this exception—but five railways in all Scotland, the smallest of them with over 300 miles of line, is a testimony to the business-like capacity of the Scotch mind. From the Humber to the shores of Cardigan Bay, and from Yarmouth Beach to the bed of the Mersey, England is strewn with the wrecks of the luckless little companies which—oblivious of the old adage as to the fate of earthen pots which swim down the stream alongside of brazen vessels—have been shattered to pieces in the vain attempt to compete with the overwhelming forces of their great rivals. Company after company in England has raised capital from confiding investors, on the faith of a prospectus showing that it could offer a route between A. and B. shorter by so many miles than the existing roads. The statement may have been mathematically accurate, but was really beside the point, unless it could be supplemented by evidence to show that the traffic was likely to follow the shortest road.

Take a familiar instance. A new direct line from Reading to Bath would shorten the distance between Paddington and the West of England some 14 miles. A prospectus, which laid stress on this fact, and then went on to describe the vast volume of traffic that flows to and fro between London and Bristol, would have a very enticing appearance at first sight. But the question to ask of the promoters would be: "What reason have you to suppose that you will be able to divert the existing

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traffic? The Great Western road of course is longer, but it is all their own; it is their agents who canvass in Bristol, in Plymouth, and in London for the traffic which will be loaded at either end into trucks which are theirs; why do you expect that they will suffer it to pass out of their own control in order to swell the receipts of a 'foreign' line? If you say that you will get your share of the traffic handed to the Great Western by other companies, are you not equally mistaken? Will the North-Western, for example, care to secure the friendship, or fear to rouse the hostility of the Reading and Bath Direct? If they were to offend the Great Western, it might be a serious matter; tens of thousands of pounds' worth of traffic which that great company now hands to them, might in this case be diverted to the Midland or the Great Northern. What bribe have you to offer to induce the North-Western to run this risk?" To such a string of questions the most sanguine promoter would find it difficult to furnish a satisfactory answer.

The truth is that there are only two conditions under which a small railway company can be a success. Either it must have a sharply defined district of its own in which the traffic is wholly or mainly local. Examples of this may be found in lines such as the Metropolitan among passenger railways, and the Taff Vale, or the Maryport and Carlisle, among mineral lines. Or, on the other hand, it must be the possessor of a necessary link in a through chain of communication. The Lancaster and Carlisle paid 10 per cent. for years; the Salisbury and Yeovil was yet more profitable to the fortunate farmers who had money and faith at a time when these two valuable possessions were more than usually wanting to the South-Western directorate. But the Lancaster and Carlisle and the Salisbury and Yeovil have long since been bought up—high though their terms were—by the great lines in whose territory they formed an *enclave*, and their day returns not. The primary lines of communication have all long since been formed, and the investing public seem at length to have begun to apprehend the fact that, where it is a question of supplying what might be termed secondary communications, the natural authority to supply them is the company whose system they lie in with. If it can construct the new line with a fair chance of profit, it is not likely to hold its hand; if the company itself cannot make the new venture pay, still less can outsiders.

Of railways of the Reading and Bath Direct order Scotland

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ith the natural result that there is not in all Scotland
orth of railway capital not receiving a dividend. On
nd, competition is too severe to make it possible for
capital to earn dividends, not merely such as are
Taff Vale or the Rhymney, but even by the rank
e great through lines of England. When it comes
between four and five millions sterling—as is being
e companies which are responsible for the Forth
its new approaches—in order to get a somewhat
of the through traffic to Aberdeen and the High-
hardly be expected that even the most skilful and
of managers will obtain any very magnificent divi-
ed there are those who think that the scramble for
next year must, it is supposed, witness, is by no
to add to the value of Scotch railway securities.

from me to attempt to describe the great Forth
has been described too often, and the literature of
what with popular articles, and papers in the Pro-
scientific societies, not only English but foreign, has
wn to alarming dimensions. Besides, when Mr.
lf has given more than one account of the wonderful
ich his engineering genius planned, and his patience,
e mechanical genius of Mr. Arrol, has now all but
is as well for outsiders to leave him to speak. Let
ely jot down one or two personal impressions. For
must confess to feeling that a close view of the
mewhat disappointing. Its vastness is so complete
trical throughout, that one fails to grasp it. Even
tion, as she lies moored close to the Inchgarvie pier,
ps to furnish an adequate measuring-staff. The
eems dwarfed to a cock-boat and leaves the bridge
an before. The best idea of the size of the structure
from a considerable distance. Seen from the train,
down the slopes of the Pentlands into Princes Street
from near Ratho on the Edinburgh and Glasgow
n from the deck of the ferry steamer, as she crosses
between Granton and Burntisland, the great steel
ar to soar aloft far above the tops of the not incon-
lls by which they are surrounded. Only once did
he bridge as a whole—there is no question that the
ndividual members is ample enough—impress itself
my eye. Coming out of the Queensferry Station,

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the whole length of the structure is full in view. My companion and myself stopped and questioned why no one was visible, and what was the reason that work had been suspended. As we got nearer, we found that everything was in full swing, workmen were clustered thick as flies all along the extremities of the cantilevers, but the flies were so small that they had been invisible.

When trains come to pass over the bridge, they will afford a convenient means of comparative measurement. Meanwhile there is nothing more instructive than a study of a large-sized model which has been erected in the pattern-shop in the Queensferry yard. The girders that carry the rails are there seen to bear about the same relation to the cantilevers which carry the weight of the structure itself that a straw bears to a stout walking-stick. A locomotive is not a small object when viewed under ordinary conditions; but a locomotive, modelled to scale, and shown crossing the bridge, produces much the same impression as a child's regiment of tin soldiers when marshalled on the nursery floor. On the same model is shown also an ingenious device to allow for the adjustment of the rails as the bridge expands or contracts with the changes of temperature. At certain intervals the rails, instead of being cut off square at the ends and fastened to each other by fish-plates in the ordinary fashion, are gradually tapered to a fine point, and over-lap each other for several feet, the length of the over-lap being greater or less according to the rise or fall of the thermometer.

Now that the bridge is practically completed, its peculiarity of construction is hardly so conspicuous as it was at an earlier period. A year or so back no one who looked at the three great piers towering up, 360 feet in sheer height above the sea, and a third of a mile apart from each other, and just beginning to reach out their huge arms on either side, could possibly have fancied that what he saw was an ordinary bridge, dependent for its support on the principle of the arch. But to-day the long arms stretching out from either shore, have so nearly met the yet longer arms extended to meet them from Inchgarvie in mid-stream, that at first sight the idea of the arch might naturally be suggested. For all that, of course, the Forth Bridge cantilevers have nothing in common with the ordinary arch. A cantilever is simply a bracket, and the principle of the bridge is merely that three huge towers, each the height of the dome of St. Paul's, have brackets over an eighth of a mile in length, projecting out from them on either

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side. The brackets are steel tubes, big enough for a carriage and pair to drive through, rising from the base of the piers, meeting at their further end the horizontal girders along which the railway runs, and supported at the same point by equally huge steel bands stretching downwards from the top of the piers. Engineers describe the tubes as compression members, and the bands as tension members; in plain English the tubes are props to support from beneath, and the bands are strings to hold up from above, the arms which are extended out horizontally from the centre. Indeed, Mr. Baker has given a graphic illustration of the design of the bridge, by photographing a living model, in which the piers are men seated on chairs, and stretching out their arms to grasp with either hand one end of a stick, which is attached at the other end to the seat of the chair.

One of the most difficult parts of the whole problem is being dealt with at the present moment. At the shore end on either side the Fife and Queensferry cantilevers meet the viaducts built out to join them from the land, and are fastened down to the outermost piers of the viaducts, and held in their place by enormous weights. But the cantilevers which balance them on the sides turned towards the stream fall short by more than 100 yards of meeting the pair of cantilevers stretching out from the central or Inchgarvie pier. How then are these two gaps—each twice the width of the widest arch of Blackfriars Bridge—to be bridged? Who shall lay, so to speak, the two planks across at a height of 200 feet above the flowing tide beneath? We call them planks, for so in effect they are; but the planks are steel girders, each 50 feet in depth from top to bottom.

The process adopted is somewhat as follows. Let us confine ourselves to one girder only, for they will both be constructed in the same fashion. The girder is built up in two pieces, which are carried forward to meet one another in the middle. Till they meet, they are rigidly connected, by ties at the top and supports at the bottom, on to the cantilevers of which for the moment they form a part. As soon as the two halves get within a few feet of one another, advantage will be taken of a warm day, when the structure will have expanded to its full length, to lay the last plate between them, and to drop the rivets into their appointed holes. Then as the iron-work cools down at night, the pull from the top of the towers will draw up the weight of the girder, and counteract its natural tendency to

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sag in the middle; and the opportunity will be seized to form the junction true and straight. Once the girder is firmly joined up into one continuous piece, the temporary fastenings will be removed, and it will be allowed to drop into its permanent resting-place on rollers at the ends of the two cantilevers.

To any one who has seen the present structure, which, it is estimated, will cost about £3,000,000 sterling, it is not a little surprising to find that, nearly a generation back, bridging the Forth at this point was looked upon as comparatively child's play. At least it is certain that in the year 1865 a company, whose scheme, one may assume, had to run the gauntlet of the criticism of Parliamentary Committees, obtained an Act authorizing the construction, not only of a bridge 2 miles in length, but also of 8 miles of approach line, for the very moderate outlay of £650,000. But that was before the day when the Tay Bridge disaster taught engineers that, with structures of this magnitude, provision against the weight of the load was a small matter compared with precautions against stress of wind. The new Tay Bridge is 2 miles in length, and spans not a deep gorge like that at Queensferry, but a wide open valley and a shallow stream, with foothold for innumerable close-ranked piers, and yet it has cost over £650,000, without leaving any margin for approach lines.

And in the case of the Forth Bridge scheme, the cost of the approach lines will be by no means a trifle. First of all, a new direct road has to be made from Edinburgh to the bridge, as the present road goes round two sides of a triangle. Then on the Fife shore the existing line is down 200 feet below the rail-level of the bridge, and to effect a junction it is necessary to go back a long way and execute very heavy rock cuttings and raise vast embankments. Then again not only are the Fife railways for the most part single line, but they also run as a general rule east and west, following both the contour of the country and what has hitherto been the natural course of its communications. To form, therefore, a direct through express route to Perth, corners have to be cut off here, there, and everywhere, and of course single line has in each case to be doubled. Finally, when the route gets within about a dozen miles of Perth, an entirely new line has to be constructed to carry it through Glenfarg.

That Glenfarg is not exactly the place which any engineer would choose of his own free will for a railway, is sufficiently proved by the fact that, though it was the mail-coach route in the old days from Edinburgh to Perth, no attempt has hitherto

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been made to run a railway through it. The new line strikes the glen at Damhead, 3 miles north of its junction with the existing line at Mawcarse, and for these 3 miles the country is easy enough. But from Damhead onwards is a narrow glen where stream and coach road jostle one another for lack of space. To find room for the railway by their side, the road is almost remade, and the stream has more than once to be bridled and trained to run in a new and less rugged bed. Mile after mile, the railway descends with a gradient of 1 in 74½; but the Farg falls faster yet, so in the lower portion of its course the line is carried high above it in cuttings half-way up the precipitous hills which form its banks. Twice over it avoids a sweep of the river by a plunge into a tunnel pierced through solid rock and unlined. Emerging from the second plunge, the scenery changes with startling abruptness from a Highland glen to the rolling slopes of Strath Tay, along which the railway descends directly upon Bridge of Earn, there to form a junction with the existing line from the Fife coast to Perth.

Glenfarg is likely in the summer of 1890 to see some remarkable feats of speed, but it will hardly see anything to beat in its own line the record of Captain Barclay's famous "Defiance" coach along the same road. The "Defiance," with her 15 passengers, to say nothing of guard, coachman and luggage, was timed to cover the 129¼ miles from the Waterloo Hotel in Edinburgh to Aberdeen in 12 hours 10 minutes, including the crossing at Queensferry and 30 minutes' stoppages. Down Glenfarg, the last 8½ miles into Perth was done in 40 minutes.

Perth, however, is not the only objective point for which the North British is making. It has at present much the shortest road, both in time and mileage, from Edinburgh and the South to Dundee, and *viâ* Dundee to Montrose and Aberdeen. But its road includes a 5 miles' steamboat journey across the Forth from Granton to Burntisland, and when the east wind is blowing in Edinburgh, as it usually is, the would-be passenger not unnaturally puts to himself the question which was asked of the lovely Rosabelle,

"Why cross the stormy Firth to-day?"

and having put it, takes a ticket for the longer but all-rail route of the Caledonian Company. And if this interruption of the journey is bad for passenger traffic, still more is it so for goods, and especially for the immense traffic in perishables, such as fish

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and meat, which are sent from Aberdeen and Forfar to the markets of the south. When the connection now being formed from the Forth Bridge to the present Burntisland line is complete, the distance will be some 10 miles longer, but it will be by rail throughout, and will still remain shorter than that *vid* the Caledonian line. And now let us see in brief summary what the North British and their allies will gain to compensate them for the expenditure of four millions sterling—persons qualified to judge declare that five millions would be nearer the mark—upon the complete scheme of which Forth Bridge is the central point. Let us put it in the form of a table.

From London to Perth :—

By West Coast	is now	450	miles; will be .	450 miles.
„ Midland Route	„	475½	„ „ .	455 „
„ East Coast	„	462	„ „ .	441½ „

i.e. East Coast was 12 miles worse, and will be 8½ miles better than West Coast.

From London to Aberdeen :—

By West Coast	is now	540	miles; will be .	540 miles.
„ Midland Route	„	565	„ „ .	539½ „
„ East Coast	„	552	„ „ .	526 „

i.e. East Coast was 12 miles worse, and will be 14 miles better than West Coast.

"Magnificent, but not war!" one feels naturally tempted to exclaim, as one contemplates these figures, especially when one remembers what is likely to be the cost of the maintenance of the bridge, with its acres of exposed ironwork ready to absorb tons upon tons of paint, and to employ the labour of whole gangs of painters all the year round from January to December. And yet, though it is, I think, more than probable that the bridge would have never been built at all if the Companies concerned had realized at the outset how much it was to cost them, perhaps the croakers are wrong, and the wisdom of the undertaking may yet be justified. Certain it is, that the companies which have inherited the monumental lines, built regardless of expense by Stephenson or Brunel half a century back, have never had occasion to regret the outlay, and that many a company, whose roads date from the lean years which succeeded 1848, would give a good deal nowadays to secure that the work had not been done so cheaply in the first instance. Another thing is, I think, certain; we have hardly yet begun to realize the dimensions to which passenger traffic may grow

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with another generation. Season-ticket traffic is still in its infancy. Holidays are becoming more and more common, and the number of those who can afford to travel on them is yearly becoming greater. If the working classes, who are steadily cutting down the drink-bill, only come to expending half their economies in railway fares, this alone would suffice to pay handsome dividends on a whole series of Forth Bridges.

One thing is clear: the effect of the opening of the Forth Bridge will be felt right away to the extreme north of Scotland. The Highland express leaving King's Cross at 8 P.M. is in Edinburgh at 4.45 next morning. The relief train, which in the height of the August traffic leaves a quarter of an hour earlier, arrives at 4.23 A.M. This train therefore might easily be at Perth, only 49 miles further, by 5.30. But the Highland Company is closely allied with the West Coast, and has besides never been over-fond of running additional trains. It might well profess its inability to start from Perth till the arrival of the mails from the south at 7.30. In this case the East Coast Companies have another string to their bow. They may come to terms with the Great North of Scotland, and run their own trains round by Dundee and Aberdeen, for Inverness and the north. Leaving Edinburgh at 4.30, they could comfortably reach Dundee at 5.50 and Aberdeen by 7.30. And Aberdeen is only 124 miles from Inverness over a very fair road, a good portion of it double line, while by the Highland route Perth is distant 144 miles of mountainous single line. There would evidently therefore be no difficulty in allowing ample time for breakfast at Aberdeen, and still landing passengers at Inverness in front of the West Coast mail, which arrives from Perth at 11.30 A.M.

"But why, in the name of fortune," one may fancy a reader exclaiming, "take all this trouble and make all this fuss about the traffic to a petty country town like Inverness with a population of some 20,000 people?" The question would be a very natural one, for certainly no one, unless he has seen Euston or King's Cross about 7.30 in the evening during the first week of August, or (still more remarkable) Perth about the same hour the following morning, can have any conception of the dimensions of the Highland traffic in the height of the season. Here is Mr. Foxwell's account ('Express Trains, English and Foreign,' p. 62), not one whit exaggerated:—

"In July and August the 7.50 A.M. train is the unique railway phenomenon. Passenger carriages, saloons, horse-boxes, and vans, concentrated at Perth

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from all parts of England, are intermixed to make an irregular caravan. Engines are attached fore and aft, and the procession toils pluckily over the Grampians. Thus on August 7, 1888, this train sailed out from Perth composed as follows :—

London & Brighton Co.'s horse-box.
" " "
" " carriage-van.
" " horse-box.
North-Western, horse-box.
North-Eastern, "
North-Western, saloon.
" horse-box.
Midland, saloon.
" luggage-van.
" carriage-truck.
" horse-box.
North-Western, horse-box.
North British, luggage-van.
" horse-box.
" "
" "
East Coast, sleeping-car.
Great Northern, saloon.
West Coast, composite.
Midland, composite.
North-Western, luggage-van.
South-Western, horse-box.
West Coast, composite.
North-Western, horse-box.
" meat-van.
Highland Railway, P. O. van.
" " luggage-van.
" " third-class passenger.
" " first-class "
" " second-class "
" " third-class "
" " luggage-van.
" " third-class passenger.
" " first-class "
" " third-class "
" " guard's van.

9 Companies . 36 carriages.

2 engines in front, 1 put on behind at Blair Athol."

The present writer was at Inverness on August 16th last summer, when the fiercest rush of the traffic was already subsiding. The mail train, which starts for the north at 12.10 P.M., left with 20 carriages on, and hardly a vacant seat in any one of them: the up mail at 3 P.M. consisted of 22 coaches. And this is the normal state of things for a couple of months. When it is added that a very large proportion of this enormous traffic is first-class, and booked for hundreds of miles, with additional fares for sleeping-berths and saloons, or for excess luggage, it is sufficiently evident that, while it lasts, it must be splendidly profitable. No wonder the companies fight keenly for it.

Certainly the travelling public have every reason to be grateful for anything that may divert some portion of the traffic that blocks Perth Station and its approaches every morning and evening in the month of August. The station cannot well be enlarged any more, for it is a Sabbath day's journey from one end of it to the other already. And in the fifty minutes between 6.35 and 7.25 A.M. there are poured into it from the south four or five trains with a total length of fully half a mile, made up of every kind of vehicle, from horse-boxes and dog-carriages to sleeping-saloons and letter-tenders. How many possible per-

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mutations and combinations can be formed when three trains from Euston and two trains from King's Cross are rearranged so to form two trains for Inverness, a third for Aberdeen, and a fourth for Dundee, it would need a mathematician to calculate. But lest he should think his task too simple, it may be added that each train must be marshalled in a particular order, as here a horse-box, and there a saloon, have got to be dropped at roadside stations all along the route. A similar state of affairs occurs in the evening, when the 6.41 from Dundee, the 6.45 and 7.5 from Aberdeen, and the 7 P.M. from the Highland, have all to be marshalled to form the 7.20 for Glasgow, the 7.30 West Coast, and the 7.35 for Edinburgh and London (both King's Cross and St. Pancras); while perhaps during the operation a couple of fish specials run through on their way to England.

Nor have those responsible for the management of the station the advantage of exercising an undivided authority. Perth Station belongs, it is true, to the Caledonian Company; but the Highland and the North British run their own trains into it, while no less than five other companies, the North-Western, the Great Northern, the North-Eastern, the Midland, and the Glasgow and South-Western, have, whenever they please, the right to do the same. One curious result of this diplomatic complication was seen the other day, when an assistant to the Perth station-master had to be appointed. The task of selection was assigned to the superintendents of the North-Western and the Great Northern, as representing the two chief rival influences, and they chose their man from the neutral territory of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, on the express ground that he was likely to exercise his authority with complete impartiality.

The passenger who is kept waiting at Perth must at least admit that there is not much fault to be found with the accommodation there provided for him. Even the very dogs are not forgotten, and after their hot night in the train, should enjoy their roomy kennels with fresh water and clean straw. For their masters there are comfortable dressing-rooms with baths all complete, while downstairs the breakfast, with its never-ending relays of fresh Tay salmon, can fairly challenge comparison with the famous *bouillabaisse* of the Marseilles *buffet*. If the East Coast Companies, by the way, really do intend to run their passengers into Aberdeen for breakfast, they will certainly have to look after the refreshment arrangements at that station. Even at Mugby Junction itself, they would have

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blushed to charge twopence for a penny bun, and threepence for a sandwich composed of equal parts of gristle, fat, and sawdust. But at Aberdeen they have no such scruples, being apparently under the impression that wine is not the only article in which old age may properly be paid for.

The complication of the relationships between the different companies at Perth is only typical of that subsisting over a large part of Scotland. England has nothing to show at all equal to it, the nearest approach perhaps being on the lines to the east and south of Manchester. Everywhere two companies are to be found competing with one another for traffic, not by different routes, but over the same metals. For example, the Caledonian and the Glasgow and South-Western both use the same road for their Greenock trains as far down as Paisley. Carlisle Station is the joint property of the Caledonian and the North-Western; but the North-Eastern, the Midland, and the Maryport and Carlisle on the English side, and the North British and the South-Western on the Scotch side, have running powers not only into the station itself, but over a good many miles of the road outside it as well. In return, the Caledonian competes with the North British for traffic from the North to Edinburgh by running its trains into Waverley Station, which belongs to the North British. Or again, the Caledonian has recently constructed a branch off the Glasgow, Barrhead, and Kilmarnock line, which it owns jointly with the South-Western, in order to establish a rival route to the old South-Western one *vid* Ardrossan to the watering-places on the Clyde. Or once more, the South-Western and the Midland, the Caledonian and the North-Western, unite in the joint ownership of the line which runs across Kirkcudbright and Wigtownshire from Castle Douglas to Stranraer, and send their combined trains over it. But this line can only be reached along the South-Western metals from Carlisle and Dumfries.

But all these intricacies are as nothing to those existing to the north of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Larbert, some eight or nine miles south of Stirling, occupies in railway diplomacy a position as important as that belonging to Luxemburg or Constantinople in European politics. Here from very early times the West Coast and Glasgow traffic of the Caledonian, the Glasgow traffic of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Company, and the East Coast traffic of the North British, all met, and the whole was taken on northward to Perth by the Scottish Central. In 1865 the North

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British proposed to amalgamate with the Edinburgh and Glasgow. But the Scotch people are disbelievers in railway monopolies, and were determined to keep open the door of free and unchecked competition, and the Select Committee gave full effect to their desire. Accordingly, in the Act of Parliament authorizing the union clauses were inserted by which all possible powers of through booking, running their own trains if desired, &c., were given to the Scottish Central Company, as well as to what are known as the East Coast Companies, that is to the Great Northern and the North-Eastern.

Then, the same year, the Scottish Central itself applied for leave to amalgamate with the Caledonian. It got its Act; and in the following session of 1866, a second Act authorized a further amalgamation with the Scottish North-Eastern, thus carrying on the Caledonian all the way to Aberdeen. Again the most stringent terms were insisted on. The North-Western and the Midland were given powers to run, not only northward to Aberdeen, but actually into the Caledonian terminus at Princes Street, Edinburgh, and at Buchanan Street, Glasgow. The Glasgow and South-Western Company was treated with almost equal generosity. As for the traffic of the competing East Coast Companies, it was laid down in the Act, that it was to be treated by the amalgamated companies "as if it were their own proper traffic, or traffic which they were desirous of cultivating to the utmost." Yet more remarkable, it was provided that almost equal privileges must be conceded over any lines to the north of Larbert which the Caledonian might construct at any future time. This last provision, inserted doubtless with the best intentions, has had one effect which its authors can scarcely have foreseen. For all practical purposes the Callander and Oban line is a part of the Caledonian. The larger part of its stock is held by the Caledonian Company, most of the rest being held by the North-Western, and it is and always has been worked by the Caledonian. But, technically speaking, it is an independent company, and over it therefore the statutory rights of the North British over lines north of Larbert do not accrue.

There are not a few persons who think that the Caledonian might have been wiser if they had refused to accept their Amalgamation Acts at all on such onerous terms. For, when the Forth Bridge is opened, they will find themselves in a very peculiar position. The North British will have a route, both to Perth, and to Aberdeen *viâ* Dundee and the Tay Bridge, of

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which it will have practically complete control. But the Caledonian route will still remain subject to all the existing obligations to accommodate North British traffic. No wonder that the North British star is somewhat in the ascendant just at present. Latterly it has succeeded to the position which was held by the Midland in the days of Sir James Allport. It seems to have taken Danton's words, "*De l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace,*" as its motto, and so far with as much success as was attained by Danton's disciples. For it has by no means confined its attention to the Forth and Tay Bridges, and the east coast of Scotland. Its own proper exit from Glasgow was out to the high ground on the north-east; and when, some years back, it acquired possession of the line down the right bank of the Clyde to Dumbarton and Helensburgh, it was hampered in the user of it by the necessity of working round the northern outskirts of Glasgow from east to west.

Recently, mainly by the advice and assistance, it is understood, of the great firm of the Bairds of Gartsherrie, it has taken a new departure. It has constructed a railway, the "City and District," right under the heart of Glasgow. The line commences on the east side by a junction with the existing lines, passes under the terminus of the original Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway in Queen Street, and joins the Helensburgh line some miles out towards the west. With this one stone, and not a very expensive stone either, the North British has killed a whole covey of birds. It has secured a most convenient new road to the docks on the north bank of the Clyde. Secondly, it has obtained a very large urban passenger traffic, which formerly went by omnibus or tramcar—so large indeed that, though the line was primarily built as a goods road, goods are banished off it altogether during business hours. Thirdly, the new railway has enabled the company to try the experiment, which Sir Edward Watkin on the Metropolitan also appears to regard with favour, of combining urban with long-distance traffic. Trains run fast up to the outskirts of the city, from Edinburgh on the one side, and from Helensburgh on the other, and then stop at every station on the underground portion of the journey.

But the main interest of the "City and District" is to be found in its connection with the new West Highland route, for which Parliamentary sanction was obtained last month. It should be noticed that, just as the Callander and Oban is nominally independent of the Caledonian, so the new line is

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nominally independent of the North British. But as the North British is to work it, and as all the dividend it is likely to pay to start with will be derived from a North British guarantee, the outside public need hardly trouble themselves with the distinction. Starting from the Clyde, nearly opposite Greenock, the new railway will run north along the Gareloch and Loch Long to the head of Loch Lomond ; then up Glen Falloch, till at Crianlarich, on the western slopes of Ben More, it strikes the Callander and Oban line, as it toils up the valley by which the Dochart runs down to the head of Loch Tay. Still northwards across the head-waters of the Tay, right through the desolate moor of Rannoch—the carriage of whose timber may be expected, so one enthusiastic witness declared, to furnish a handsome source of revenue to the company—and along Loch Treig till it reaches Glen Spean. Then due west till it strikes the banks of the Lochy and the Caledonian Canal, along which it bends round south-westwards, till it finally arrives at Fort William.

As originally presented to Parliament, the scheme provided for an extension to Roshven in Moidart, for the benefit of the fishermen and crofters of the western coast, but this portion of the undertaking was struck out in Committee in the House of Lords. But even so, the scheme as passed is large and far-reaching enough, and roused a strong though unsuccessful opposition on the part both of the Caledonian and the Highland Companies. As mentioned above, the new line cuts the Callander and Oban at right angles at Crianlarich, some forty miles from Oban. Now, there is a very considerable and a rapidly increasing traffic from Glasgow to Oban, and a line going straight up Loch Lomond is some fifteen or twenty miles shorter than a line running round by Larbert and Stirling. Naturally the Caledonian objected to the risk of seeing their traffic taken from them just as their line has begun to pay. They pointed out that the country northwards from Crianlarich could not furnish traffic enough to pay working expenses. If communication was wanted to the north of Oban, it should only be, they declared, along the coast. They would pledge themselves to make forthwith a coast-line from Oban, across Loch Etive and along the shores of Appin to Ballachulish, where at least the slate quarries had attracted the nucleus of a population. But Parliament refused to listen.

The Highland Company had more than one ground of objection. Loch Treig, along which the new line is to pass, is

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only some dozen miles west of the Highland line, where it takes a great sweep to the westward by Dalnaspidal and Dalwhinnie in order to get over the Grampians through the Drumouchter Pass. And one main source of "Highland" revenue is the enormous sheep traffic from the moors of Perthshire and Inverness-shire, which it taps at this point. But this was comparatively a small matter. The apple of the "Highland's" eye is Inverness, and a railway at Fort William, or, what was worse, on the banks of the Caledonian Canal a dozen miles nearer than Fort William, is perilously close to Inverness itself. Where a canal could go, a railway could not find it difficult to follow. Moreover, the proposal of an extension to Roshven suggested only too clearly the possibility of a future competition with Strome Ferry, which even now is suffering from the rivalry of the much more distant port of Oban. But the diplomacy of the North British was equal to the occasion. By some means or other not easily intelligible to the outside observer, the opposition of the Highland Company was disarmed, and the West Highland Act is now safely passed. As it has the support not only of the North British, but of the local landowners along the route, there can be no doubt whatever that the money will be raised and the construction of the line begun forthwith.

One thing is certain, that the position in which the Highland Company finds itself is no enviable one. If on the one side it is liable to be hard pressed by the opposition of the West Highland, on the other the Great North, a line which has enormously improved within the last few years, is doing its utmost to get access to Inverness. No amount of genius can extract much sustenance for railways any more than for man and beast from the barren hills of Perthshire or Inverness. The Highland must always mainly depend for a dividend upon its through traffic. And its through traffic it is forced to carry over a single-line route so tortuous that, though the total distance from Wick to Perth, as the crow flies, is only 125 miles, the railway is 305 miles in length. A year or two back, in order to keep out the Great North, it took powers for the construction of a new direct line from Aviemore to Inverness, cutting off the great elbow round by Forres and Nairn. But hitherto nothing has been done towards making it. No wonder the company hesitates. If the opinion expressed the other day to the present writer by a very competent observer—not, it must be confessed,

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to the Highland Company—may be trusted, the of the new road would mean to them: in the first ital expenditure of some hundreds of thousands of condly, the cost of working some thirty additional lly, no additional traffic whatever; and lastly, the the passenger fares by as many pence as the new be shorter in miles than the old. For all that it is robable that the company will have in self-defence Aviemore line in the immediate future.

orth Bridge and the West Highland scheme are by he only signs that we are on the eve of great n the railway world of Scotland. The proposal for nation of the North British and the Glasgow and ern fell upon the Stock Exchanges the other day as he blue. Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed ter company tried and failed to secure an amalga- with the Caledonian and then with the Midland. s ago, Parliament refused its sanction to the yet ne for the union of the North-Western and the nd Yorkshire. And now the dawn of what seems a fresh era of railway prosperity is again giving rise f similar proposals. The present scheme has one hat it does not seem to have roused any outside The Midland and South-Western amalgamation , largely owing to the natural reluctance of the rs to have the management of their affairs removed nd to Derby. The other two failed, because they prevented a competition which it was thought the public interest to maintain in force.

f these objections can be urged against the present oth companies are purely Scotch, and their systems, meet at Glasgow and at Carlisle, nowhere compete other, except indeed—a big exception doubtless—for ic from England. The interesting point therefore to observer (who is not perhaps likely to have his curi- ed till the battle is joined and sides are taken in the ry Committee rooms next session) is, what side the Companies will take. That the Midland looks on val may be taken for granted, for the Midland s also the Chairman of the Glasgow and South- That the Caledonian, backed by the North-Western, , is, it may be presumed, certain. But what will the

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Great Northern and the North-Eastern do? They are responsible for two-fifths of the cost of the Forth Bridge. They will scarcely care to see traffic between Perth and the West Riding sent *viâ* Carlisle and Kilmarnock instead of *viâ* Berwick and the Bridge. As for the yet more important traffic between the West Riding and Glasgow, why should the amalgamated companies carry it round through Edinburgh, if they can get a larger share of the mileage by the direct route through Carlisle? But speculations are idle; the amalgamation is not yet sanctioned, and this time next year we shall probably know a good deal at which for the present we can only guess.

Assuming that the amalgamation is sanctioned, it is by no means unlikely that the process would be carried further; that the Highland would fall into the arms of the Caledonian, while the North British in its turn would absorb the Great North. The former coalition would command about 1200 miles of line and 47 millions of capital; the latter about 1700 miles and 63 millions. We should then witness a state of things not unlike that of Italy, where, not indeed as the result of the free play of commercial enterprise, but in consequence of deliberate government legislation, the whole traffic of the country is divided between two companies competing all along the line from Milan to Brindisi. Meanwhile, we may assume that the Caledonian will gird up its loins for the coming fray. It too has a plan for a new underground line through Glasgow, and it is hardly likely to postpone much longer its application for powers to build a new line parallel to the South-Western along the Ayrshire coast.

But enough for the present. Next month we shall see something of the special features of the existing arrangements, more especially of the competition for the summer traffic to the innumerable watering-places along the Firth of Clyde, which has given rise to what is probably the most creditable combination of railway and steamboat services in the world.

W. M. ACWORTH.

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La Comédie Française.

In a former paper we gave an account of the Paris Conservatoire, the nursery of the Comédie Française, recognized as the most perfect assemblage of dramatic talent to be found in any country, and whose organization we now propose to describe. Individual talent, as great or even greater than any presented by the unrivalled Company, may shine elsewhere; but the perfect working of the whole machinery, the finish of detail from the highest parts to the most insignificant, is there unsurpassed.

The principle carried out at the Comédie Française is that of sacrificing nothing to "Stars," as has been proved when Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin were so easily allowed to depart; and it has often been noticed that deserters lose considerably, as regards high art, when they have shaken off the traditional trammels which are so undeniably useful as a restraint to erratic genius. It has been objected that the Comédie Française is too artificial and conventional. It is certainly both, but is not the stage necessarily conventional? Stage nature is not the real nature of everyday life; and when the latter strays away into anything resembling the former, there is an immediate and involuntary sense of the "theatrical," which at once marks the difference. The effect of perspective—the surrounding atmosphere—must be taken into consideration, and it has often been asserted by competent judges, that what would be really natural, would not seem natural on the stage. The object of the latter is to remove the spectator on to enchanted ground, giving him the delusion of reality; and this is accomplished to perfection at the Comédie Française. What is seen there, may not represent what really is; but every one will think that it *ought to be.* We never meet such charming people in the world—but then, why is the world so common-place? It is delightful to forget it for a while; but only when nothing out of place, or jarring on one's feelings,

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suddenly calls one back to reality by revealing the strings that play; as too often occurs in most theatrical performances, and never happens at the Comédie Française. The working there is so perfect, that only when the curtain falls and all is over does one awaken to the perception that one has been living in Dreamland; a very pleasant place that one is loth to leave!

The origin of the Théâtre Français (now called Comédie Française) is traced back to the year 1680, when the tragic Company called "of the Hôtel de Bourgogne" was united to that of Molière. With but little interruption the accounts, from that date up to the present time, have been preserved, and may now be examined with the assistance of the Librarian, M. Monval, at the library of the theatre, Rue Richelieu.

The Company was at first directed, like all theatrical companies, by a manager, whose life was not always a very easy one, for Molière himself exclaims in desperation: "Les étranges *animaux* à conduire que les comédiens!"

During the French Revolution, when insurrection was the order of the day and nobody would submit to anybody else, the theatrical Company, which had always been so difficult to manage, had its little private revolution, and insisted on being constituted as a republic. We find a first solemn contract, drawn up in the presence of a representative of the Government and various legal witnesses, dated, in the jargon of the period, "27 Germinal, An XII. de la République," laying down the rules to be observed by the Society of Actors formed for the management of the Théâtre Français, with equal rights and shares of profits. They were to be directed by a Committee, chosen amongst themselves; but in case of difficulties or disagreements, the final Court of Appeal was to be a Council appointed by the Government, outside of the Company. They were to have an allowance of 100,000 frs. (£4000) from the Government, to support what was considered a national institution.

But the machinery did not work smoothly till Napoleon I., with his clear comprehension and imperious will, re-modelled the whole by a decree known as "Le Décret de Moscou," dated 14th October, 1812, which, although signed at Moscow, had of course been prepared long beforehand, and which still rules the Comédie Française, with a few modifications introduced by Napoleon III. (then President of the Second Republic) by a decree dated 30th April, 1850.

The Comédie Française has now a constitutional government,

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perintendence of one of the Ministers,* who appoints
rator, by whom the affairs of the Company are
h the assistance of a committee of six members,
gst the Sociétaires.

pany is divided into "Sociétaires" and "Pen-
The latter are engaged at a fixed salary, as in
s; but no one can become a "Sociétaire" without
duty as a "Pensionnaire" for at least one year,
n may be the artistic standing of the candidate

iétaire has a right to a fixed stipend, a pension
years of service, a share in the yearly net profits,
on retiring. The full salary is 12,000 francs; but
mitted as Sociétaires, they may have only a fraction
llotted to them, and are then called Sociétaires
6000 francs), or *à quart de part* (3000 francs). In
have, by arrangement, what are called "*les feux*,"
llocation every time they act. At the end of the
profits over and above all expenses are divided
our portions or shares; one is kept to provide
ies, and if not entirely used for such purposes, the
vided between the Sociétaires; a half-share is put
pension fund, and another half-share for stage
sses, &c.; the rest is divided amongst the Socié-
proportion to which they are entitled; but only
ly paid into their hands; the rest is invested, and
till their retirement, or decease, in which case it
heir lawful heirs. It is needless to add that,
talent and services, the proportion is increased
to the full share.

iétaire, on admission, engages to serve the Company
y years; they are then free to retire, with a benefit
n of 5000 francs; they may act in the provinces,
aris, unless by special permission of the Minister,
mited time, during which the retiring pension is
suppressed. The Minister, with the concurrence of
trator and the managing Committee, has, however,
end of ten years to cancel the engagement of any
services are not considered sufficiently valuable.
they have a right to claim one third of the retiring

*the Minister of the Interior, now the Ministre de l'Instruction
Arts.

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pension, and may use their talents in Paris or elsewhere, as they please.

If, on the contrary, it is thought advisable to retain the services of artists, with their consent, beyond twenty years, they have 200 francs added to the pension for each extra year; but if any accident disables an actor or actress in the exercise of their stage duties, even before the allotted time, they have a right to claim the full pension. In the case of ill-health, or any private reason obliging any artist to retire after ten years, and before twenty years of service, they have a pension of 200 francs for every year beyond the ten.

The Sociétaires are thus guarded from the proverbial improvidence of their profession, and when they retire after long service, a comfortable income is secured to them, even if they have saved nothing from their yearly earnings. Delaunay, for instance, received an accumulated fund of more than 223,000 francs (£8920); Madame Madeleine Brohan, 208,000 francs (£8320), besides the fixed pension of 5000 francs. But these advantages could not be secured without the allowance from the Government, which is now of 240,000 francs; it is only fair to add that the Company pays back about half, for the "droit des pauvres" or poor rate, to which all theatres are subjected.

The discipline of the Company, as established by Napoleon I., is tolerably strict. The great soldier was not likely to allow insubordination or caprice, and every emergency is provided for by clear rules laid down, to which all must submit.

Each member of the Company has his particular line of parts, and may take no others without a special permission, only granted in exceptional cases. There may be several in the same line, but one is called "chef d'emploi" or leader, and the others "doubles." The "chef d'emploi" selects the parts that he chooses to play in his line, but they must be learned by the "doubles," so as to be ready to take the place of the "chef d'emploi," if needful, at the shortest notice. The "doubles" have a right to take the leader's part three or four times a month with or without his consent. The leader may not hand over an unsatisfactory part entirely to a "double," but must play himself when required to do so; nor is he allowed to refuse to act any part in his line.

Any actor having pleaded indisposition who should be seen outside of his home on the same day, would pay a fine of 300 francs.

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eek two Sociétaires in turn, called "Semainiers," the stage business and the rehearsals. On Saturdays of the next fortnight are settled, with the actors who ne parts, whether leaders or "doubles." No actor has laim a separate line on a play-bill, or a first-place; all vn in succession, according to seniority only.

npany is recruited from the most distinguished pupils ervatoire, having obtained first prizes; and also from actors of other theatres, who are usually desirous of to the Comédie Française, which represents the of the theatrical world. They may easily obtain ies elsewhere; but in other French theatres they are provide their own dresses; a serious consideration, n requirements, when one character-costume may cost sand francs.* At the Comédie Française everything actor or actress, from the head-dress to the shoes, is the funds of the theatre. The future, also, is secured, of Sociétaires, to which dignity all of course aspire; present salary is increased by the "feux" for every and the provincial tours, which, though contrary to y interpreted, are at present granted, unwillingly but a sacrifice to modern exigencies.

ition of every dramatic writer is of course directed y accepted at the Comédie Française; it is a great a lucrative one, for the author's dues are rated at 15 the profits. But it is no easy matter, except of ne case of well-known and successful writers, whilst re often rejected at the Comédie Française.

play is even seriously discussed, it must be given to urteous M. Monval, Librarian and Secretary of the Lecture," to be handed over to two readers, who her it is worthy of being submitted to the Committee ciétaires, presided over by the "Administrateur," now retie, the celebrated novelist.

inexperienced author has found favour in the sight eaders, and is informed that his play is admitted to earing in the presence of the Committee, presided Administrator, he is inclined to look upon the battle ough, in fact, his troubles are only beginning.

pon the Administrator, who is all affability, and who

* worn by Febvre in 'Henri III. et la Cour' is said to have ncs (£400).

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gives him most courteous encouragement; he calls on each one of his judges, receiving from all the kindest assurances of good will. And yet, many plays are examined and few chosen.

Writers, in general, complain bitterly of their dependence on the vote of the actors; declaring that the merits of a dramatic work are neither understood, nor even taken into consideration by them; that, in short, each one only cares whether the part in his line will be favourable to himself, and the other parts not too favourable to rivals.

But the ordeal (a very trying one) cannot be avoided as matters now stand; for, according to the statutes of the Comédie Française, no play can be received otherwise than by the vote of the Committee after a hearing.

The great day comes, and few ascend the staircase leading to the room of the Administrateur without a considerable amount of nervousness. On the landing, but in a bad light and scarcely visible, is a scowling full-length portrait of the great tragic actress —Rachel, who seems to defend the premises against all intruders. A dark entrance, absolutely a den, opens into a small waiting-room, hung round with portraits of theatrical celebrities; but before crossing the threshold of the Administrateur, M. Claretie, the "huissier" confidentially and anxiously enquires what the suffering man-of-letters would "like to drink?"

Visions of the torture-room flit through his brain, with that of cordials, administered to prevent annihilation from being too rapid for the full enjoyment of the torturers; but the "employé" hastens to explain that the traditional glass of *eau sucrée*, provided to moisten the parched lips of the reader, is now improved by the addition of any stimulant which he may prefer. Having given his instructions, he is shown into the room of M. Claretie, who courteously encourages him to face the expected ordeal, with assurances that the Company is only too delighted to have an opportunity of discovering a new writer, fresh talent, &c.

After a sufficient sprinkling of official rose-water, the sufferer is led into a large room well lighted by four windows, where he finds the Committee ready assembled, awaiting his entrance. On the walls are theatrical pictures; a large portrait of Alfred de Musset, and exactly opposite to the seat intended for the reader, a dreadful picture representing the death agonies of Talma, which is said to be particularly exasperating. At the end of a long table is a seat for the Administrateur, having on

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nd the senior Sociétaire, or *Doyen*, a dignity now
ot. The others take their places on each side
precedence ; the author sits at the end facing his
his manuscript and his beverage, ready prepared,
e.

e gives the signal, and the author begins to read ; no
the nerves, for he must read his own production in
of the greatest masters of elocution to be found
Most of the successful playwrights are excellent
gouvé, Émile Augier, Alexandre Dumas, Octave
rdou, are all noted as remarkable interpreters of
orks, and this has great influence as regards securing
tion of the listeners, who, however, remain silent, and
uragement. Some do not attempt to conceal their
d even indulge in a quiet doze. A celebrated actor
generation, Samson, having been vehemently re-
the author for having slept through the reading of
, merely answered : " Monsieur, le sommeil *est une*

many ways of expressing such flattering conclusions ;
oked at his watch incessantly ; Febvre only stops
audible yawn ; Mounet-Sully scribbles and draws
while the younger Coquelin stares vacantly, as if
hat it is all about. When all these unfavourable
re too apparent, the author, if he is wise, will break
ding, and withdraw the play ; thus avoiding the
f a formal rejection ; but if he perseveres, the hearing
l in silence, no one attempting to criticise or to
e presence of the author, who is led by the sympa-
Claretie to his private room, there to await judgment.
rial to remain thus in silence and solitude while one's
g discussed ; but all is soon settled, as opinions are
ar by the time the reading is over. Got, as senior
the Company, speaks first ; the Administrator last,
heard the merits and demerits fully discussed by
Then comes the vote—" Received."—" Received with
"—" Refused."

ula " Received with corrections," is often a polite
a refusal, in the case of writers who are not to be
fended ; but it is sometimes meant in earnest, and
sful plays are quoted which have been thus accepted
uently remodelled by their writers.

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M. Claretie has the unwelcome task of notifying the to the expectant victim, whose distress takes a fur pathetic turn according to character and circumstances is always a terrible blow, and a crushing disappointment M. Claretie tries to comfort as best he may.

But we will suppose the play accepted and the brimming over with delight. He has in store both hon profit, but not without a world of trouble. The parts copied out and distributed to the *chefs d'emploi* or lead before any rehearsal takes place there is what is ca "collationnement;" twenty, or thirty, times, if thought the author and his interpreters meet round a table while t are read over, till every artist knows thoroughly, not own, but all the others, and is perfect as regards cues, &

When all this is satisfactorily accomplished, the re begin; but at first only positions are taken, and the me work of entrances and exits, passing from one side of t to the other, settling where to sit, where to stand, and do so, is completely mastered. Then only does the begin, directed by the author, the Administrator, and "Semainiers." What rehearsals are at the Comédie F would scarcely be believed elsewhere. The same sen repeated over and over again, twenty, thirty times, intonation is considered satisfactory. As an instance, quote the exclamation of Mademoiselle Croizette in Feuillet's play 'Le Sphinx': "Ah! vous m'aimez donc intonation was not thought natural by an "habitué" theatre, who spoke of it to the great actor Régni "régisseur de la scène," or stage manager. His reply agree with you that it is not quite satisfactory, but *twenty-seven different ways* of saying the words, and fir present intonation was chosen as the best." We were to celebrated French writer that he had witnessed a dec have another rehearsal because one of the actors had n the table on which he was to put down something carried in his hand, which had no direct importance.

But the working rehearsals of the Comédie Française the mysteries of Eleusis. No outsiders are admitted wi precincts while the feast to be enjoyed is being prepar even if any one managed to be concealed in a dark corn house, the result would only be disappointment, for the completely screened from all lookers-on by a tent ca

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which are seated the author, the Administrator, and
nier" especially on duty. Generally, one of the most
d Sociétaires undertakes to "monter" or "get up"
d gives the author his assistance from the beginning;
to be invaluable in such capacity. The present
or, M. Claretie, usually allows the author to manage
iness at first, with the assistance mentioned, and only
matters are tolerably smoothed, to judge of the
ive his opinion. But even from the beginning of the
ement" the material "getting up" has been in prepa-
orders to spare no expense necessary for a result
the high position of the theatre. Formerly the
ançais was proverbially inferior as regards scenery
es, the talent of the actors being considered a
traction; and many old play-goers will remember
spect of the stage when a play of Molière was acted,
niture but two arm-chairs, and sometimes a table;
anding in a row before the footlights all through the
t all that belongs to the past. Now, the scenery is
beautiful; the dresses are magnificent; in short,
spared to render the picture presented absolutely
ne "property" of the Comédie Française, accumulated
y generations, provides many valuable resources;
ng needful for modern requirements is procured so
sly down to the smallest details, that there is no
ong draughts of nothing," as Dickens called it; if the
aid to drink champagne, they really drink it, and so
wines and eatables mentioned, of which they must
ether they like them or not! Pies are real pies;
the flesh, and must be properly carved—there is no
e.

mes are not usually ready before the dress-rehearsal;
ounet-Sully insists upon rehearsing for some time in
vishing first to take off the effect of glaring *newness*,
es not consider artistic; and next, to become accus-
s strange attire, so as not to feel in any way impeded

ned the part together," is a saying of his.
s-rehearsal and the first night scarcely suffice to
he author from failure, for on those occasions the
sually much the same, and generally well disposed.
t the Comédie Française would be a calamity that

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few men would be barbarous enough to wish their worst
happily, such a misfortune seldom happens, the acting
excellent that it saves many a weak play from ruin
great success at the Comédie Française! A "grande p
like those of Alexandre Dumas, Émile Augier, and
Feuillet! This means a period of most exciting and c
enthusiasm, a literary position gained, and a golden
in the future. No wonder then that so many writers b
ordeal of the Comité de Lecture and the almost certa
refusal, for the one chance of admission into the sanc
art, which thus rewards its successful votaries.

The green-room, or "foyer," was in former days a
wit and brilliant literary conversation. All the disti
men of the day were seen there, and many of the Sc
themselves excelled in clever repartee and discussions o
or theatrical topics. The sisters Augustine and M
Brohan, Got, Delaunay, and Coquelin, are all brilliant
but now Got remains alone, the last of his generation
actors, and the evenings in the "foyer" of the Comédie
have lost much of their former *éclat*. There is no l
in former days, a select circle of literary men, but the
being now open to the subscribers indiscriminately, it is
with insignificant people who go there out of curiosity,
greatly in the way of those who would like intellect
versation. Several of the most distinguished actres
preference to the small "foyer des changements," * a
refuge there from the crowd, followed by their particula
and admirers.

Nevertheless, most of the notabilities in the social and
world are to be seen in the "foyer des artistes" or gre
General Boulanger, amongst others, was a frequent visit

The Comédie Française being considered a nationa
tion, is extremely liberal as regards free admittance. A
other theatres, even of other nations, literary men of all c
pupils of the Conservatoire, critics, &c., easily obt
admission, in a proportionate degree, which is surprising
find in the accounts of the Comédie Française for t
1886 (given into our hands by the obliging M. Mon
paying public set down as 307,785, against 156,412 "en
faveur" or free entrances. There are, besides, from fou

* A room reserved for those rapid changes of dress which leav
for a return to the regular dressing-room.

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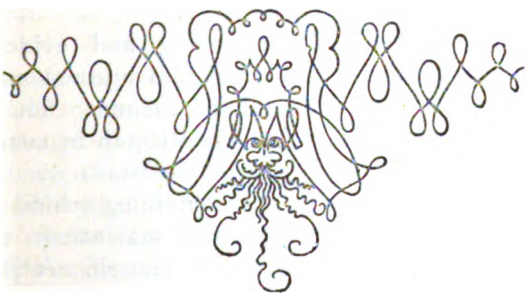
gratuitous performances, open to all, in the course of

eatre holds 1385 seats. It is open every day, and no
n Paris has such a varied play-bill. From 1st June,
30th June, 1887, we find a list of 80 different plays;
hich 19 acts were entirely new works, and 23 revivals;
f 42 acts studied and put on the stage, with the ela-
re we have described. From 1881 to 1887 we find
francs paid for the poor-tax, and 1,556,196 francs for
lues!
the mortal who succeeds in crossing the golden
!

A. STROBEL.



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The Minister of Kindrach.

CHAPTER V.

PROMISCUOUS evening visits were much affected at Kindrach. People dropped in on one another about half-past eight for "a bit crack," and probably "a bit supper." David after his visit to John White felt a great desire that "Siller" should be informed of it. After a substantial meat tea, and a reflective smoke, he thought that he would "drop in" at the Porters' casually. It was between eight and nine when he rang their bell. A carriage and pair was standing at the door, he noticed, as he stood on the steps, the glittering lamps casting two long streaks of light across the road; a hansom, also close behind, was drawn up to the pavement.

A footman admitted him, a young and evidently inexperienced individual, who conducted him upstairs, and into the drawing-room in rather a bewildered manner. There was no one in the room save an elderly gentleman in evening dress, standing on the hearth-rug with his coat-tails over his arms, through force of habit, for there was nothing behind him in the fireplace except a cool green mass of maidenhair fern. This was the great Mr. Alexander Porter himself. A little meek-looking man with a high shiny forehead, and gentle kindly eyes, peering at the world deferentially through double eye-glasses.

He accepted David's personal introduction a trifle nervously, but evidently with an amiable desire to be gratified. He coughed softly now and then, and kept an expectant eye on the door; during the one-sided conversation which David sustained, Mr. Porter merely interjected "Oh, ah!" or "aye, aye!" His watchful eye brightened, and a look of relief stole across his mild countenance as the door opened and his wife appeared. She came into the room, looking back over her shoulder

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anxiously at the folds of her magnificent train; being a little afraid that the cluster of feathers at one side was placed a trifle too high.

She also was in evening dress—full evening dress. A sweeping train of violet velvet opening over an amethyst-brocaded petticoat; diamonds sparkling and flashing on her bare throat and wrists: she rustled across the room, still intent on the arrangement of the violet and amethyst tips, the light from the burners above falling on the soft fluffy white hair, and the airy arrangement of lace and feathers and fastened with a diamond crescent.

David had never seen a lady in evening dress before. The sight fairly amazed him. He felt for the first time since coming to London awed; Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, nay the very British Museum itself had failed to strike this chord which Mrs. Porter's velvet, brocade, and diamonds caused to vibrate. But it was not in his nature to remain long in a state of suspended decision. The feeling of awe passed when he took in the fact of Mrs. Porter's square-cut bodice, and elbow sleeves.

"An auld woman come to her time o' life, to make such an exhibition of herself, it was just a disgrace!"

In all truth it was a very modest exhibition: for Mrs. Porter's taste was far too good for any questionable display. She looked up.

"Good gracious! you here?" she broke off abruptly, and covered her momentary impatience with wonderful adroitness. Being a thorough gentlewoman she could not act rudely she told herself—dignified, cold, repellant, she might be—but rude, never. David replied to her first few words gravely, trying to show, in the steady stare of his honest eyes, the disapprobation he felt of her attire, or rather lack of attire; an utterly futile attempt.

"We are just on the point of starting out ourselves, therefore your visit to-night is a little unfortunate." She did not add any little social fib expressive of sorrow and so forth, not feeling that the man was worth anything more than the plain unvarnished truth.

David would have replied with his usual care to this remark, but the entrance of Miss Porter and Etta, followed by John White, distracted his attention.

There was a little general examination of each other among the women, during which the men stood aloof. The girls had

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bowed formally to David, and that was all, beyond that they simply ignored him; but John White shook his hand very heartily, and asked if he were coming too. He was holding a very delicate bouquet of marguerites and maidenhair fern, arranged with artistic skill, and tied with long soft bows of white silk.

"Nae," returned David severely; "a man in m'ah position need scarcely be asked such a question."

"No? Well now, that's a pity. Miss Dewar won't enjoy herself, I'm afraid."

"Siller!" ejaculated David, turning abruptly towards Mr. White, who stepped back with a comical expression of extreme surprise. "Dinna tell me that Siller is joining in any such doins'?"

"But is'nt she though! Mrs. Porter's maid is putting the finishing touches at this moment."

David walked across to Mrs. Porter with determination.

"Mrs. Porter, mam, this canna be—I canna permit——" but as he spoke the heavy curtain across the entrance to the inner drawing-room, through which Silvia had made her way, parted, and Silvia herself stood before them. The dark tapestry falling behind her formed an effective, sombre, background, against which her white dress stood out in pure relief. It was an old white silk of May's covered with fleecy clouds of airy tulle. In her hand she held a large white feather fan, also May's property. For a moment she stood there blushing and smiling, shyly conscious that they were all looking to see what sort of figure she cut in her first ball dress, and conscious also that she cut a particularly delightful figure. But it was only for a moment her little triumph lasted; the smile faded from her lips, and there was a piteous look of misery in the eyes she raised to John White.

"It's the nearest thing to a gowan, Annie Laurie," he said in his usual bantering tones, presenting the marguerites to her with an exaggerated bow. "Bloated, puffed-up London gowans, not those which grow on the braes of Maxwellton."

Silvia took the flowers mechanically; she could not thank him or even smile, but kept a wide-eyed, terrified gaze fixed on the advancing David, who bore down upon them with lips firmly compressed, his long coat swinging about his knees. He realized now that John White had simply fooled him that afternoon, and he was fiercely enraged. He took the flowers from her peremptorily; gripping them in his strong fingers, crumpling the ribbon bows, and crushing the delicate fringe of

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fern. Silvia silently and helplessly let them go without attempting to retain them.

"Siller!" he said, in tones sounding through the room with terrible distinctness; "do you mean to say that you, brought up a God-fearing, Christian woman, have so far forgotten yourself as to put on such a gown. What ails ye?" He laid his other hand on her bare shoulder, grasping it almost roughly in his deep disgust. He even gave her a slight—a very slight —shake.

Etta tittered audibly, May half smiled, Mr. Porter peered through his glasses confusedly, wondering what the matter was, and John White gazed mournfully at the disordered bouquet quivering in David's ruthless fingers. But Mrs. Porter waxed indignant. That any one should presume to create a vulgar scene in her house was not to be tolerated for an instant. She rustled majestically across the room and placed herself in battle array, facing the enraged minister.

"I do not understand," she began loftily; "you appear to be acting very strangely, Mr. Fairfax. My niece is going with me to the American minister's ball; you speak as if we were taking her to some low and doubtful place of resort."

"Peace, woman," interrupted David, solemnly. "I ken naething aboot these bits of difference which the warld reckons ample excuse; but this I do ken; m'ah wife shauna go anywhere in a gown like yon; neither shall she go to a ball, be the giver minister or no minister. What sort of minister can this American man be, ah'm thinking, to encourage such foolishness and warldliness in his ain hoose? No' a man it will improve Siller to know."

Mrs. Porter pulled her train forward impatiently, reasoning with this man was such a hopeless proceeding.

"My dear good man," she began, a little sarcastically.

"Siller shauna go, I canna permit it," interrupted David doggedly.

"It seems to me you are overstepping the limits of your position with regard to Silvia," returned Mrs. Porter, crossly. But here Silvia herself interfered.

She had stood, burning with mortification, ready to fly the spot with shame and humiliation, yet held by David's firm pressure on her shoulder—unable to raise her eyes and encounter the amusement and merriment she felt would be imprinted on every face but David's and her own. Her situation became

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too intolerable, and like the worm of famous memory she turned.

"Aunt Silvia," she said hurriedly, "I see; I must stay, as Mr. Fairfax says. Please don't wait any longer, but go without me. I must stay," she added, with some decision.

"Oh, if you wish to stay, Silvia, of course," returned her aunt, a little annoyed, "that ends the matter. Come girls. Alexander, help me on with my cloak. May, have you got your hood?" A little general stampede followed, and in a few moments David and Silvia were alone in the great empty drawing-room.

David was conscious of a great joy rising in his heart, for had not Silvia given way at once to his wishes? There was hope, and peace, and unutterable comfort in the thought that she might be returning to her old attitude of meek submission. He had never felt so warmly disposed towards her as he felt at this moment (since coming to London). Some little word of commendation for her ready compliance to his wishes; nay, even an embrace he felt was her due.

"Ah've been much disappointed in your manner, Siller, since seeing you again, much disappointed and justly annoyed; but now you are beginning to recollect yourself and return to your old ways, ah'll not throw the past in your face."

He had never seen her looking so lovely. His pulse beat a little quicker, partly with the charm of her appearance, partly with the exultation of a man who has conquered. This fair woman had submitted to *him*, had bowed her golden head in acknowledgment of *his* authority. He was close to her and he wished to kiss her—wished it without any such rational motive as had hitherto governed this desire. It was an odd sensation.

"Siller, m'ah lass!" he said gently, bending over her, and refraining from touching her with a new-born desire that she would of her own free-will turn to him.

She did turn—suddenly and passionately. Putting up both her hands she pushed him from her with all her might.

"Don't touch me!" she cried; "I hate you!"

David looked at her, and stepped quietly back. That strange, delicious, unknown feeling fled before this icy blast. After the first moment of unmitigated surprise he recovered all his old calm.

"M'ah wurd!" he ejaculated, "this is pretty hearing."

"I cannot bear it any longer," she went on vehemently; "I have tried to tell you quietly that things cannot be as they

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were between us, I tried to write it even to you. You must have seen, yet you ask for no explanation; my manner must have shown you that you, and Kindrach, and everything connected with you were detestable to me—yes, detestable," she repeated, "unless you are so wholly wrapped up in your own conceit that you cannot see how ridiculous you make yourself and how ashamed I am. You humiliate me before my aunt and her friends—your uncouthness, your ignorance, your terrible clothes. And with it all you dictate to everybody, and lay down the law, and take upon yourself to point out other people's faults and failings. I tell you, David Fairfax, that marry you I cannot and will not. Look at me," she added, her breast heaving with the torrent of pent-up feeling she had let loose—her eyes bright and her cheeks flushed—"look at me," she repeated, glancing downwards at her delicate dress, and her eyes caught and rested a moment on David's great boots. "Then look at yourself, at your coat and boots." The contrast seemed to her sufficiently marked.

The daily humiliations and torments of the last few days; the many moments of frightened enforced obedience to his will; the anguished hours of solitude; the stings of all Etta's titters, and May's shrugs, and Mrs. Porter's annoyance, and the last crowning disappointment of this evening, found vent in the scorn and contumely she heaped upon him without regard to his feelings, without thought of justice, without pausing to reflect if some measure of blame might not be hers. Like most timid things, when once they gather courage they out-Herod Herod in their momentary boldness and bravery.

David's lips had closed in a firm hard line. He looked at her with a cold, direct stare. He still gripped in one hand the remains of Mr. White's bouquet. When she said "look at me," his eyelids fell a little with a slight flicker of scorn. This outburst of childish splenetic rage made him long to take her by both bare white shoulders and administer a sound shaking.

"Ah'm looking," he said steadily. "An' ah see naething so verra wonderful; just a foolish woman beside herself wi' temper. I dinna ken what m'ah coat and boots have got to do with the matter; ye did'na promise to marry a pair of boots, and a coat; ye promised to marry me, David Fairfax, Minister of Kindrach!"

He thrust the drooping marguerites and crushed ferns before

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her as he spoke, to emphasize his last sentence. His eyes looked dark and angry. Silvia stepped back a little.

"Yes," she cried, "but that was in my ignorance—I knew nothing but Kindrach. All this," glancing round her aunt's handsome drawing-room, "was a revelation of another life. Do you think I can go back and take up that old existence? do you think I can be content to live at the Manse and spend my life making your porridge, and ironing your bands, and listening to your sermons? I never loved you. I thought it would be fine to be the wife of the principal man in Kindrach, that was all. And you I scarcely even thought of. Had you loved me as I know now that men and women can love, you might have seen for yourself that I cared no more for you than I did for James McKenna. He would have done just as well had he been at the Manse. But you! you never could see anything beyond that one great all-absorbing fact, David Fairfax, Minister of Kindrach."

She spread wide May's great white fan, and made him a mocking curtsey.

("Was this 'Siller,' shy, obedient little Siller? this bold, flaunting, curtseying woman?")

"M'ah wurd! I wonder ye're not ashamed," he ejaculated heavily.

"Oh, no!" she said, laughing a little hysterically, for her courage was beginning to totter on its hastily erected throne before his calm callousness. "I don't care what you think of me. I only want you to go; to *go!* Do you hear?" she added, with a stamp of her foot.

David surveyed her coldly.

"Well, since ye don't mind what I think, ye might speak the truth and give the real reason for all this stamping and raging. Its no all this," pointing, as she had done, to the room, "it's no the new views of what ye are pleased to call life; it's that grimacing, penting loon John White, *that's* what ails ye. Ye are just head over ears in love with a man who does'na care the lift of his little finger for ye; and that I heard from himself."

David's calmness was merely on the surface, beneath there boiled and raged a tempest far surpassing Silvia's little hurly-burly. He brought out his words very quietly and deliberately. He rather fancied he had scored. A little to his surprise Silvia began to laugh, and continued to laugh without speaking, as if enjoying a good joke.

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te is going to marry May," she said presently, still I knew this from the very first. Etta Harding told ne has sold that picture Aphrodite, and has been d by some great lord or other to paint his hall and his place in the country, they will be married very hinks perhaps this autumn."

s considerably nettled, but he turned the tables he self smartly.

ommon house-painter is he?" he said with a snort. ing up your nose at a minister, an' your cousin there illing to marry a young fellow who goes out as a ter! M'ah wurd! you've got notions since coming to er Dewar, that would stock the whole Royal Family."

did nothing but laugh with a little hysterical catch now and then. David turned from her disgustedly acing the room with heavy, impatient strides. He ecided as to what his next step should be, or what ly should take, but he was compelled to turn from until the turmoil of heated feeling should subside o permit of his answering her at least decently.

irthless laugh ceased gradually; she sat down little tremulous and tearful, watching David with ghtened eyes, her fingers knit tightly together, that she had said all she had to say, that he would dering with sick dread why he did not. Presently a standstill a few paces from her chair and looked er. She could not face him, but kept her eyes on r white silk shoe.

ller Dewar, ah'm to understand by all the foolish e poured out to-night that ye consider yourself

ed a startled face.

na fash yourself. Ah'm no anxious to hold ye to A wife such as you, and the likes of you would ne kind I crave to spend the rest o' m'ah days wi'. So ck your promise. We are both free, thank the Lord! o add that ye chose a strange-like way to set aboot re freedom. Ah wouldn't have believed that any d have behaved as ye have behaved; ah'm thankful ve, ah'm that. Suppose we had been married, and ye turn at these havers and capers? M'ah patience! rrow escape ah've had."

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Silvia was too exhaustedly wretched to feel offence at the tone he was taking.

"I should have spoken more quietly," she said gently, "but you always frighten me, and to-night I got angry. I am sorry." The pleading eyes raised to his were full of tears: but after what he had just passed through it would have been beyond nature (his nature, at any rate) had he felt any compunction. Sitting there with the soft cloudy folds of her dress billowing about her, the light falling on her bright hair and white arms, she reminded him of John White's shameless female; the passing fancy irritated him still further.

"Oh, aye, now you've got your way, like all wimmin, ye can be soft-spoken enough; but ah've seen your cloven foot, and all ah can say is that ah'm thankful ah've seen it in time."

He continued speaking; giving her "a piece of his mind," a process which lasted some considerable time, during which Silvia sat in mute misery, never once raising her eyes, or interrupting by look or gesture the flood of his harangue.

"There's only one thing ah'll ask at your hands," he said finally, when he had exhausted himself and wretched hearer utterly, "an that is m'ah mother's watch? Ony ither bit present ah've made ye, ye may keep," he said with an air of grand renunciation; "but m'ah mother's watch ah canna part wi'."

She sprang up swiftly.

"Yes, I'll get it. I'll get it now at once." She slipped beyond the curtain before he could say a word, and ran rapidly up two flights of stairs to her room, the motion and cool air of the passages sending a little renewed life circling through her almost benumbed consciousness.

She remembered with what pride she had produced her watch one day when some one had asked the time, and how glad she had been to show them all that she possessed one. Also she remembered the shrieks of merriment which its appearance occasioned.

"Is it a warming-pan? or what?" May asked with languid curiosity.

"They've got an exhibition on just now in Bond Street of curiosities," remarked John White, "but there's nothing there so unique as that, Annie Laurie. Is it a relic of the veritable beauty of Maxwellton?" In a tempest of rage and humiliation she had dragged it out of the "bit pocket" she had sewn in her gown, at David's recommendation, for its reception and

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pushed it to the back of this drawer, where it had lain untouched ever since.

She unearthed it, and disentangled the slender chain from sundry bits of ribbon and lace. No remembrance came to her of the night when David had given her the watch, and Janet had softly pressed the little packet containing the chain into her hand at the door of the Manse. The gas she had turned on to the full, burnt with a flaring sound, and lighted up a far different scene. This modern luxurious bed-chamber, with its shining furniture, large mirrors, and dainty knick-knacks; the toilet table, before which she stood, strewn with articles she had never dreamt of in those days, but now had come to regard as absolute necessaries. She herself in her white ball-dress. What possible connection could there be between now and then to recall the Manse "houseplace" and that far-away episode? Only this enormous turnip of a thing, justly spoken of by May as "a warming-pan," and a long worn, thin, old-fashioned chain. Silvia was not imaginative, or super-sensitive at any time to feelings of mere sentiment. To-night she was shaken by thoughts and gusts of anger, which must have driven sentimental retrospect and tender recollection far from the mind most addicted to the cherishing of these ideas; therefore Silvia cannot be regarded as utterly callous if she merely hastily seized the watch and chain without bestowing one thought, either sentimental or otherwise, upon them, and hurried from the room, leaving the gas still flaring.

David was still pacing the room heavily, backwards and forwards, when she returned, his dark brows drawn together in a frown of concentrated rage, and his strong hands closed firmly. In one he still held the faded bouquet.

Silvia silently handed him the watch and chain. She had no courage or power of self-assertion left. She was conscious of no sensation either of joy or fear. Only an unutterable, weary longing that he would go, possessed her.

David ceased his aimless promenade at her approach.

"Where did ye get this?" he asked, as his eye fell on his mother's chain.

"Janet gave it me," returned Silvia simply. Her eyes had dark rings beneath them, and her beautiful hair, which Mrs. Porter's maid had plaited and curled with so much care, looked tumbled and disordered—in her excitement she had pushed it back with her hands and totally destroyed the "elegant

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simplicity" of Symond's arrangements. Altogether she was a sufficiently pathetic little figure to have moved even David. But he scorned to be moved by tired eyes and ruffled hair, unless the fatigued and disordered one deserved his pity.

"Janet?" he repeated, with disdain. "Ou aye! ah conclude she did, after ye had just tormented and worried the life out of her forrit."

He carefully placed the articles in one of his inner pockets; and then turned finally to Silvia—her sense of intense longing broke from her. "Ah, go now!" she cried, putting out one hand with a gesture of appeal. "What is the use of more words? nothing can alter things now, and I am so tired—so very tired!" Her voice broke and quivered with a sense of self-pity and real physical weariness.

David seized her upraised hand angrily.

"You think you have done wi' me, Siller; but it's no so easy to shuffle on and off wi' a man like me. Ah'll go the now, but ah hauna finished wi' ye yet;" he dropped her hand, and drew away from her. "If ye have chosen to disregard your duty to God and man," he said solemnly, "it's no reason why ah should leave ye wallowing in sin and wickedness; disgraceful and shameful as your conduct has been towards me, ah canna leave ye to work your ain destruction. Ah'll speak to your aunt Porter the morn, and ye must be ready to return wi' me to Kindrach by the night mail. Dinna speak," he added with quiet firmness, as Silvia made a little movement. "Wurds, as ye said the now, are without use; and now ah'll bid ye good night." Without looking at her, or touching her hand, he walked out of the door, and out of the house. Only when he stood on the pavement, and felt the cool, soft air on his heated face, did he realize that all this time John White's flowers were in his hand. With a muttered word—(it would be a pity to give it utterance, for not often did the Minister of Kindrach so forget himself, and surely his provocation was great!)—he tossed the bouquet from him into the roadway, where the hurrying wheels and hoofs of many horses trampled and tore it to shreds. He felt a grim satisfaction in knowing that its dewy freshness, the purity of its white flowers, the tremulous beauty of its delicate ferns, the artistic skill in its arrangement, the richness of its silk streamers were all gone, crushed out, destroyed for ever. David might have drawn a parallel between that bouquet of John White's and the fate of his first dream of love.

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Chapter VI.

"It is really the most tiresome, absurd, ridiculous business I ever had anything to do with," Mrs. Porter spoke fretfully for her, but the morning had been full of petty annoyances. May was in "one of her moods," according to Etta, or as May's mother put it, "in a state of great mental depression." Then Silvia had come to her, almost before she was dressed, with an excited and incoherent tale relating to herself and Mr. Fairfax.

She had scarcely finished breakfast when she was informed that Mr. Fairfax desired to see her. She sailed into the library armed with her most dignified, repressive manner. But such a mere surface triviality as manner failed to shake David. He met it with a grave, immovable, impassive reiteration, that for the present he declined to say what his future intentions with regard to Silvia were, but he still considered they were in a measure bound to each other. As she was under age, he intended taking her back to her mother, with whose entire sanction and approval their engagement had been blessed. From her hands he had first received Silvia, into her hands he would render Silvia up again, "if needs be." The further discussion of future possibilities opened by that last saving clause he would not enter upon here amidst foes and antagonists. All he desired from Mrs. Porter in the matter was that she should see that Silvia was ready to accompany him back to Kindrach that night. And nothing more could Mrs. Porter extract from him, though she descended to argument, even expostulation, stopping short only of entreaty.

"Well," she wound up coldly, "I cannot permit Silvia to be treated in this fashion until I hear from my sister."

"That will just be postponing our departure for twa, may be three days," returned David with calm inflexibility. "It would be mair reasonable, Mrs. Porter, mam, to rely on m'ah wurd respecting Mrs. Dewar's wishes in this matter. Moreover, your ain feelings as a mother ought to tell ye that in such a serious decision as Siller is now called on to make no one could advise and counsel her so well as her ain mother."

"Call again this afternoon," she said impatiently, and then she went out of the room, full of indignant perplexity, betaking herself to May's sanctum, where she seated herself with the remark above quoted.

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Miss Porter was not yet fully dressed, and her h
hanging in a heavy plait down her back. One of the
of these "moods" being a disinclination to follow the
tracks of respectability. She was restless also—now pa
room rapidly, then sinking gloomily into a chair or so
scarcely noticed her mother's entrance, and permitted
speak without troubling to acknowledge her remarks; b
gathered what the trouble was, she became strangely e
excited, sinking back, however, into an apparently a
condition as the story ended. Walking to the window, s
looking out with her back to her mother.

"I should let her go," she said wearily.

"I am sure I feel half inclined to do so!" returned Mr
crossly. "That dreadful minister is becoming a perfect
of the sea, and yet the poor child is in such distre
not to be supposed she could keep such a preposterous
ment."

"As to that, I don't suppose she will marry the minister
people ought to have a voice in the matter, before it is

"She is such a child," returned Mrs. Porter uncertain
might easily be swayed into a marriage with that aw
and she is far too good and sweet for such a fate.
thought Mr. Willett seemed—a little—don't you thi
attracted; and that would be so nice for her!"

"Perhaps so: men generally seem to find her at
but still I think she ought to go now and consult h
with reference to her present engagement. A little late
have her back. If Mr. Willett's fancy is worth anythi
keep warm until she returns; but I should certainly l
now."

Mrs. Porter hardly understood her daughter's attitud

"But you know how uncertain young men are," she
with still some latent fretfulness. "Instead of keepi
Mr. Willett's fancy will in all probability cool away to
if Silvia is removed from his immediate presence; w
she remained, he might propose next week."

May had left the window, and was walking uneas
the room. As her mother ceased speaking, she stoppe
of her.

"Why will you make me dot every *i* and force m
every *t*?" she asked, speaking quickly. "Let Silvia go
I ask it as a favour."

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rter rose with some agitation; to see May in this natural state was always a matter of agitation and her.

ar, my dear, what is it?" she asked with loving olding out soft motherly arms. But May stepped ng her hair from her temples.

go, mother," she repeated. "Don't think me unkind, 'm like this I am best alone," she added.

a word Mrs. Porter turned and softly left the room. her daughter so well, that she was not hurt, but her sore at the thought that May was burdened with a would not share. She came to a very fairly accurate as to the nature of her daughter's trouble, and no was now in her mind as to what she ought to do with Silvia. Fanciful, and unfounded as she felt May's as, still she could not for a moment allow her child's disturbed. Silvia must go.

nother closed the door, May flung herself, face down- he bed.

se you, May Porter," she said, not passionately, but ent calm, "to descend to this: for what? If his love so paltry and weak a thing that he cannot resist by charms, why should I strive, and plot, and scheme "

leed? But she did not call her mother back and at Silvia should not be driven forth like Hagar into ness. She did nothing, but remained in her own the whole day, restlessly miserable. Silvia's sobbing nd wretched tear-stained face haunted her unpleasantly terwards.

ter also felt somewhat ashamed and uneasy, though voured to impress upon her niece, as they drove to , that, having entered into this engagement of her ill, she must now endeavour to face the consequences d not expect others to fight her battles through life That she—Mrs. Porter—had done all in her power her—Silvia; but since she was, after all, only her Silvia's mother being still in existence, she of necessity ery little—and she added in a burst of real warmth, for ent despairing misery touched her deeply at the time, er, you must come back to us when this little affair and done with. And there's our trip abroad this

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winter, don't forget that you've promised to be one of our party." This was in reference to an often-quoted, half-formed plan that Silvia should take Etta Harding's place, as the latter was thinking of joining a married sister in India at the end of the year.

"Ah, there is Mr. Willett come to say good-bye," she said cheerfully, as their carriage rolled into the station yard. "I met him this afternoon and told him you were off to Scotland by the night mail. I call that very nice and friendly of him; don't you, Silvia?" smiling a little meaning smile into her niece's startled eyes.

There was not much time for any elaboration of farewells. Mrs. Porter and David arranged about luggage and tickets, leaving Silvia and Mr. Willett to wander about the platform in that aimless, silent fashion people generally adopt on the eve of leave-taking. Mr. Willett did not say much: their relative positions did not warrant the expression of any great things; but he looked at her in a very satisfying way and she was comforted. David passed them, important yet annoyed; for Mrs. Porter had insisted on paying for a first class-ticket for Silvia, which compelled him also to travel first class. He put down the money with a sense of sinful, wanton waste; but in this Mrs. Porter would not yield. She felt he had, in a measure, triumphed with regard to this affair of Silvia's hasty departure, and she would not give him the satisfaction of getting any more of his own way than she could possibly help. She persisted in ignoring him to the last, taking the disposition of Silvia's modest belongings into her own hands, while David as persistently declined to be ignored. This silent encounter between their antagonistic feelings left Silvia and Mr. Willett free to follow their own devices during the few short moments before the departure of the train; as has been already noted, their devices were very simple, but a certain sense of "understanding" was reached and understood by both before the bell rang with noisy clamour, and the cry arose,

"Take your seats for the North! Take your seats for the North!"

Mr. Willett assisted her into the carriage and barred the door a moment with his person, searching for effectual "last words." But David, like all people unused to the ways of travellers, was impatient to take his seat, and Mr. Willet's "last words." were hurried by the minister's importunate voice behind.

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"You will come back soon?" he said in a low tone. "If not, I shall come and fetch you;" then he stepped down, after placing a dainty basket of grapes with one yellow rosebud on the top in her lap; and David's broad shoulders and black coat occupied his place. There was a shriek, a prolonged whistle, a flutter of Mrs. Porter's waving parasol—a jerk, and then a long, smooth, swift glide out and away into the summer darkness.

Silvia sat for some time, leaning slightly forward, wondering at the gladness in her heart, and holding the yellow rosebud in her ungloved hand. David's presence, her sudden departure, Kindrach, her broken engagement and shameful behaviour, nothing mattered; all was lost, forgotten, swallowed up in the vista opened by that one sentence, "I will come and fetch you." By and bye she drew back into her corner, muffling herself in wraps and shawls, and David fancied she slept; but all that night she was wide awake. Something new and wonderful had come into her existence. Something so new and so wonderful that it banished all sorrow from her heart, tears from her eyes, and sleep from her brain.

They reached Edinburgh in the grey chill of early morning, and after an exhaustive wait of two hours, during which Silvia sat, benumbed and weary, yet sublimely indifferent to the minor ills of life, in the dusty uncleanness of a waiting-room, and David stamped up and down the platform outside—they proceeded on their northward journey to Kindrach.

As the hours passed and Kindrach loomed an ever-nearing certainty, Silvia's rose-tinted views sobered, and later on, thoroughly tired out, and utterly uncomfortable, she miserably cried herself to sleep. David, sitting grimly opposite, staring moodily out of the carriage window, glanced now and then across at her. She looked very wan and travel-stained, with the marks of recent tears on her cheeks and in the pitiful droop of her lips. He was sad enough at heart, and very sore at her treatment of him, but a dim suggestion of pity for her also struggled into his mind, and his mouth slackened its rigid lines somewhat as he leant over and clumsily drew a shawl closer about her throat. In doing so the penetrating odour of the crumpled dead rosebud she still held in her relaxed fingers, reached his nostrils and reminded him of John White. His lips closed with an even more dogged gloom, and he did not look at her again with any further approach to softness or forgiveness.

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They reached Kindrach about five in the afternoon. David had written, when he first made up his mind to return, bidding his aunt send the spring cart to meet this the only train during the day from Edinburgh. This had been done, but he was considerably annoyed that Janet herself should have driven the cart over from Kindrach. She was standing on the platform, in a light cotton dress and shady hat—a very old-fashioned out-of-date figure, but very fresh, sweet, and wholesome-looking, her hair glistening in the sun; about her whole aspect a suggestion of country purity and healthfulness. She came to meet them in a little rush of pleased excitement—nothing of all that had taken place in London was known here as yet, all she felt was the delight of their happy return. A perception of something wrong struck her coldly before a word was spoken. Over and above the bedraggled, dusty aspect peculiar to people who have travelled all night there was a look in David's eyes which she had known as a child and dreaded to arouse. And Silvia submitted to her hearty welcome and warm kiss without pretending to return either.

"An' wherefore did ye no send one of the men, John or Sam?" was David's first greeting.

"They were just awfu' busy," returned Janet, brightly, taking Silvia's bag and shawls, lading herself with this paraphernalia.

"Oh, aye! what should they be so terribly busy wi'? Ah expect ye just wanted to come to flaunt aboot the town and shops like a' wimmin!" he retorted irritably. Janet was hurt and surprised.

"It's something verra bad that has happened," she thought, wonderingly.

"It's no that, David," she said a little reproachfully; "it's the hay, we are all working most night and day to save it while the fine weather holds; they do say it iss the finest cut we've iver had," she went on, cheerfully, adding a little running stream of various other domestic details, trying to lift the dreadful gloom and glower in the atmosphere; but without avail—David answered shortly, and Silvia spoke never a word. Her mind was quite made up as to the course she must pursue. Argument was useless. She would wrap herself in a mantle of dogged silence and reserve. David, Aunt Muir, Janet, her mother and sisters, might pour hailstorms of rebuke, reproach, and scathing comment upon her and her behaviour. She would not, she was determined, emerge from the impenetrable shelter silence, utter

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and complete, afforded. But a sense of desolation settled down upon her as they passed out of the little town on to the bleak and barren moors, and well-known landmarks met her at every turning. She was engulfed in a cloud of old associations; already London, and her experience there, seemed slipping too far into the background ever to be more than a dim remembrance. Must she fight, here at Kindrach, with realities to find that she was grasping shadows? It was early yet, however, to shrink. No, she would not give in. She stepped down at the cottage-gate braced for the conflict. David alone got down with her, telling Janet somewhat peremptorily to drive on to the Manse; they were met by all the Dewars and swept in a hurrying stream of kisses and ejaculations into the tiny sitting-room. When they were finally in the house, David wrested himself from Kate and Lesbia, and, laying his hand on Silvia's shoulder, propelled her forcibly before her mother.

"Ah've brought your daughter back, Mrs. Dewar, mam, as a brand snatched from the burning," he spoke with a certain sad solemnity.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Dewar, looking frightened and terrified. She had much the same little ways as Silvia, and glanced now from her youngest child's sullen, not to say sulky, tired face to David's dark contracted brows in a flutter of apprehension.

"As a brand from the burning," he repeated, in raised tones. "Ah will see ye the morn; ah'm fair tired out, an' ower sair at heart, to discuss the matter now." Without another word he turned and left the group of amazed women alone, with Silvia in their midst. At the burst of eager questioning which broke from them directly his back was fairly out of sight, Silvia collapsed entirely, and fell to bitter weeping. There was nothing for it but to hurry her off to rest and sleep; her sisters and mother restraining their curiosity as best they might.

(*To be concluded.*)

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From the Kara Sea to the Obi.*

Part II.

OUR first day's ramble soon made me realize two things. Firstly, that the journey was not to be all "beer and skittles;" and secondly, that not much faith was to be reposed in our worthy conductor's veracity. The marvellous speed with which, according to his accounts, we were to cover the ground resolved itself into a slow crawl; not that this was to be wondered at, as the heavily laden sledges sunk deep into the ground, very boggy by nature, and rendered all the heavier by the incessant rain which had begun to fall from the moment we had turned our backs on the good ship *Labrador*. Manfully the poor deer struggled with their heavy loads, greatly distressing me by the way in which, after a few minutes' continued pulling, their tongues hung far out of their mouths, this being caused not so much by a natural want of breath as by the way of harnessing, which brings all the strain of their load upon their throats and chests. I soon saw that a reindeer's life is by no means a happy one; when, after three hours' heavy pull, darkness setting in, we were obliged to make our first camp, the poor beasts were just cast loose from the sledges, three or four of the oldest and most respectable ones being hobbled, and there left to pick up such little mouthfuls as they could crop from the very scanty patches of moss in the vicinity of the sledges. I at first wondered how it was that only the oldest and most staid deer were hobbled, but I soon discovered that reindeer are very gregarious, never, except when frightened by wolves or other wild animals, scattering; so that when one had made sure of the leaders of the herd not straying far in search of food, the remainder, how-

* For Map, see the August number of 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

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re sure to be within reach when required. From this
ess on the part of the reindeer, the Samoyedes'
ften increased by wild deer, which are still to be found
st northerly spurs of the Ural range, joining their
thren, and in time submitting to their fate of dragging
and, when past this, finding their way into the soup

cast off our deer, we proceeded to make the best of
ght's quarters. That they lent themselves to the
a comfortable night even the most sanguine of us
pretend. We had halted on the highest piece of
could find, a position always chosen by the natives in
hey may keep an eye upon their deer. The only shelter
pouring rain and the bitter north wind we could
by turning up a few of our baggage sledges, and
h them a sort of triangular "laager." Then began that
s and disappointing operation of lighting a fire with
in the teeth of a howling wind. Alexander, accus-
travels in these inhospitable regions, had luckily
h him a block of wood, which he hoped would last
the promised comforts of our choom; and a wise
this turned out to be, as only the inherited skill of
en is capable of converting the soaking moss and
low shrubs to be found on the Tundra into a sub-
able of burning or, rather, smouldering. After we
turn made our bodies into screens, nursed the first
er the flaps of our mackintoshes, exhausted our lungs
ed blowing when the sparks had developed into a
e, we were greeted by the sight of our first "camp
hich Alexander proceeded to prepare our humble
nsisting of tea and fried reindeer-steaks. Ivan and
t silently watching our preparations with ill-disguised
or the sybarites who needed a fire and cooked food.
mselves disposed of a large quantity of perfectly raw
eat, they threw themselves down on the soaking
rning even such slight shelter as an upturned sledge
d. To the very end of my journey, I was filled over
gain with astonishment at the amount of hardship and
wiry little tribe could stand, going without food or
rty-eight hours or more, never changing their soaked
ozen "malitzas," and taking it as a matter of course,
lling for fourteen or sixteen hours on end in thirty

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degrees of cold, to keep watch over the reindeer at night, by ceaselessly wandering round them on their snow-shoes.

Having swallowed our supper, we turned in to our sledges, covering ourselves with all the deerskins and pieces of canvas we could lay hands upon. However much reason we may have had to long for our cosy bunks on the *Labrador*, and the prospects of eggs and bacon in the morning, the entire novelty of the scene, and especially the utter uncertainty as to what the morrow would bring forth, made me forget all the discomforts of the moment. As soon as daylight appeared, the bustle of collecting the deer was very acceptable in restoring our circulation, which the degree of frost supervening on the drenching rain had numbed through the night. The poor beasts, who had found little or nothing to eat, were easily captured, and after a hasty apology for a breakfast, we started off, eager to reach our choom as soon as possible. As the morning wore on, the weather cleared, and we were enabled to take in the landscape, such as it was. Behind us we could still see the blue line of the Straits, dotted here and there with a bright sparkling spot which we recognized as an exceptionally large piece of ice ; and in front of us stretched the brown undulating Tundra, an unbroken line as far as the eye could reach. We walked by the side of our sledges, in order to dry ourselves, and to help our weary deer through the continual patches of bog, into which they kept sinking up to their bellies. The going became slower and slower, and to our anxious enquiries whether we would reach our camp that night, we eventually succeeded in extracting the unpleasant answer that there was no hope of reaching it that day, and little of reaching it the next. The only thing our good natives prayed for was a strong frost and fall of snow, which would make good going for our sledges ; but I cannot say that this was an encouraging thought in our drenched and tentless condition. The second night was rather worse than the first, as the approaching winter was making itself rapidly felt in the strong frosts which set in after dark. Our progress on the third day was even slower than on the two previous ones, as the deer grew weaker and weaker from want of food. At 3 P.M. we were obliged again to come to a halt. The only consolation we could derive was from the fact of the weatherwise Crowther predicting from the appearance of the sky a speedy fall of snow. Sleep in our drenched and fireless condition was out of the question ; so we sat huddled close together watching the sky for snow, like Elijah watching for the promised ap-

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pearance of rain. Towards 3 A.M. the temperature grew much warmer, and to our intense delight a steady fall of snow set in. As soon as we could harness our deer, we started off, intent on reaching our choom that day, or die in the attempt. In order to make more certain of this, we hid three of our heaviest baggage sledges in a little ravine, trusting more in the absolute desertedness of these regions for their safety, than in the honesty of any native who came across them.

The deer seemed to know that they were approaching better pasture lands, as they apparently dragged their heavy loads with more alacrity. Towards the middle of the day we came across numerous footprints of reindeer, and Ivan declared his main herd could not be very far off. After a few more versts, we at last, to our intense relief, perceived on the top of a hill the choom which was to be our home for the next six weeks. This sight even seemed to slightly rouse Gregorio and Ivan from their usual apathy, and they urged on the deer with more energy. Our arrival at our camp gave me a good instance of the extraordinary stoicism of the Samoyedes. Though the barking of the dogs, and rushing about of the liberated reindeer, must have informed the inhabitants of the choom of our arrival, nothing but a diminutive Samoyede of four or five came out to greet, by sundry inarticulate grunts, his father Ivan. As soon as the latter had cast loose the deer, and ranged the sledges in a circle round the tent, he lifted the loose flags which serves as door, and entered into his castle, closely followed by me.

The four women who were seated on the ground, busied with dressing and sewing reindeer-skins, hardly looked up on our entering, and Ivan went straight into the corner evidently reserved to him by right as the master of the establishment, and sitting down without a word, begun appeasing his hunger with large slices of raw meat. Not till his improvised meal was over did he utter, and then only to ejaculate, a few broken words evidently referring to the new inhabitants whom he had brought into his choom. Seeing that we were not likely to obtain any assistance from the fair sex in settling down, we set to work ourselves, and indicating to them that we meant to take possession of one half of the choom, we brought in our scanty goods and made ourselves as comfortable as we could. It was a tight fit, ten grown-up people and two children pressed into a circle barely twelve feet in diameter. We lay with our heads under the folds of the tent, and our feet turned inwards towards the fire, which, when fuel

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was forthcoming was lighted in the middle of the tent only exit from the blinding smoke was through the top choom where the tent poles joined, from which open sp also derived all our available light. We could, howev complain of a want of ventilation. This choom being a s one—that is, its covering consisting of strips of birch ba together with reindeer sinew—there were plenty of fissures which the wind and snow drove in upon us. Though tho wearied with the hardships of our first three days of trav spent most of the night in watching the domestic habits new hosts and their families. After some enquiry, discovered the relationship of the various occupants of apartment. By far the most important person seemed to ancient, witchlike-looking female, Ivan's mother. Of hideous faces it has ever been my misfortune to meet various travels, hers was by far the most hideous. Bef choom life was over, we discovered that her character w worse than her face. After a glance, we tacitly declar to the knife with this ancient virago. The fairest spec the Samoyede female was Arik, the young lady of the Ivan's sister. The other two were Ivan's wife and the Alexei, Ivan's brother. I observed with some amount of that the latter would soon be a happy father, and anot habitant be added to our choom. All these worthies watched our preparations for the night with intense cu but only Arik, encouraged perhaps by the gallant loo gestures of Alexander and Crowther, ventured to help drying our soaking boots and stockings. We soon down comfortably on our side of the choom; but it wa time before I got accustomed, when waking suddenly, row of hideous faces opposite me, some one of which w to be gorging raw meat, which did not render the sigh attractive or reassuring. We were not to enjoy the lux our choom for long. Before daylight next morning a mo made, as I was anxious to reach the river Kartuicha, wh winter sledges and tent were in store, before the river to freeze, and became impassable for some time. Th breaking up of our regular camp was an interesting sight women did all the work connected with the pulling down choom, and the packing of the sledges; the men concen their attention on the collecting and harnessing of th This has become such an institution amongst the nativ

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uld rather sit, cold and tentless, waiting for three or whilst the women were struggling to erect the choom of a strong wind (by no means an easy task), than emselves by touching a tent pole, or in any way the building of their home. By far the worst portion els was, on arriving at our camping-place at night g and cold day's tramp, the weary hour or two's lst the tent was being pitched and a fire lighted.

me the choom was pulled down and packed into the ges, we saw the magnificent sight of the 500 reindeer vards us, driven by the men and dogs who had n long before daylight to collect them. Then began ase, which we were to witness so often before our nd, of catching the deer destined for the day's work. agers came up to the sledges at once, disdaining to show of wildness or untractability; but of these atures there were only about twenty, the other forty required having, with infinite trouble and exertion, ed. This was a sight I never grew tired of, and a e in which, towards the end of the journey, I used to tive part. The dogs chased the reindeer up and they rushed in close order two or three abreast, led the oldest of the untamed deer, going through the at the most extraordinary rate. The men having s (which are twisted leather thongs about thirty feet a noose running through an eye generally made of) ready coiled in their hands, crouch down low in nd as the animals pass they throw the noose with skill over the horns of the deer which is chosen for th. Their memory and eye for deer is extraordinary, rietors know every individual deer in herds much the one we were travelling with; no easy task, as he herd changes, by the birth of new calves and loss of the old ones. It was marvellous to see ning the herd every morning, and in the course of lling you exactly what deer had strayed or been by wolves in the preceding night. This performance and harnessing the deer generally lasted from two rs, which accounts a good deal for the slow progress lly made. Seeing that we were likely to come in old during this portion of our journey, I, having only an ulster from the *Labrador*, ordered a com-

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plete native outfit from the women, and the animals destined to furnish my costume were caught then and there, killed, skinned, and within four days their skins transferred from their backs to mine.

In our three days' march to the Kartuicha we had the excitement of crossing a broad as yet unfrozen stream. The water already being very cold, it was with some difficulty that the herd could be persuaded to swim, and it was only by catching the old ones and forcing them across that the rest were at length persuaded to take to the water. When they had made up their minds to do this, they all dashed in in a body, the sight of the thick struggling mass of antlers in the water being splendid. Several of the younger calves, however, were carried off by the rapid stream. We reached the Kartuicha just a week after leaving the *Labrador*, and found a small camp of Zyrienian fishermen. These were the first specimens of this tribe we had come across, and the several days which we spent here in definitely fitting ourselves out for our journey across the Urals afforded me an opportunity of studying this very interesting set of people. They all come from the village and small district of Lahme, talk a language of their own, and are very independent in their ways and habits. They live much like the Samoyedes and Ostiaks, owning large herds of reindeer, and derive much wealth from cheating the natives, and from the illicit sale of spirits. They are a very cunning race, but a fine-looking set of people, and I was particularly struck by the good looks of the women, by no means an unpleasant contrast to the hideous native females by whom we were surrounded. Out of doors they don the same costume as the latter, but when in their chooms they wear a particularly picturesque garb, consisting of a red skirt held up by a sort of cross-belt over the shoulders and a black velvet coat, their hair being hidden by a red cloth wound round their heads in the form of a turban. During our stay we abandoned our own choom for the largest one of those belonging to the Zyrienians, and found that, with ingenuity and a certain amount of energy, a choom can be made quite a comfortable residence. Instead of lying on the snow, we had matting covered with reindeer-hide cushions, a portable stove instead of the open fire, and cooking utensils instead of the meat dangling by a string over the smoky fire. These Zyrienians spend the summer fishing in the Kartuicha, and as soon as winter sets in return to their native district

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the journey for which our hosts were just making
rations. Our natives still having a few roubles in
es, and finding themselves consequently well received,
vrienians willing, for the consideration of one rouble,
us sum in these parts, to let them have a bottle
ers water and one-quarter villainous vodki, were
tive in their preparations for a start, and then began
f attempts to hurry them on my part, and recrimina-
eir part, which nearly ended in open mutiny before
was over. It was not till the 6th of October that
ear of the influence of the Kartuicha settlement,
did remove our camp a few days' journey off. The
ver, as soon as the choom was pitched, dashing back
dges to the attractions of the vodki bottle, and doing
hour the distance it had taken us a painful day's
accomplish. Another family had been added to our
he shape of Nicholas and his wife and children, a
flattered himself he could show us the way to
This worthy at first proposed crushing into our
t upon this I put my veto, obliging him to bring
is own habitation. Our journey proper commenced
of October, and there was little till we reached the
reak its monotony. We very soon shook down into
of our day's work. As soon as daylight appeared
om our reindeer-skins; our toilet was soon made,
eing confined to a good shake in order to remove
vhich had covered our clothes through the night; if
orthcoming, we lighted just enough fire to cook what
tea and some reindeer-steaks; then the choom was
vn, the sledges packed, and whilst the operation of
ne deer was going on, I generally tramped on ahead
e snow in the hope of finding something to shoot.
t was not till we came within sixty or seventy miles
er Ussna that we found any game, and then only
and these very wild. The only animals we "struck"
ndra were three "sloths," and occasionally a big
We occasionally at night heard the deer stampede
ves, and saw their footprints in the snow in the
ut we never sighted any till we crossed the Urals.
uitless tramps in the morning after camp, however,
get up our circulation for the day, as sitting on our
oughing through the heavy snow was cold work; the

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temperature fell lower and lower day by day with marvellous rapidity. Towards midday we generally made a halt of an hour, during which time we readjusted the harness of our deer, mended the sledges which had got broken during the morning's work, &c. Then the march continued till about 6 o'clock, if by that time we had reached a good patch of moss for the deer. In this way we made about twenty miles a day. Whilst the women were building the choom, the men caught and killed the deer which was to be our supper for that night, and breakfast for the next day, and collected such fuel as could be found. As soon as the choom was up, we lay down in our respective places, not to move out till the march was resumed next day, except to go and get a breath of fresh air, and relieve our eyes when the smoke from the green, wet brushwood grew particularly suffocating. The first portion of the evening, whilst Alexander was making us the best supper possible under the circumstances, was spent in cleaning our guns and drying our mocassins. After eating our evening rations, came a pipe (as long as our tobacco lasted) and then a yarn about his Arctic experiences with Crowther, or a cross-examination of the natives as to their doings through Alexander and old Gregorio. The women were ever busy dressing and sewing skins for their lords and masters, who, the moment the choom was pitched, took it easy, and lay recovering from the hard day's work. These long evenings and nights of enforced inactivity became very hard to bear, and yet I was obliged to put a stop to the use of candles, which would have at least allowed us the satisfaction of a book, as these as well as all our stores, which were only calculated for twenty days, were rapidly dwindling, and I saw no hopes of our reaching civilized parts in that time. From the Kartuicha I had attempted, with the view of passing over the proposed line of canal, to make for the Kara River; but after a few days' travelling, I saw that the want of food for the deer, and the slowness of our marching, and want of preparations, would make this impossible, so I struck in as straight a line by compass as possible for the Urals, hoping to find a practicable pass as far north as possible which would lead us to Obdorsk.

I was amazed to find how suddenly the winter came on. During several days we were forced to halt from stress of weather, and during one of the heavy snowstorms and mists which ushered in the great cold which came upon us, my progress over the tundra and through this life was nearly cut short. For, on

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one occasion, seeing we were again halted for the day, owing to the weather, I strolled round the choom, and, finding some foot-prints of ptarmigan, I called to Crowther, and, taking our guns, we went in search of them. We came across a covey, but it was out of shot. Suddenly a heavy snow-storm arose with a dense mist, and in a moment both choom and Crowther disappeared from my sight. I walked for a bit, and then realised that I was regularly lost amongst the hills. It was true I had a compass and knew the direction of the choom, and I am convinced that I must have passed within a few yards of it, but the fog was so dense that nothing could be seen. I fired off my cartridges, all but two, as signals of distress, but with no result. At last, after wandering for a couple of hours in no pleasant state of mind, I came across the foot-prints of a reindeer, and followed them in hopes they would take the direction of the choom, which they fortunately did. I met Alexander and Crowther, who, very greatly alarmed for my safety, had set forth in search of me. To celebrate my happy return we ate, amid much rejoicing, one of the two preserved pine-apples we had brought with us from the *Labrador*.

The first real excitement we had was exactly a month after leaving the ship. It was a fine, bright, but very cold day, and we were making fair progress over the hard snow, when Alexander, who had pushed on ahead, came driving back furiously from a height on to which he had climbed, and informed us he had sighted the mountains. We were soon on that height, and not even Xenophon's band when they shouted *θαλαττα, θαλαττα*, could have done it with more enthusiasm than we shouted back to the rest of our caravan, "The Ural! the Ural!" This, however, was not the only excitement for the day, for soon after we had pitched our camp, the family event which had been imminent took place, and the young Samoyede who made his entrance into the world very literally in our midst, withstood, strange to say, the test of being rolled in the snow, by which the natives seem to assure themselves of the "survival of the fittest." Next day the weather set in thick again, and for a whole week we travelled on without being again refreshed by a sight of the Urals. At the end of the week we reached the first wood we had come across, a welcome find, as the temperature varied between 20 degrees below zero Réaumur, and an occasional thaw. On October 26th, we struck the banks of the River Ussva, but found to our disgust that though it had already been hard frozen this season, a sudden

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thaw had broken it up again, and we were forced to make another halt. However, in making casts up and down the river for a crossing, we came upon the huts of a Zyrienian hunter, who spent his winter in these desolate regions, trapping wolves and foxes. It was a great treat to see a fresh human being—this Zyrienian and his family being the first we came across since we left the Kartuicha. We also were enabled to replenish our stock of tea, the only luxury left us, as during the last week we were absolutely confined to reindeer meat, and had been forced on three occasions after going without food for some time to submit to eating it raw, the snow having been too deep to find the little brushwood, which till then had afforded us our fuel.

I had a long discussion with Popow the Zyrienian hunter, who strongly advised me to go S. and cross the Urals by what is known as Siberiokoff route, but as this meant at least another month's travel, I determined to march straight to the hills and trust to our own ingenuity in getting across. It was quite plain that the natives, now they were getting into quite unknown parts to them, were very anxious to hang back, and would gladly have got out of their bargain of crossing the much dreaded Ural range; but I was determined to go on, and that at once. So as soon as the river would bear the weight of our caravan, which was after a three days' halt, we drove Ivan and his companions out of the vodki-consuming company of the Zyrienians, and made in a straight line for the hills. Two days after we left the Ussva we were rewarded by a magnificently clear day, and as it grew light, we saw the range of Urals in all its snow-clad grandeur before us. The sunrise over the hills that day was worth all the journey, and especially a pleasant sight to us, as we knew just beyond them lay Obdorsk, comparative civilization, and, as we hoped, news of our belongings and the world in general, from which we had been cut off so long. The Urals here appear much higher than they in reality are, as they rise very abruptly from the tundra, which is little above the level of the sea. The highest point ahead of us was *Pae-jer*, which is just under 5000 feet above sea-level. This was practically the point we were making for, as, according to Popow, just to the S. of it, running between the hills Pae-jer and Chortju-jes, was a practicable pass.

The main question now was to await favourable weather for the crossing, as the great danger of these narrow passes are the sudden and heavy avalanches and snow-drifts which are caused by any strong wind, a very frequent occurrence.

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I pushed on the camp to the best feeding-ground on this side of the hills, as, once we had started to cross, we had to go on till reaching the other side, there being absolutely no food on the hills, which are very rocky and destitute of all vegetation. We gave our deer a forty-eight hours' rest and feed, and on the 1st of November at 3.30 A.M. broke up our choom for the last time in Europe.

It was a steady climb all day, and we had to do a good deal of pushing and lifting to get the heavy baggage sledges over the boulders. The morning had been very fine, but as we got into the defile the sky clouded over us and we saw with some concern that the wind was getting up, and that snow was threatening. We were obliged to drive the herd of deer in front of us, unlike on the tundra, when they generally followed at some distance, driven by either Arib or Alexei on a slight sledge, but on this occasion we drove them on through the pass in front of us, having much difficulty in preventing them turning and running back to their last feeding-place. The defile grew narrower and narrower and the wind came cutting through it, making it almost impossible to face it, as the temperature was about 30° below zero. Towards evening our progress grew very slow, as the continual climbing without rest or food had thoroughly wearied the deer; but there was nothing to be done; we had to keep on till we reached the other side, and the worst was still to come. Towards midnight the wind increased to a regular gale, and had it not been blowing exactly down the pass, that is from E. to W., we would without any doubt have been overwhelmed by the huge masses of snow which lay threateningly overhanging us from the steep rocky hills which rose perpendicularly on our right and left. As it was, the fine drift-snow was blown so fiercely into our faces that it almost choked us, and one was obliged to occasionally turn one's back to the wind to be able to breathe freely. It became more difficult minute by minute to make the deer face this, and had it not been for the narrowness of the gorge they would undoubtedly have turned and broken away from us. Whenever they made a determined effort to do this, however, we drew our sledges barricade-like across the pass, which effectually stopped all attempts at escape.

At about 2 A.M., according to the appearance of the hills, we had reached the middle and narrowest part of the defile, but here presented itself a difficulty which nearly baffled all

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our efforts to proceed. The draining of the melting snow in autumn, running off the hills, had converted the middle of the pass into a lake, and the wind driving the snow continually over this ice had polished it to such a degree, that even under ordinary circumstances it would have been difficult for the deer to keep a footing on so slippery a surface. Added to this the raging wind, total darkness, and the weariness of a twenty-four hours' march of the most difficult kind, and our position is easily realised. The main herd scrambled across somehow ; but the moment the first string of sledges had advanced on the ice some little way it was caught by the wind ; the deer were thrown off their legs, and upturned sledges, deer, human beings, inclusive of the baby, in hopeless confusion, blown mercilessly along the polished surface. Attempt after attempt was made to urge the deer, till at last Ivan, who to do him credit had behaved very well till then, burst into floods of tears not unmixed with violent imprecations against me. All the initiative of getting across was now left to Crowther, Alexander and myself, and after the weary and difficult process of getting a footing on a piece of canvas as far out on the lake as possible, and then hauling the deer towards us by lassoes fastened round their horns, we succeeded in getting all our sledges and those of the natives across. Thoroughly exhausted by twenty-six hours of incessant hard work without bite or sup, I threw myself into my sledge, and notwithstanding the great cold, I was soon fast asleep. When I awoke I found daylight breaking and our sledges driving rapidly downhill through the outskirts of a thick larch wood which stretched out in front of us. Behind us towered the steep Pae-jer, its top hidden by a dense cloud. I then realised we were across the Urals and in Asia at last. However, our adventures were not to end there. During the time I had been asleep, old Gregorio, who had been driving the string of sledges on which Alexander, Crowther and myself were lying, had managed to lose the rest, and after wandering about aimlessly in the wood, had to admit he was hopelessly lost, and had managed to lose the track of the other sledges. Here we were, after twenty-eight hours' travelling, foodless and shelterless. There was nothing to be done but to take the freshest of the deer, harness them to a light sledge and go in search of the lost track, an office which I was obliged to undertake. After three hours' search, I at last discovered our choom pitched, the inhabitants fast asleep recovering from the fatigues of the

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By the time I had retrieved my lost companions I
ughly done, and glad to throw myself down in a
the choom, and sleep till far into the afternoon.
d to give our deer a thorough rest, and the next few
rches were just shifting from one feeding-ground to
The entire character of the landscape had changed.
f the barren tundra we were in the midst of thick
larch and pine filled with game, ptarmigan, capercailzie,
te hares, lynx, etc. Our one bane were the wolves at
ch necessitated constant patrolling round the deer on
, the snow in the forests being from five to six feet
twithstanding which precautions, however, we lost
deer before reaching Obdorsk. The natives were
us about the "other side of the Stones," *i.e.* the Urals
ll Asia, and very anxious to get a sight of the much
Ostiak, in whose country we now were. They had not
iit. About three days after crossing into Asia we were
one of the latter, whose services I accepted to guide
orsk. The Samoyedes had ruefully to admit that after
stiaks were very much like themselves, and that the
specimen drove in his sledge were finer than their
a rule these two tribes regard each other with the
nutual contempt, Samoyede being a great term of
m to the Ostiak, and the former, if accused of anything
y offensive, remarking with indignation that he is not
or a Russian. On the 6th of November we slept for
ne in our choom, as our Ostiak guide declared we were
lay's march of the longed for Obdorsk. Accordingly
ve loaded our goods into several light sledges, with five
e, and after a tender farewell, and great settling up of
drove off from the choom which we had begun to look
ur home.

velled at a speed which contrasted most agreeably with
s crawl which had been our pace since leaving the
We had come about seventy-five versts, when by
uddenly halted on the banks of the monster river Obi.
t this point being joined by the Polni is about seven
e, and the guide blankly refused to pilot us across in
owing, to the dangers of the crevasses, which abounded
iddle of the stream. He proposed we should sleep in
s till daylight, but this would have been too tantalizing,
ced him, nilly willy, to lead on. We groped our way

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carefully across the frozen giant river, and I was beginning to wonder whether after all we would ever reach civilization again, when the most joyous sound I had heard for long came faintly through the darkness over the still expanse of snow and ice, a church bell striking 9 o'clock. A few minutes after we saw the lights of Obdorsk twinkling from the bank, and our reindeer journey had come to an end. We halted at the entrance of the village and sent Alexander to knock at the doors of the most inviting-looking log huts to find us quarters. But our story sounded so improbable, that the inhabitants, rendered suspicious by living in the midst of semi-wild natives and the worst form of Russian convicts, were not anxious to receive us, and it was only after some time that we found food and shelter in the house of Ivan Paulovitch Popow, and civilisation, which we had parted with on board the *Labrador*, was restored to us under the hospitable roof of this enlightened Russian gentleman, who, many years back, had entertained the celebrated naturalist Dr. Brehm

VICTOR A. L. MORIER.

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The Siren Song.

I HEARD it in the happy isles
  Blown down the dying day,
The summer song whose lilt beguiles
  The wanderer to stay:

It followed in the shorewind's breath,
  The magic still was strong,
Although the note of change and death
  Has touched the Sirens' song.

They do not lure to new delights
  Beyond what life has known,
To happy days and happy nights
  In summer's slumber-zone;

But only, "who will rest awhile
  From riot and from ruth,
Forget in such a sunny smile
  The brazen eyes of truth!

"Come hither, hither, come and dream
  Of years dead long ago,
Until the earth and ocean seem
  The world that poets know.

"Come back and dwell with hopes long dead
  And what will never be!
Avert thine eyes and turn thine head
  From the world's way oversea!

"For here are drowsy dreams to cheat
  The eyes that else would weep,
And inland seas to bathe the feet,
  And quiet vales for sleep."

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But deadly is the Sirens' song
As ever in the ears,
And ropes of faith must bind him strong
Who bides it when he hears.

For some have hearkened, lain them down
And drunk a deadly thing,
And soon the storms of winter drown
The hollow dream of spring.

Pass, phantom music, pass away!
The purple isles grow dim;
The glamour of the dying day
Fades on the ocean's rim.

Enchantress of the mossy caves
Sleep by thy drowsy streams!
The cradle of the rocking waves
Is worth a world of dreams!

Oh, living love, my happy hills
Are wheresoe'er thou art;
There is no help for human ills
But in the human heart!

So be the haven near or far,
Blow winds and freshen sea,
The morrow's hope, the morning star,
The living world for me!

RENNELL RODD

CYCLADES, 1889.

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Elephant Kraals.

ON arriving at Aden, I found a letter from the Governor of Ceylon, inviting me to make no arrangements on reaching that island, as there was to be an Elephant Kraal early in February at a place about fifty miles from Colombo. This was very exciting news to one during whose government of nearly six years in Ceylon, there had not been a single kraal.

The whole affair was a private concern got up by certain chiefs of the Western Provinces as a compliment to their new governor. They took the entire expense on themselves of driving in the elephants, and of erecting some very pretty and comfortable houses, made of the leaves of the Talipot palm, for the accommodation of the Governor and his party, and of the local officials. The promoters of the entertainment, however, expected to recoup themselves for their outlay by the sale of the captured elephants, but the sport alone would have induced them to undertake it. It seldom comes, it is true, for kraals are not an every day occurrence. In 1866 one was given in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh; and another in 1882 in honour of the English princes; but though few and far between, yet tradition keeps alive the story, and what Epsom is to an Englishman, or a "corrida de Toros" to Spaniards, such is a kraal to the Singalese. They will go any distance to one, and are as knowing and as garrulous about elephants and their doings as the most thorough "Aficionado" about Manchegan bulls.

After a pleasant morning drive and a subsequent short ride along a bridle path we reached our destination, and found our leaf cottages very prettily situated in a meadow by the side of a clear stream. We were invited to be the guests of the Governor in this pleasant bivouac, and much enjoyed the hospitality. The kraal itself was about three-quarters of a mile away, on the other side of the hill which flanked our meadow. It was constructed

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at the end of a valley, and ran up the side of the hill, and was two or three acres in extent. The word "Kraal" is Dutch, and is identical with the Spanish "Corral" or enclosure; and the present enclosure was formed of the trunks of trees sunk into the ground. Cross-bars lashed to them by tough creepers from the jungle, gave the palisade great strength, and peeled pointed sticks were arranged along it to repulse any attempt on the part of the captive elephants to break out. A grand stand, large enough to hold fifty persons, was erected over the palisade in a position which commanded a view of the kraal, and a small kind of crow's nest was placed just over the opening through which the elephants were to be driven. From that post the Governor and a few friends would be able to see the first rush of the huge beasts into the kraal; and we were strictly enjoined when the time arrived not to speak or cough, and above all things, not to smoke, lest suspicion being aroused, the elephants should turn back.

In the evening the Governor invited the two native chiefs who were getting up the hunt to dinner. They informed us that the herd was well surrounded, and they hoped to drive them in next morning. We had much elephant talk, and broke up full of expectation.

The morning came, but with it the adverse news that the herd had fallen back, and that there would be no driving in that day; but in order that time might not hang heavily upon us, a fish kraal was proposed for our amusement in the afternoon. This was effected in a lovely spot where a large pool of a couple of acres in extent was hemmed in by a ridge of rocks, and filled by the river tumbling through a rocky defile above it. The fish which occupied the pool were driven into a corner by nets; in it were placed boughs and logs of wood, under which they hid. At length the net completely surrounded the corner, which seemed alive with fish. They were a species of carp, almost all small—scarcely any reaching 2 lb. in weight, but they jumped like the best Irish steeplechasers. The net was raised about three feet above the surface of the pool, and many of them cleared it gallantly and got off safely into the open water. A prodigious quantity were captured at last and distributed among the beaters, who received them with much satisfaction, fish curry being a special dainty.

Next day good news arrived that though the elephants had broken through the inner circle the day before, yet that they

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had been driven back by the outer cordon and were expected to enter the kraal before noon. In elephant-catching there are two cordons, one in advance, the other some distance behind, to turn the elephants if they grow restive and succeed in breaking back. They are driven very slowly, only a few miles a day. There were from 500 to 600 beaters employed, who were relieved by a succession of new comers from the villages on these occasions. When dusk advances, a halt is proclaimed and a cordon of fires in a constant blaze prevents the retreat of the elephants during the night. Next day after breakfast, we went up to the kraal and took our silent untobaccofied station in the crow's nest over the entrance. We heard the wild cries of the beaters apparently near, louder and louder, quicker and quicker came the shots. We knew the great beasts were close at hand, all at once we held our breath, we saw the jungle wave, and then heard the crash of trees, and on rushed headlong into the kraal eleven elephants, bearing down everything before them. "Now we may light our cigars," we cried, and so we did. In an instant the palisades in the space left open for the entry were securely fixed and all hope of escape impossible. The next step was to beat down the jungle within the kraal, in order that the noosers might have every opportunity of easy approach. An opening was made in the enclosure, and six tame elephants stalked into it. Two turned tail the moment the wild herd approach them, and were so frightened that they would do nothing, so they were ignominiously turned out, and four remained for the work; two of them gigantic old tuskers who knew their business and never quailed. The poor captives, among whom were two mothers with calves, kept constantly together, thinking their safety lay in union. The great object was to pen them in some spot, in order that the noosers might get to their feet and fix the rope upon them. It was a most striking scene, the rush of the beasts bearing down everything crashing and waving before them, and all at once brought to a standstill by the sight of the huge tusker stepping gravely out and barring the way with his gigantic head. It seemed to be the perfect symbol of the Æschylean inexorable resistless fate, something treading slowly, noiselessly, bearing with it utter irretrievable ruin. The deliberation and calmness of the approach was a terrible sight, nothing appeared but the enormous head and the trunk which touched the ground, and

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the bright colours of the riders ; all the rest was hidden in the foliage. The poor prisoners halted, gazed, knew their master, and bolted another way ; to be again encountered by his comrade. At last a roar, or rather a shriek, and a violent trumpeting denoted that a capture had been effected. The rope was fixed on the leg of a calf, a small one, but for all that he made a good fight. One of the large elephants dragged him down by the rope to a tree in the corner of the kraal by which a small stream was running and there he was tied up. Both on this and on other occasions it was amusing to see the goodnatured manner in which the tame elephants handled their prisoners. They pushed them to the very spot where they wished them to go, and when there kept them perfectly steady till the tying-up process was effected. There was no attempt to beat or hurt them. They seemed as it were to say "there is not the slightest use in resistance," and the captives after a very short struggle seemed to acquiesce in that view of the case. The noosing and tying up process was continued the next day, but we were obliged to leave and failed in consequence to see a very touching episode. The calf of one of the cow elephants was noosed, the mother did her best to save it, but when it was dragged away by the huge tame tuskers she gave up the hopeless struggle, and retired into the rank of the still free wild ones. The young elephant was tied to a tree in a corner of the kraal within three or four yards of the largest concourse of spectators. The wild elephants being again driven round the kraal passed near the spot, and this time the poor cow walked deliberately out from her fellows and came down to her calf, with whom she remained the whole day, comforting and petting it with her trunk, and not paying the slightest heed to the stones and sticks and bad language which were constantly hurled at her. At last she too submitted to be tied up without resistance. The Governor's party left that afternoon, and on the following day the remaining elephants were secured without loss of life or accident.

It was notified to me on my arrival by the Kandyan chiefs of the North-Western Province that as a remembrance of the friendship which used to exist between us during my term of government, they were about to offer me the compliment of a kraal on a great scale in the wild regions of their province.

They were already busily engaged in a drive of the elephants which abounded there, and were employing a prodigious force

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of beaters, from 1500 to 2000 men. It is probable there was some exaggeration in the number; still there is no doubt that a vast number of men were employed, and a considerable tract of country was being beaten by them towards one point where the site for a kraal had been selected. News reached us from time to time of large herds of elephants being on the move. It was said that 120 had been counted within the circle, and among them a large and formidable tusker. Nothing could exceed the liberality of our entertainers; they had erected a large and tasteful house of talipot leaves close to the kraal for the accommodation of the Governor's party and myself.

The Governor at first did not intend to be present, but allowed himself to be persuaded to change his mind, much to my gratification, as I again had the pleasure of his society. He was accompanied by Lady and Miss Gordon, which made the party very agreeable.

We received notice that on the 5th of March, the elephants would be close to the kraal. Rumours went abroad that about sixty elephants were being driven, the rest having either escaped by their own exertions, or having been allowed to depart as the number was unmanageable. On the 5th accordingly, we all departed from Kandy at early morn, breakfasted at his beautiful residence near Korunegala with the Government agent or satrap of the North-Western Province, and reached the kraal, which lay about 30 miles due west of Korunegala, at about 6 o'clock in the evening.

On reaching our destination, I was most astonished at the scene which met the eye. A considerable town of leaf huts had suddenly sprung up, and the high road was lined with shops filled with all sorts of wares. Further down, in the almost dry bed, and by the banks of a large river, were rows of bullock carts, each of them the abode of visitors, temporary hotels, and occupied by more than one sleeper, while there was just enough water for somewhat unsatisfactory toilets. Branching from the high road and leading to the kraal, was a bye road, and on each side of it were constructed houses made of talipot leaves, and inhabited by members of the civil service, and other well-to-do folk. They seemed to be filled with ladies in the gay and light attire of tropical costume. It was stated that there were 5000 persons, independently of the beaters, in this temporary camp, over which a week previously nothing had been passing except wild beasts. On reaching the precincts of the town, we were

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welcomed by a procession of elephants, and marched behind them in state to the spacious bungalow erected by the Kandyan chiefs for our reception. It was very prettily arranged and decorated, with about ten rooms, and not more than five minutes' walk from the kraal.

The next day we visited the kraal. There were about two acres of ground enclosed by a strong stockade, and a beautiful two-storied grand stand had been erected, with upper and lower compartments, from which all the operations could be well seen.

It was most tastefully decorated with scarlet and white drapery; the arms of the Governor and of myself were emblazoned on it, and it was carpeted like a drawing-room. We were in great hopes of being summoned to it on the following day, as it was confidently asserted that the elephants were close to the river, and once they were over it all the rest was a matter of plain sailing, and of a few hours' desperate driving. But the next day came, and then the next day and the next. Each day brought with it its own tales; one person confidently asserting he had seen the elephants close to the river; another being positive he too had seen them, but several miles away, and the last tidings bearer was right. On Sunday we had divine service at the Governor's bungalow, and the Rev. Mr. Ireland Jones preached to a large and attentive audience of Europeans and natives an admirable sermon on the text, "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills." Still, the beasts of the forest would not or did not advance. We heard rumours of a particularly fierce cow elephant with a very young calf at her feet, disarranging the line by desperate attacks on the beaters, who could only repulse her by firing bullets at her from their extraordinary collection of fire-arms; and, indeed, such marvellous arms could never have been seen elsewhere: Portuguese and Dutch barrels adapted to flint-locks, old Tower muskets, huge pistols, blunderbusses. They all, however, made a noise and frightened the elephants; but they did more than that: they killed two beaters by being indiscriminately discharged. One of the victims, a poor boy, had climbed a tree to see the sport, when a shot fired in the air wounded him so severely that he died shortly afterwards.

As may be supposed, time began to hang heavily; the weather was very hot, and the camp being surrounded by jungle, it was reached by little air. It was a mercy that we were not all

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attacked by some disorder. No exercise was possible, partly from the thickness of the covert all around, and partly owing to the strict injunctions which were circulated that no one was to go in the direction of the elephants for fear of heading them back.

There were not many episodes to beguile the time: one night an assault was committed by a wild rogue elephant, which invaded the camp and attacked and ill-treated two small tame elephants on the outskirts. He was watched for next night, but departed never to return on receipt of a volley from some sportsmen, who failed to bring in his tail. Then there were horse races, and much hard and dangerous riding in them, as is sure to be the case when the planters gather together. They were succeeded by elephant races, and very grave, grotesque affairs they were. Whichever got the lead retained it, as in the best part of the course, and especially at the finish, there was only room for one. The delays and the excuses for the non-arrival of the elephants continued into the new week, and at last became so intolerable that we all determined to depart, and on Wednesday the 12th, having been at the kraal since Wednesday the 5th, we revolted, packed up our things and were on the point of starting when in rushed a messenger in hot haste, and informed us that the whole herd would be driven in within five minutes. And sure enough we heard a tremendous outcry close at hand, accompanied with the reports of all manner of fire-arms. We arrived in time to see the dash in of the huge beasts, who ran round the stockade seeking an exit, but in vain. At every point there were spearmen, and the open space by which they entered was instantly closed up. It was difficult at first to see them as they took refuge in the thickest part of the covert. The first thing to be done was to beat down all the brushwood, to enable the noosers to go to work, and four tame elephants marched in for that purpose. It was most amusing to see the perfectly business-like manner with which they performed their task. They soon found out the few trees which were beyond their strength and they troubled themselves no more with them. The others they rocked to and fro till they overthrew them, and then walked along them breaking off the branches, and converting in a short time that which was previously a thick jungle into level ground. One large dark-coloured elephant showed remarkable skill and sagacity, and we were all admiring his cleverness as he worked away just under the stand within a few yards of us. All at once

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a frightful occurrence took place. The Mahout sitting on his shoulders dropped his goad, and the man behind him, who was the regular attendant on the beast, got down to pick it up. In an instant the elephant turned on him, seized him with his trunk, threw him down, knelt upon him and drove his tush (lower tooth), for he was not a tusker, right through his body. The tush was broken off by the violence of the blow. He then actually mashed him with his knees. The Mahout kept his seat all this time, but vainly urged the beast to rise. At last, having satiated his revenge, he got up and allowed himself, all dripping from the mouth with his victim's blood, to be driven out of the enclosure as quietly as if nothing had happened. It was a terrible scene close under the eyes of a number of ladies, who, as well as some of the men, were altogether upset. The Governor at once ordered the proceedings to be stopped for a couple of hours. The poor native's death was instantaneous, for he was crushed into a mass. It turned out afterwards that the elephant ought never to have been worked that day, as he had given unmistakeable signs of being "in must," and had always been more or less ill-tempered. The drivers, however, had no misgivings, and so the owner did not interfere. But the poor man who fell a victim ought to have had every cause for misgiving, as the elephant had an old grudge against him on account of ill-treatment, and had three times before attempted to kill him. An elephant does not forget ill-treatment, but will long bide his time.

On returning to the kraal the process of noosing was begun and was most admirably carried on. At the former kraal, owing to the jealousies of the drivers of elephants coming from different districts, there were constant failures and disappointments, and even when a noosing was effected the ropes seemed continually to break like pack-thread. When one considers the enormous weight of the captured animal and the strain of his struggling one way and the tame elephant another it seems a miracle that any rope can stand; but on the present occasion they did their work bravely. They were said to be made of cowhide. Two of the largest tamed elephants were furnished with these ropes, which were about forty feet long and fastened round their shoulders. When a favourable opportunity occurred and the herd of wild elephants was stopped and mixed in together, the nooser, rope in hand, entered the crowd with the most extraordinary courage, slipped it over the first hind leg

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that was raised from the ground, and then with one tug the struggle began. One man particularly distinguished himself: he ran in front of the tame elephant to which he belonged, armed only with a spear, and several times turned with this weapon the attack of wild ones who resented his approach.

The levelling of the jungle was a shorter job than it seemed likely to be. The rushings to and fro of a herd of twenty-six wild elephants, for that number were enclosed, soon made the rough places smooth, and the noosing proceeded vigorously. The famous cow of whose fierceness we had heard so much was one of the captives. She had a very wee elephant at her foot, which we thought would every minute be smothered in the thick mud of a pond within the kraal which the captives had, by constantly running through it, worked up into a tenacious mass. The little fellow, however, struggled manfully for his liberty; but the poor mother had lost her courage, owing to the severity of her wounds, and soon gave in. Indeed there was but little resistance. Six weeks continual driving had taken the steel out of them. They looked thoroughly woe-begone and very sorry for themselves. One alone fought valiantly for his liberty. He was a large dark elephant and did not generally go with the herd but by himself. On several occasions, as the row of three or four tame elephants advanced towards him, he rushed at them—

> "And thrice came on in fury,
> And thrice turned back in dread—"

but his courage failed and he again retreated.

At last, however, he got his chance and did not miss it. Generally the pursuing elephants had a large tusker leading by about three parts of a length, and there was no hope of worsting him. This time a small one took the lead, it was less in height than the wild one, but strong and well fed. The moment the captive saw the change in the ranks he came on in right good earnest, dashed at the small one and gave him a blow with his trunk, a tremendous stroke and apparently overwhelming; but the little fellow stood it manfully, and, charging in turn, struck his antagonist with his forehead just in the shoulder and knocked him right back and down a bank near the scene of the encounter. The wild one never charged again, but was the last captured, and very dangerous. He perfectly understood all that was going on and made little of the devices to catch him. It was noticed that in his walks he always passed by a particular tree; in this a

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native was perched, holding a rope with an open noose which lay on the ground, and which was covered with leaves. He at once walked up to it, pushed the leaves aside, took up the noose with his trunk and threw it out of his way contemptuously. He at last gave in from sheer exhaustion, and about a fortnight after the kraal was over I asked a Singalese gentleman whether it would ever be possible to train such a large and fierce animal?

"I bought him," said this gentleman, "at a high price, and he walked off two or three days after his capture to my estate about 50 miles away. He was in charge of two tame elephants. He is a most docile, intelligent fellow, and will soon be of great value."

The Governor's party left that evening, and in the two following days the remaining elephants were noosed, sold, and Kraal-town relapsed again into wilderness.

A great deal of adverse comment has been made on these kraals. It is said that they are cruel as regards the peasants who drive, the chiefs who are at expense in getting them up, and the elephants which are captured. I cannot accept any of these unfavourable criticisms. From all I can hear, both the peasants and the chiefs are greatly pleased at the rare chance which presents itself of carrying out a kraal. They took the opportunity of paying me the compliment of offering it to me, and I believe the suggestion was entirely their own. It may look as if strong compulsion were employed to keep from 1200 to 2000 men constantly beating for six weeks, but it must be remembered that these men were near their villages, that the work was very easy, in fact not work at all, and that the strong, hardy Kandyans are all intensely fond of field sports. As for the chiefs, their expenditure was but small, and they recouped much of it by the sale of the elephants. There was no mistake as to their intense enjoyment of it. It was amusing to see the great Kandyan magnate, whom we had admired the day before in his imposing costume, all gold and colour, now he was half naked, tattered, torn, perspiring, and almost hoarse from shouting, but still full of go and excitement. As I said before, the kraal is their great fair, their Derby, and they and all the population will be very glad to have another some years hence when an opportunity occurs. As for the elephants, if they had tongues to speak, and they certainly can do everything but speak, I am confident they would say, "If we are to be killed for sport or captured for use, let us by all means be captured by a kraal.

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oe well taken care of for the rest of our lives, get a
gar now and then which we dearly love, have to
moderate amount of work, for we are the best judges
we can do, and as for kind treatment, leave that to
quite able to take care of ourselves, and if ill-used to
reason why.'" It is true that about one in five is
o die of those captured in a kraal, either from pining
unds, though I did not hear of any that had died in
just described, except the cow, which had been
wounded. On the other hand, of the elephants which
by license not more than two out of five survive.
aught by trackers, who creep after them in the jungle,
, and tie them up to a tree. Many of those so tied
to die of absolute starvation, while the captors are
hers; and many more perish by the wounds they
heir struggles, as they cannot be tied up as effectually
ters as by the aid of tame elephants, and, of course,
creased length of rope there are increased injuries in
e. If, therefore, elephants are wanted for the public
if they are becoming too numerous and too saucy in
lar district where the population is large enough to
kraal, I should certainly prefer giving permission for
re by that mode rather than by license, though, of
ephants must be caught in the wild and uninhabited
s can only be done by hunters.

may I be permitted to say a few words about my
affectionate, useful, clever favourites? I have the
tachment to them, and have in consequence seen
hem—or rather I should say, having seen much of
e conceived a great attachment to them. Some of
nowledge, are like some of our friends—not quite as
as they ought to be; somewhat capricious in temper,
ily provoked. But I will venture to say if you take
men you meet, and if you take the first ten elephants,
carefully into the dispositions of each batch, you will
ore cantankerousness among the men than among
Now, I have no particular sentimentality for big
ippopotamus is a sensual, unattractive brute without
a rhinoceros is a malignant wretch, "monstrum
e redemptum," who hunts, and would gladly kill the
o feeds him daily; and it is impossible to conceive
upercilious, dissatisfied, ever-grumbling, unlovable,

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and unloving creature than the camel. I acknowledge that the way to an elephant's heart is through his stomach, but once touch that chord by means of your fruit-leavings—mango-stones, pine-apple rinds, overripe oranges, &c.—and you will see his little pig eyes gleaming on you with melting affection. There was an elephant named Bombera who was employed in constructing a stone dam, intended to close up a river, and thereby form a lake, at Newera Eliya in Ceylon. To watch this elephant working was one of the sights of the place. He first of all drew down from the quarry the huge stone that was to be used; he then undid the chain by which he had drawn it. He next proceeded to roll it with his forehead along the narrow stone embankment, or rather wall, till he fitted it exactly into its place. On one side of the wall was a precipice, on the other a deep lake. As the stone was being pushed by his forehead, it would at one time incline to the lake, at another, over the precipice; but he immediately made it straight again with his foot. He was doing as much work as ten men, far more quickly and with the accuracy of a skilled mason. On one occasion several friends were present watching the proceedings. There was a heavy sledge hammer lying on the ground, and some one asked if he would take it up and break a very large rock close to it. The officer in charge of the work said we were asking too much, but the Mahout, who heard the conversation, replied gravely, "Bombera can do and will do everything he is asked"; and he said something to the elephant, who took up the sledge as if it were a feather, and knocked the stone to pieces in a few minutes. "Now take your pipe and smoke it," said the Mahout; upon which the animal stuck the sledge in his mouth and walked off with it as if he was enjoying a morning smoke. My acquaintance with him soon ripened into deep affection on both sides. When he was first introduced to me, he was ordered to kneel and salaam by rubbing his forehead in the dust, and then to rise up and trumpet his greeting. After he had gone through his salutations, I gave him a basket full of fruit-leavings. The same proceedings took place for the next two or three days, and after that the moment he heard the bells of my ponies, nothing would restrain him; off he came to greet me, prostrated himself at my feet, rubbed his forehead in the dust, and trumpeted vigorously for his fruit. It was at first rather formidable, the charge of such a huge monster right down upon one; but there was no danger. He used generally to remain by my side while I was

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looking at the work, and more than once I have felt something like a leaf touching my ear, and on looking up found that Bombera had advanced quite noiselessly, and was gently holding it in his trunk as a token of his love.

One of the first questions I asked on arriving subsequently in Ceylon was about my dear friend Bombera, and I heard with much regret that he had died some time ago of some internal complaint at the early age of thirty-five, universally loved and regretted.

On another occasion I was down in the eastern province and was delighted with the intelligence and gentleness of a huge female elephant who was working at a new bridge. She really seemed able to do everything but speak, and was a thorough favourite of the whole pioneer force stationed on the spot. The officer in charge of the work told me a curious story. Some three or four years previously, this elephant had a young one—a very rare occurrence among elephants in captivity. She was perfectly devoted to her calf; but it died and she was inconsolable, and from being the gentlest creature she became irritable and even dangerous. One morning it was announced to the young officer that she had broken the chain which had confined her and had escaped into the forest. Trackers were sent out in every direction, but as wild elephants were in abundance all around it was impossible to trace her. The loss of such an animal was a heavy one, the works were much retarded, and there was general tribulation in consequence. One night, about ten days after the escape, the officer in question went out to lie in wait for bears at a pond in the jungle some distance off. As he and his native attendant were returning early in the morning the native silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim grey light an elephant with her calf making her way along the newly formed road towards the camp. They both sprang behind trees and, when the elephants passed, the native insisted that it was their old friend. They hurried back as fast as they could and found the camp in a ferment. Sure enough the truant had returned, and she appeared to be quite as joyful as the rest of the assemblage, going from one to another and touching them with her trunk, and as if she were exhibiting her adopted child. There was a very pretty little elephant in the camp which used to run in and out of our hut, and I believe it was the one which she had either begged, borrowed, or stolen during her absence. Her good temper and usual docility completely returned at once.

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In the year 1874, Princes Augustus and Philip of Saxe-Coburg paid a visit to Ceylon and expressed a wish to see elephants working. There were none belonging to the Department of Works at Kandy, where they were staying; but the guardian of the temple lent a couple of the elephants belonging to it. They did everything they were ordered to do with their usual intelligence, carrying large stones wherever they were told to place them, fixing the chains to the stones and unfixing them; but one of them, a tusker, on that occasion performed an act entirely of his own accord which greatly struck me. He was carrying a long and very heavy stone down a steep declivity. The stone was suspended from his neck by a chain, and as the chain was somewhat long the stone struck repeatedly against his knees. He stopped, made what sailors call a bight of the chain, gave it a roll round his tusk, and having thus shortened it carried the stone to its destination without further discomfort to his knees. What the Mahout said to him, or whether he said anything, I do not know; but it is difficult to imagine that out of the eighty phrases which a very highly educated elephant is supposed to understand there would have been one framed for such an emergency as this, and, if there was not, surely it was the clearest exercise of the reasoning faculty pure and simple which prompted this act.

Many were the tales of strange and laudable doings by elephants which I heard from credible witnesses, and it is no wonder that my heart softened towards them, and that I determined to put a stop as far as I could to the indiscriminate and wanton slaughter of these useful and worthy animals which had hitherto prevailed. Of course it was quite right to kill trespassers in crops, and still more to kill rogue elephants whose ferocity and cunning rendered them a pest in whatever district they took up their quarters. But the days have passed when a slayer of elephants was a benefactor of a district, a second Hercules or Theseus in driving away wild beasts. In those days the natives had no fire-arms, so the beasts had much the best of it and ravaged the crops with tolerable impunity. The slayers of them therefore were universally revered, a reward was given for each tail, and men were spoken of as 100 tail, 200 tail men; indeed, the famous Major Rogers is said to have slain over 1200 elephants. But now things are very different. Most natives have some kind of fire-arm; and the elephants, who are extremely timid, rarely make a foray on cultivated lands, but

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l into the depths of wild jungles, where they cannot ghtest harm. I, therefore, while encouraging the of rogues by liberal rewards, placed a heavy fine on ter of inoffensive beasts without a license, which to receive the sanction of the Governor. No so- can be more degrading, in my opinion, than the poor harmless cow-elephants and their little calves round the dead bodies of their mothers till they too vn. They have no ivory, they are not good to eat, ffensive, and, generally speaking, the risk is about as ng among a herd of short-horns and shooting them ft. It is earnestly to be hoped that future Governors vill have some regard for this noble and, for tropical uable race of animals—and it is mainly in the hope of mpathy in their fate that I have written this paper.

W. H. GREGORY.

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Great-Aunt Sarah.

I.

SHE was knitting in a somewhat leisurely fashion before a comfortable fire in the old wainscoted parlour right under the portrait of her great-aunt Sarah. As she sat there no one could fail to be struck by the likeness between the living and the pictured face; in both the same delicate oval shape and colourless tint, the same clear-cut aristocratic nose, great grey eyes and sensitive mouth, the same finely arched brows, black as the hair which shaded them. But with these outward features the resemblance ended. Miss Frances Latimer's had nothing of the fire, the indomitable energy and power of the older face; there was more patience, gentleness and, if less pride, more soft and womanly dignity in the expression and bearing of the younger woman. With her slight tall figure bent a little forward in her high old-fashioned chair, her long white fingers moving gently about the coil of wool on her lap, Miss Frances, for all her thirty-three years, was a young and attractive picture enough. Her thoughts were wholly retrospective, and tinged with a little melancholy. She still wore mourning for her great-aunt Sarah, the last near relative she had in the world, the woman who had taken her as a pitiful little orphan to the old ancestral home, and had been all the father, mother, sister and brother the girl had ever known. The proud stern woman had idolized this child, the last member of one of the oldest families in the county, and had thought nothing too good for her darling. All that care and money could do had been done for the little Frances; her education had been of the best, above her natural abilities indeed, and it had left her a well-bred gentlewoman with delicate and somewhat artistical tastes rather than a cultivated and brilliant genius. As the girl grew to womanhood her social position, the

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fact that she would be something of an heiress, and, perhaps more than these, her dainty charm of person and manner, brought several suitors for her hand. She was gracious and kindly to all, but her heart remained untouched, and old Madam Latimer was well content to have it so. Her own married life had been none of the happiest; she had had no children, and the current idea was that this disappointment had embittered her husband against her. Be this as it may, it is certain that his death left her with a soured, warped judgment of men and matrimony and it would have needed strong feeling on the part of Frances and super-excellent qualities on the part of her suitor to reconcile the old lady to her marriage with one of the despised sex. Birth, fortune, looks, morals and manners, must all be of the best in the man lucky enough to win Frances. As year after year went by and she reached her twenty-fifth still unmarried, the neighbours began to despair, when suddenly her Fate met her in the shape of a penniless sailor, the younger son of a country squire of no great social pretensions, who came on a visit to his cousins the Vicar of Latimer and his wife, and who fell head over ears in love with the daughter of the Great House at first sight of her on Sunday in the family pew. Frances, for her part, had seen a tall commanding figure, and a plain, frank face redeemed by unmistakeable intellect and a pair of extremely beautiful kindly eyes, and had little by little allowed herself to be won by a finer nature and cleverer mind than any that had yet paid court to her. The relations between the Great House and the Vicarage were all that was pleasant and cordial; Mr. and Mrs. Graham spent at least one evening every week with Madam and Miss Frances, or *vice versâ*, and common courtesy demanded the extension of welcome to their guest, the young lieutenant. Then Frances had her district to visit, and this necessarily entailed running into the Vicarage on the way and asking advice from the Vicar, or good Mrs. Graham. Of these opportunities, it is needless to say, Jack Fanshawe availed himself liberally and yet with such happy tact that Madam Latimer never even suspected the state of affairs between the young people; so blind are we when we most need our eyes.

If good Mrs. Graham had her suspicions she kept them to herself. Jack had not taken her into his confidence, and as yet his love-making, though serious enough, had been of a tacit, undemonstrative character upon which one could not easily dogmatize. She did not see how he could very well speak

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plainly; his position as a penniless sailor with nothing to look to outside his profession made it impossible.

His prospects in his profession were bright enough; he had always succeeded in everything he undertook from his first attempts to walk and talk, but his expectations were hardly proportionate to Frances Latimer's birth and fortune. But in reasoning thus Mrs. Graham overlooked the very qualities which had hitherto been the main factors in Fanshawe's success—a simple directness of purpose, a quiet knowledge of his own power and strength of will, and a fine youthful scorn of mere worldly obstacles.

Jack, though a modest man, had some reason to think that Frances cared for him, and he was not going to leave Latimer without securing, if possible, the greatest desire of his life, the woman he loved. The night before his departure he and the Grahams dined at the Great House. He had had a telegram that afternoon calling him home, but neither Mrs. Latimer nor Frances had any idea of his intention of leaving.

He determined to speak to the latter some time during the evening, and as usual fortune favoured him. Owing to some little *contretemps* in the kitchen, dinner was delayed for half an hour, and as the evening was fine Madam proposed a stroll about the garden and a look at her roses, of which she was justly proud. The garden was bounded and crossed by walks hedged in with old yews, some ten or twelve feet high, and down one of these alleys, out of sight of the elders still appraising roses on the lawn, Jack contrived to lead Miss Latimer. The sunset was still red above them, and the air was sweet with the scent of lavender and roses. Into the bosom of her simple white gown Frances had fastened a deep red carnation, it was the only touch of colour about her. As she moved slowly down the walk, her soft skirts trailing behind her, she looked so like some lovely, innocent angel, that Jack's purpose fell before a sense of his own shortcomings and a reverence for her purity. All his bold plans crumbled to nothing but a confused feeling of impotence, a tongue-tied helplessness very foreign to his nature. He paced beside her, looking anywhere but at her. Frances made no effort to break the silence between them (she was always a quiet person), and at last in sheer desperation he said abruptly:

"I am going away for good to-morrow."

"Going away!"

The sudden uplifting of her startled grey eyes, the touch of

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surprised pain in her voice, the rush of colour to her pale face, betrayed Frances's secret. Another moment more and she knew that she had betrayed herself. In an agony of shame she moved away from him, but the brief sight of her face as she turned unlocked Fanshawe's tongue.

He caught her hand and drew her towards him with gentle force.

"My darling little girl—Frances! tell me you love me before I go! Tell me I may hope! I never, never can tell you how much I love you; how I worship and reverence you! Frances, speak to me! don't keep me in suspense!" he added, his eagerness lending a touch of command to his voice.

For all answer Frances lifted her sweet proud face, pale now with a feeling too deep for shame or blushes, and looked him straight in the eyes. For a moment he held her so, and then caught her in his arms.

It was a night of heaven to both, and how they came down to earth and the exigencies of common life and society they never knew. But do what she would, Frances could not hide the new light on her face, the unusual absence of mind, the fitful glance and ready blush. At last Madam's eyes were opened, and her anger grew with every look at the happy young creatures. That Fanshawe, a penniless nobody, should have dared to make his love so evident that a proud gentlewoman like her great-niece (great-aunt Sarah did justice to Miss Latimer's delicacy and breeding even in her anger) should have made it clear that she returned it, left the old lady pale and speechless with indignation. The Grahams felt a storm in the air, and despite Jack's pleading looks and remonstrances hurried home as early as they decently could, and on Frances's head fell all the torrents of her great-aunt's wrath. They were not the lighter for the fact that Madam, throughout, never once forgot her dignity; it seemed indeed to lend bitterness to her reproaches and point to her sarcasms. All the gallant gentlemen whom Frances had refused were brought up in formidable array against this new pretender for her hand.

Dutiful, patient and gentle Frances remained throughout the tirade, but to one point she was firm. Mr. Fanshawe loved her and she loved him; she would never marry anyone else, and she would marry him whenever he was ready for her. The old lady parted with her niece that night in cold displeasure.

"Am I to expect the honour of a visit from Mr. Fanshawe

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before he leaves?" she asked bitterly, as she sto
bedroom door; "or is this affair to be conducted
principles—without reference to those in authority?"

"Mr. Fanshawe said he would write both to you
replied Frances timidly.

But the days went by and lengthened into weeks,
came no sign of a letter from the young lieute
Grahams went off for their yearly holiday, and F
no courage to speak to her great-aunt after her fi
to learn whether that lady had heard from Fanshawe.

"If Mr. Fanshawe writes to me it is to be presum
will write to you," was all the answer she received.

Her heart sank within her; hope deferred and ye
abandoned began to tell upon her health. Then i
Madam changed her manner; she appealed to
pride; Fanshawe was evidently a heartless trifler, a
the last of an old and honoured name, to fling awa
and her self-respect after a man who had long sinc
her? Mrs. Latimer softened the blows she inflicted b
tenderness and care for Frances, and the double ap
woman's pride and her filial love was not made in va
forbade her to unburden her heart to Mrs. Graham;
never again visited his relations, and it was only a
that his promotion and success came to her ears. Sh
of it for his sake, but still more for her own.
Fanshawe did not seem the same person as the y
tenant, and it was easier to forget him in his new and
dignity. Little by little she regained her old calm o
manner; Fanshawe was banished from her thoughts
hoped, from her heart. But hers was a faithful nature,
could not bear to dwell upon the scene in the yew all
she could not repeat it with another lover.

II.

Miss Latimer rose slowly from her chair by the fi
a little sigh of reluctance laid her work aside and
room to an old oak bureau that stood sideways in the
window, and drawing out the wooden rests, unlock
down the flap, thereby discovering a pile of tradesm
and letters to be answered. She sat down and atta
with more virtue than goodwill, and was deep in the

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weights and measures in relation to pounds, shillings and pence, when something leaped suddenly upon the table beside her, almost upsetting the inkstand and dashing the pen from her hand. "That strange grey cat again!" cried she with an accent of vexation due more to the trials of housekeeping and accounts than to the presence of the cat, which was rubbing its head against her shoulder with a deep purr of pleasure. Miss Frances was extremely fond of animals, and when the said grey cat mysteriously made its appearance some days previously, she had not had the heart to drive it away. There was something in its size and stately movements, a calm superiority in its big grey eyes, which made the necessary adjuncts of departure—the brickbats and "shoo cats!"—assume a sort of moral incongruity almost amounting to a crime. Anyhow, the grey cat stayed on in the great house and appeared to have a special fondness for the wainscoted parlour and the company of Miss Frances. It was, however, a dignified and undemonstrative creature, and it gave Miss Latimer a kind of mental shock to find that it could coax and purr after the fashion of the veriest kitchen kitten. It seemed to find a peculiar pleasure in the connection of the lady and the bureau, and rubbed alternately against the shoulder of one and the front of the other as if it had found a secret affinity between them. The interior of the bureau was lined with drawers, three on either side, and above them again with pigeon-holes full of letters, docketed bills, etc. The central drawer had a hanging handle of quaintly-carved brass, and with this the cat gravely played, patting it softly as it would have done a mouse. Miss Frances watched it for some time, half fascinated by its grace and by a puzzling sense of recognition. Where had she seen the grey cat before? It had the familiarity of an old friend. All at once the creature turned from the handle, and, lifting its head with an air of solemn pride, looked straight at Miss Latimer. With a mingling of pain and amusement, the reason for her perplexity flashed across her. As far as a cat can resemble a human being, in so far was the grey cat the very image of great-aunt Sarah.

Miss Latimer's amusement gave way to a consciousness of something like irreverence; the look of proud affection in the cat's eyes became unbearable, and with a little shudder she lifted it off the table, set it gently on the floor and turned deliberately to her books. The cat made no attempt to disturb her again, and she gradually shook off the feeling of discomfort

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it had caused her. Book after book was added up and laid on one side and the sum total of each set on a slip of paper till at last Miss Latimer loosened from her chatelaine a bunch of keys and proceeded to fit one into the middle drawer and open it. The drawer stuck and the force necessary to move it pulled it right out of its place in the bureau. Instead of replacing it Miss Frances set it down beside her and drew her cheque-book out of it. The rattle of the hanging handle as she did so must have attracted the cat, for it leaped swiftly up into its old place upon the flap and began to scratch and sniff in the empty receptacle for the drawer. So intent was it upon this that at last Miss Latimer's curiosity was roused. She observed that the cat continued to pat and sniff at one side only of the hollow.

Could there be a mouse in it? Impossible. The hollow was clear and there was no hole or room for any animal larger than a fly.

The cat, seeing that her notice was attracted, left the hole and with beseeching eyes rubbed against Miss Latimer's shoulder. The latter bent down and carefully examined the hollow; nothing was to be seen. She put her hand in and felt all round the sides. A thrill of excitement went through her, for assuredly something had moved against her touch; she pressed more closely and deliberately and a small, deep drawer sprang out into the open space. She drew it out upon the flap and saw that it was full of letters on the top of which lay a folded slip of paper sealed with her great-aunt Sarah's seal. It had no vestige of writing or address upon it, and Miss Latimer held it in her hand, hesitating whether to open it or not, when suddenly her eye fell upon the letters. She took them up and saw that they were all in the same handwriting—clever, decided and obviously that of a man—and that they all bore the same address:

To Miss Frances Latimer,
The Great House,
Latimer,
Northamptonshire.

"Miss Frances Latimer?" For a moment or two she wondered in a confused, foolish kind of fashion who this Miss Frances Latimer might be; then suddenly a mental illumination, an intuition lucid as a certainty, struck her with sharp pain.

They were Jack Fanshawe's letters, and they were meant for her!

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A tumult of passions swept her quiet soul; curiosity, indignation and re-awakened love. She trembled like a leaf and the cat, evidently frightened at her emotion, sprang down from the table and took refuge under a sofa.

For some minutes Frances sat, the letters before her, the sealed paper in her hand, too shaken and confused to think or act, but at last she rose, moved to the fireplace and deliberately broke the seal and unfolded the slip of paper. It was written all over in her great-aunt's fine Italian hand, close, minute, but clear as print.

Frances gave one look at the face above her looking calmly and proudly down upon her agitation, and with a sudden hardening of eyes and heart began to read.

"Should this secret drawer and its contents ever come to the eyes of my great-niece, Frances Mary Latimer, or of any of my descendants, it is necessary to my honour and that of our house that there should be some explanation of its existence. I shall not speak here of the love and hopes which I, an old and weary woman, have centred upon Frances; she best knows how great they were.

"She also knows in some sort my repugnance to matrimony and my innate distrust of men. If I could have done so consistently with my loyalty towards our house and name, I would have kept her unmarried. As it was, I desired to see her marry one who would consent to take her name, and whose birth and fortune at least equalled her own. Years went by and she refused many so-called eligible offers, and I had begun to reconcile my sense of loyalty with my natural wishes and to look forward to a future for my child, honourable, peaceful, and undisturbed by the chances and uncertainties of married life.

"These hopes for the future were rudely dispelled by a suitor for her hand who found favour with her, a Mr. Jack Fanshawe. I failed to see that he could have any attraction for her; he had neither good looks nor fine fortune to dazzle with, and I had no anxiety about their frequent opportunities of meeting. That a young man who had no position or means should venture to make open love to my niece was a possibility which I, with my old-fashioned ideas of honour and duty, never contemplated even for an instant."

The swift blood rushed to Miss Latimer's face, and her lips curled contemptuously.

"I ought to have known how little weight such words as 'honour' and 'duty' would have with the son of Lucy Fanshawe. I have no wish to speak evil of the dead, even though through her came the bitterest sorrow of my life, the alienation of my husband's affections; but she was at best a careless, heartless woman, and I was thankful she

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never paid but one visit to our neighbourhood. In that one visit she contrived to ruin all my happiness, and, though I hope I have forgiven her, I cannot trust one of her name and blood. After he left Latimer, Mr. Fanshawe wrote me two letters urging his suit with Frances; to her he wrote no less than six times. His letters to me I have burnt, they were mine and were of value to no one else; but my sense of honour forbade me to destroy or read letters addressed to my niece. I have therefore no knowledge of their contents, and can only beg that those into whose hands they may fall will destroy them unread if my niece should happen to be dead, or hand them over to her if living. I hope and believe that the pain I shall have cost her by withholding these letters will be amply compensated and atoned for by the suffering I shall thereby have spared her. As the wife of Mr. Fanshawe she could never have been happy, and her happiness is now my only care and thought.

"SARAH FORDYCE LATIMER."

The paper fell from Miss Latimer's hands, and with passionate eagerness she caught at the letters. They were arranged in order of date, and all bore the stamp of a manly and honourable passion. The two first were glowing outbursts of a love which the writer said he "had hardly dared speak of to her in first blessed realization that it was returned." The third was still tender, but full of reproach for her silence; the fourth showed a just and growing resentment, and the fifth coldly relinquished a suit to which her continual silence was nothing less than an insult. Nevertheless in the last letter, which was dated two years later than the others, the writer told her that he had obtained promotion, and that, with a legacy left him by an uncle, justified him, he thought, in renewing his entreaties. A spirit of pride as great as Madam's own breathed in the later letters, and it was evident that the persistent silence of the woman he loved had at last worn out Captain Fanshawe's patience. Frances laid the letters on a stool near the fire, and sinking down beside them burst into an agony of weeping. She was torn with conflicting emotions, resentment against her great-aunt fought with an acute sense of the pathos of the lonely old lady's great love for her; Fanshawe's tenderness and pride, the thought of all he must have endured at her innocent hands, the memory of those eight years during which she might at least have had the happiness of his love, all crowded upon her with overwhelming bitterness and confusion. How long she lay and wept she could not have told; she was wakened from her trance of passion, by a soft touch upon her hand and a pitiful wail. They came from

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the grey cat who had jumped upon her knee and was exhibiting every sign of dumb sympathy with her trouble.

Miss Latimer rose quickly to her feet and drove the poor animal from her with inconsequent anger; she felt she must vent her wild sense of injury upon someone, and was not the cat the cause of her knowledge of that injury? With trembling hands she gathered the letters and paper together and laid them again in the secret drawer and returned it to its place.

The cat still continued to miouw piteously, and Miss Frances, who was at heart a tender creature, suddenly felt a quick revulsion of feeling towards it. It was unjust to make a scapegoat of a mere dumb animal. She went down on her knees and coaxed the cat to come to her. It crept up in a half timid, half caressing fashion, and she took it up in her arms and stroked it gently. It was a consolation to have the love and sympathy even of a cat.

III.

'Mrs. Graham, please,—Miss Frances;" with which introductory formula peculiar to herself, Ainley, the parlour-maid, ushered in the Vicar's wife, beaming with smiles and laden with parish magazines.

Miss Latimer went to meet her with eager pleasure and kissed her warmly. The shock of the morning had left her nerves vibrating, and her manner showed that she was still under the influence of some strong emotion.

Mrs Graham noticed this touch of excitability—she was a person who prided herself upon her powers of observation—and her curiosity was roused.

Frances had felt Mrs. Latimer's death deeply, as was to be expected of one of her still and faithful nature, but she had not been demonstrative, or overstrung in her sorrow. Besides, ten months' mourning might be supposed to take the edge off grief for one's great-aunt, and she such an old lady too. Mrs. Graham would give worlds to find out why Frances showed such unusual agitation; it took her back in memory eight years, to the night before Jack Fanshawe left the Vicarage in radiant spirits, suggesting many interesting possibilities, but confessing to nothing. His subsequent silence on the subject of Frances had at first greatly irritated Mrs. Graham, who had all her sex's curiosity

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and interest in love matters; but one forgets many things in eight years, and Mrs. Graham had practically forgotten the whole affair till this moment. The Vicar and his wife had made several attempts to induce Fanshawe to renew his visit, on those occasions which found him on shore, but finding him obdurate they had given up asking him to Latimer, and of late years he had very seldom been in England. Mrs. Graham had suspected Frances as the reason for her cousin's disinclination to revisit the Vicarage, and she now determined to sound her—with tact and discretion be it understood.

"How nice to see a fire!" she began, throwing aside her circular cloak and letting Miss Latimer relieve her of her bundle of papers. "We are still trying to think it is summer and haven't begun fires except at night; but these September days have a touch of winter in them, and I really think I shall begin a fire in the dining-room next Monday."

It was one of Mrs. Graham's little idiosyncrasies to begin everything on a Monday.

"Yes, it does look comfortable," rejoined Frances, moving restlessly about the room. "I am rather a chilly mortal, you know," she added.

"By-the-bye," remarked Mrs. Graham, with apparent irrelevance, but in reality pursuing an undercurrent of thought, "you remember Jack Fanshawe, my husband's cousin?"

"Perfectly well," replied Frances, as simply as if Jack Fanshawe had been a topic of daily conversation for the last eight years. Her mind had been so occupied with the thought of him, that Mrs. Graham's abrupt question fell quite naturally upon her ears. That good lady experienced a pang of keen disappointment—her little shaft had failed of the mark; but she had another in her quiver.

"We are hoping for a visit from him in a few days," she continued carelessly, but eying Frances as a cat might a mouse. This time she was satisfied.

Miss Latimer turned quickly to the fire under the pretence of poking it, but not so quickly that Mrs. Graham could not see the blush that dyed her face and the trembling of her hands.

"We haven't seen him for eight years; not since he was last here, in fact. He was a charming fellow, didn't you think?"—A confused murmur from Frances encouraged the Vicar's wife to further efforts.—"I wonder if he is much changed? It seems strange, doesn't it that, he should never have married, he is just

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the sort of man to make a perfect husband, and he has met so many delightful girls, and with his position, he might so easily have married. His mother and sisters adore him," she continued, a little discomposed by Miss Latimer's persistent silence and attention to the fire.

"His mother—Lucy Fanshawe!" came involuntarily to Frances's lips; "do you know her? I fancied she was dead," she said, rising and seating herself near Mrs. Graham with her back to the tell-tale afternoon light.

"Oh! Lucy Fanshawe wasn't Jack's mother; he is the only son of the second Mrs. Fanshawe, a very different person to poor Lucy. I knew them both. Lucy was a poor creature; pretty, you know, in the sort of style men admire, but a silly, empty-headed little thing. How a superior man like Mr. Fanshawe ever came to marry such a woman I never could understand," cried Mrs. Graham, waxing virtuously indignant over such a waste of good things.

"I thought it was just the kind of thing superior men always did," suggested Frances with a fine smile. Her heart leapt up at the thought that she need no longer connect her old lover with the woman who had wronged her Great-aunt Sarah.

"Well, he made up for it, by marrying Mary Majendie," continued Mrs. Graham; "Jack gets his sweet, loveable nature from her and most of his cleverness. She's a delightful woman. Plainer than Lucy, but the sort of woman who fascinates you, so that you don't think how she looks. She must have spoilt her son for marrying; he won't easily find another woman like his mother."

"No, of course he won't," stammered Frances, hurriedly, conscious of saying something peculiarly futile in her desire to take a natural tone in the conversation.

"I used to think you had something to do with it, my dear," Mrs. Graham hazarded this suggestion with a sort of timid archness, and was not encouraged by the way in which Miss Latimer received it. The flush on her delicate face deepened; she drew herself up, rose, and ringing the bell, said coldly and with an evident desire of conveying a rebuke to her too officious friend:

"Are you ready for tea, Mrs. Graham?"

"Whenever you like, my dear," replied the poor lady in accents of conciliating meekness, and the conversation promptly flowed into shallower and safer channels.

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"You've got a new cat, I see," remarked Mrs. G
Ainley, as the latter opened the front door to her hal
later.

"Yes, mum, a stray cat it is, but it's a fine animal, a
proud-like creature, and walks about for all the world
whole place belonged to it. I says to cook this
continued the privileged old servant, lowering her voi
cautious glance at the parlour door. "I says, to Martha
there cat isn't the living image of old Madam, I shou
know what it is!" And she says to me, 'Lor, Ainley
though I can't say as I ever noticed it afore you menti
Look at it now, mum, a-crossing the 'all!" Mrs.
glanced at the cat, gravely and solemnly pacing the
and gave a little confidential laugh.

"Don't say that to Miss Frances," she said, as she
up her skirts and took her departure.

"Dear no, mum!" ejaculated Ainley, with a toss of

"Mrs. Graham don't think nobody has any sense bu
she muttered, as she turned away to the kitchen.

Certainly Mrs. Graham did not credit the Vicar with
discretion and tact to be admitted into her secret sus
the state of Miss Latimer's affections. She merely has
invitation he had proposed to give his cousin, and
it so warmly that Captain Fanshawe was left without
for refusing it short of absolute rudeness. He was a
some time, and he had never ceased to profess the m
tionate feeling for his cousins. He could not well get
thought Mrs. Graham. How far his acceptance of her h
—for he did accept it very graciously—was due to
postscript to her letter must be left to conjecture.

"I wonder if you remember pretty Frances Latimer?
pretty as ever, and nicer if possible, but she is left in a ve
position by the death of old Mrs. Latimer, though I suspect
old lady was a bit of a dragon, and that Frances will be the
the matter of liberty."

Suffice it to say that Captain Fanshawe came
Latimer the week after Mrs. Graham's somewhat uns
attempts to sound Frances on his behalf. He was
and broader, and, his cousins thought, handsomer tha
old days; he talked less and the expression of his
sterner, but the frank smile and kind eyes were un

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ham found him very attractive. How would Frances ? That was the one thought uppermost in the good mind.

n Fanshawe had asked after her and had agreed quite a proposition that he should call with Mrs. Graham but when it came to the point of taking him, Mrs. had a queer sinking at heart which she wouldn't have to for worlds. Captain Fanshawe was embarrassingly ing their walk up to the Great House, and Mrs. Graham ced to a fragmentary monologue, for her cousin's half- onosyllables could scarcely be said to constitute a ion. Between her struggles to talk and appear at her curiosity and anxiety the poor lady worked to a perfect fever, and it was with an extraordinary relief that, as they walked up the drive, she espied gathering roses on the lawn. There were topics of on and chances of escape from dilemmas in the open he big garden not to be hoped for between the four sitting-room.

led out while still far off to Miss Latimer, wishing to he benefit of the distance between them in which to possible agitation.

looked up with a start and came slowly towards them. on a gown of some soft woollen stuff of a light grey ich hung in straight, simple folds round her slender r face was shaded by a big garden hat, and her hands of autumn roses. She was the very Frances of eight and it seemed to Fanshawe that Time must have been trick upon him. His heart went out to her with all enderness and a new feeling of reverent pity when he ained timidity of her glance. She shook hands with oped Mrs. Graham would come in and have some tea. am asked nothing better, but it was no part of her e to leave the great sunny garden, instinct as it was esting memories and possibilities. Might they not round the rose garden?

annot have forgotten how lovely the roses are here," ppealing to Fanshawe.

e forgotten nothing," he replied with quiet intention.

ful flush dyed Miss Latimer's face, and her lips but she mastered her emotion and led them across the strip of garden still bright and fragrant with late roses.

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"They are almost over now," she said gently; "Captain Fanshawe should have seen them a month ago, shouldn't he, Mrs. Graham?"

"Ah! they were perfect then," ejaculated the Vicar's wife. "By-the-bye, dear, I see Johnson coming down the side walk; may I just go and speak to him about our new chants? Johnson is our best bass," she explained, "and I promised Tom I would see him. You show Captain Fanshawe the rest of the garden."

"With pleasure," murmured Miss Latimer, but her tone was the reverse of delighted, and Mrs. Graham felt that her little ruse lacked the finesse on which she prided herself. She must leave her companions in a more natural manner.

"Oh! Frances, I quite forgot to ask after that strange grey cat. How is it?" she enquired airily.

"Oh! I am so unhappy about it," cried Frances, catching eagerly at any pretext for detaining her friend; "it has disappeared as mysteriously as it came, and we are afraid it must have been caught in a trap."

"No doubt, no doubt; poor thing, I *am* sorry," and so saying the Vicar's wife edged gradually away, leaving Frances in an agony of nervous embarrassment. Captain Fanshawe looked at her for a moment and mastered a wild desire to take her then and there in his arms, regardless of Johnson and the Vicar's wife.

"Will you show me the yew alleys again?" he asked with studied carelessness. He was half afraid she might run away from him.

"If you like," she faltered, leading the way with hurried steps.

Fanshawe followed her, making no attempt to speak until they were fairly between the high green walls of the memorable walk where he had first told her he loved her. Suddenly he stopped; she was trembling so that she could hardly stand. He came close to her, looking down at the shrinking grey figure.

"Frances, do you remember?"

She lifted her hand to her throat as if to compel her voice, and to still its throbbing.

"Will you forgive me?" she whispered, in broken, humble tones.

"I will forgive you on one condition," he said, taking her hands in his strong clasp. Frances raised her eyes questioningly;

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saw in his made her quickly lower them. "I will
, my beloved, if you will only tell me that you care
tle still," he pleaded, passionately.
wronged you so; you have forgotten," sobbed

lo I care?" he cried, taking her in his arms. "Don't
arling; for Heaven's sake, don't cry! Those eight
a dream; it was last night you said you loved me.
s. Let me hear it again!"
you, I have always loved you. Ah! if you knew!
a dreadful mistake. I must explain, I must tell

all tell me what you like when you are Mrs. Fan-
ghed Jack in the fulness of his joy. "It would spoil
now. I am still a penniless lieutenant, and you are
Frances, not a bit less shy for all the eight years.
et them."
re very generous," Miss Latimer murmured, "you
vithout a word to show that I did not treat you
lly as you must think. Oh! I must explain, please."
ve you will have no peace till you have made a
sion. There's a seat just behind you; come, now
ns!"
veren't my sins——"
ht as much," interposed the Captain.
ou must promise me you will not be angry, or speak
out the person who separated us."
ar child, remember I am human!"
tell you if you won't promise, Jack,"—the effort at
cost Frances a very lovely blush. "Please, for my

f you will kiss me," replied Fanshawe, boldly.
ou are unkind," cried Frances, with a still deeper
moving a little away from him.
here, I promise. But I will claim payment afterwards.

en the tale of great-aunt Sarah's iniquity was un-
him, Jack found it hard to keep his word. He rose
om the seat, leaving Frances trembling and fearful,
stormily up and down the green alley. At last he
sat down beside her and turned to her with his usual,
l smile.

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"My dearest, don't look at me so pitifully; we w
and forget it all, if you so wish it. But I shall
reward!"

* * * *

POSTSCRIPT.

Two years later, Captain and Mrs. Fanshawe w
with some friends in town, and as the party was a
and made up of congenial spirits, conversation flowed
touched on many subjects. At last it came round to
of the transmigration of souls. One of the party
young lawyer, defended it with quaint insistance,
little plausibility, and Fanshawe was amused to see
wife eagerly drinking in every word of the young m
ments.

"Sinclair put the case very strongly for our friend Py
he remarked to her as they drove home; "has he quite
you?"

"Don't laugh," she entreated, "but I was think
time of that strange, grey cat. If I believed in it, yo
mean the doctrine of transmigration—I should thi
was great-aunt Sarah, who wanted to bring us togethe

Captain Fanshawe must have been still very mu
for he received this remarkable statement with perfec

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Mr. Toppie Johnson.

Chapter I.—The Mining Camp.

rly spring of 1874 it was my fortune to find myself in of San Diego, Southern California, a new-comer to ry, with no business shackles, a seeker primarily of condarily of wealth. Having no ties to bind me, I d to commence, after my own fashion, the exploration eighbouring country. There was no lack of natural tempt the wanderer, whether on the side of the blue the West, of the snow-capped mountains on the East, re of the alfilleria-covered plains or the splendour of ropical skies.

wanderer in this lovely climate, a horse is the first st the only essential. My steed purchased, at a most figure, I needed but blankets, a Spanish saddle and dle-bags, some sixty feet of half-inch rope, a compact ovisions, and I was ready to go anywhere.

d off towards the mountains in the direction of the nes, intending to work through the foot-hills to San o. On the third day I was making my way slowly, k, among the beautiful and variously wooded country, bout me for some roughly-sheltered corner where I ss the night, when I came upon a camping-party of een persons. I hesitated for a moment whether to self on their hospitality and society, but for a moment ringing laughter and merry voices, as I came nearer, great a temptation to be resisted after my three days e.

rew rein one of the party accosted me: "Won't you he said, making me free of this country which, under ad no other owner than the Government of the United

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I thanked the speaker and proceeded to tie my horse to a tree. Upon this my hospitable friend came forward and remarked conjecturally: "Reckon you're lost!"

I answered that to all intents and purposes I was; that I had not the least idea of my whereabouts, but that it did not greatly signify, for my present journey was without any intents and purposes. I was content to be lost.

"Well, make yourself at home, any way," said he. "Let me introduce you to the crowd" (in an assemblage of more than two persons any one of them, being a Western man, would always speak of the others as "the crowd").

"Boys," said my friend, to the company, "let me introduce you to Mr.——what did you say your name was?"

I said that I did not remember that I had mentioned it, but at once told him, and was forthwith introduced to each member of the company in turn. I found myself in remarkably good society—a professor, a judge, two doctors (introduced as "Doc" this, and "Doc" that, respectively), two colonels and three generals. You may remember that Mark Twain claims to have met the only man who ever confessed to the rank of private in the "War." But then Mark Twain was a humorist. He may have invented him as a practical joke. You cannot trust humorists. It was a curious thing, in this Republican land where all men are equal, that in this queer crew I had lit on, in this wild country of the foot-hills, but two of the whole party were without a title. Of these two, one was a young lawyer, with whose baptismal register I never got any further than "Dick," the other was by name Toppie Johnson. Now Toppie Johnson was the backbone of the expedition, he was a practical man—a miner, I was assured, of remarkable judgment and integrity. For this was the object of the expedition, mining —to disembowel from the jealous earth its precious treasures of silver and gold, or what of value it might contain. This it was —or rather to prospect for such riches—like a dog for truffles— that had brought from their cities these men of war, law and learning, whom now I saw seated around a log-fire, beneath a spur of the foot-hills, practising the fascinating culinary mystery of making "slap-jacks." These men were proficients at the art. It was I in whose initiation they all at once took a paternal interest.

The materials of the slap-jack are as simple as an *ingénue:* Flour and water mixed into a dough and placed on a frying-pan, with a little grease at the bottom. Hold the frying-pan over

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or fire till the slap-jack is cooked on its lower side. cope now for much nice judgment to catch the critical st, never to be recovered—moment, when the invisible of the slap-jack is just done to a turn. And then the s—and the crux of the whole mystery. For you have the slap-jack flying into the air with a twist of the shall make it turn a somersault in its flight, and land a "slap" and a "smack," that is doubtless the origin e, cooked-side uppermost, fair and square on the face ing-pan. Then you hold the thing over the fire again resent underside is cooked, and then you burn your ing it too hot! And, I tell you, it is good! There is read in England that is a circumstance to it. And if fun eating it, that is nothing at all to the fun of making ng it up and catching it. It is the best sport ever The first three or four tries I kept throwing my slap- bout the country round; but then I caught the knack should have liked to go on catching slap-jacks all day er the first try or two I used to be allowed, as a great o make these slap-jacks for the general and the judge. surmise was right. These miners were a jolly crew uch of the practical miner about them, as it seemed to the yarns they told—of pumpkin vines that grew so ney dragged the pumpkins round the field after them, ad to gallop after them on horseback to overtake and n! They never seemed to be at an end of their yarns, culty for invention.

e whisky that they drank! I strongly suspected that inducement which brought many of the party away stuffy city offices was the increased capacity, in the tain air, of the human frame for whisky.

oppie Johnson—that practical miner whose shrewd inflexible morality, and love of sheer hard work—I was hard to over-estimate—he was indeed the back- e party. He could play the fiddle and flute, and dance hornpipes and fandangoes, and sing songs humorous , or with a seductive blending of the two.

cross word did I hear from any one of the party, ten days or more that I enjoyed their unbounded , save on one occasion when Dick and Toppie in sky- me into collision with a great demijohn of whisky. bottle, though protected by its wicker casing, broke,

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and all its vast possibilities for benefit to poor humanity were wasted on the thirsty soil. Then the language was sulphurous indeed. It was the last demijohn. Very sadly did we throw and catch our slap-jacks at supper that evening—after the meal we sat around in gloomy silence. The night, as if in harmony with our mood, was dark as pitch. No one seemed to have the spirit to throw a log on the dying fire and cheer the glim. Then in the dark silence, the judge was heard to clear his throat, as though it suffered from unwonted dryness, and addressing the company at large, said, in slow measured tones: "I believe I've had enough of mining, anyway. Let's go home. Our wives will be wanting us. What do you say, general?"

"I'm with you, judge," said the general solemnly, as if he were announcing the doom of a court-martial.

I could not stand that. I lay back on the grass and let my feelings loose in peals of laughter.

It showed a want of delicacy, may be, to laugh when the occasion was so solemn. It was pointed out to me in reproachful comments that my behaviour was in bad taste. But I could but laugh the more, and as a sense of the humour of the situation dawned upon the party, which could not long remain in poor spirits, they all joined in my laughter, though the joke was at their own expense.

But I felt I owed them something, and early the next morning saddled my horse, and riding to a store some twenty-five miles distant, returned with a canteen full of whisky, like a Lancelot from a successful quest for the Holy Grail. This, to use the language of the country, made me "solid with the crowd."

At this time Dick expressed a desire of buying my horse and saddle. He said that a horse that could carry that amount of whisky must be an animal of some mettle. He offered me a fair price, and being uncertain of my future movements—not knowing even whether to remain in the country or go home—I told him he could have the horse at the price named, provided I could find a means of making my way to a stage road. Toppie, our invaluable Toppie, overheard our conversation, and was, as usual, at once to the fore with a suggestion. "Riverside is your nearest point for the stage road," said he. "I'll lend you one of my horses and ride with you into Riverside, if you'll give me ten dollars when we get there."

He was a splendid fellow, Toppie—tall and slim, sandy-haired and bearded, with red freckled skin and blue eyes, always

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gh. In camp he was for ever cracking jokes and telling
If for a moment left to his own devices he would be
snatches of songs for his own amusement, or be entering
ocular one-sided conversation with his horse. He was a
rseman nevertheless; but he knew no fear and no
, was utterly reckless, and as tender-hearted as a
What more delightful companion for a ride into
e? I sold my horse to Dick and promised Toppie his
rs when we got to Riverside.

Chapter II.—The Practical Miner.

the next morning, before daylight, I heard Toppie's
ice: "Get up—get up—all aboard for Riverside."
vled from my blankets and enquired of Toppie the
for keeping such early hours: "Well, boss," said he,
reakfast at the widow's, down the valley, and get
rside in time to catch the evening coach to San
no."
vell awake now and in the dawning light perceive two
eady saddled. Rolling up my blankets, Toppie ties
the saddle of the horse he means to ride. He also
rge of my gun, and cautioning me to hurry up and be
nforms me that the horse I am to ride is not, as he
t, "real gentle."
nt with care, and for one not "real gentle" he behaves
.
s bully," says Toppie. "Now let's get"—and away he
n a wild scream and a "Good-bye to you, boys," to the
ing crowd.
e leads the way over the rough mountain trail at a pace
rly amazes me, as the daylight begins to alight on the
jags and corners of the raw-boned old "work-horse," on
e is mounted. Judging from Toppie's grunts and
ions, and from the old horse's anything but even gait,
es to be a most painful journey for Toppie. My young
lows comfortably enough. Soon I take advantage of a
dening of the track to press up along side of Toppie
stion him about the necessity of so much speed. He
think my question rather a good joke. For a moment
e is too much amused to answer. Then he says, "well,

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boss, the widow won't give us breakfast, once she's washed up the things."

I can see the force of this argument and make no further suggestion. The widow is evidently a lady of some strength of character.

Luckily we arrive in time, but the very instant we have finished our breakfasts Toppie again sings out, "All aboard!" I cannot believe that there is any necessity for all this haste, but am really ashamed to remonstrate. If Toppie can stand it on his stiff old beast, surely I ought not to be showing the white feather on my really very pleasant mount.

Toppie evinces all the same unaccountable anxiety to push forward, even now that we are on the fair smooth road running down the Santa Jacinto valley. Coming alongside of Toppie, as he jolts and groans on the back of his raw-boned old beast, I asked him how he could ever have undertaken to ride such an animal. He is bound to confess that his mount is no longer a good saddle horse, and, in reply to many questions about the horses, shows the most remarkable ignorance. He does not even seem to know their names and answers most of my enquiries with a groan of intense discomfort.

I feel in duty bound to offer to exchange mounts for awhile, but Toppie declines with thanks, and goes on, with fearful grimaces, jolting along at best speed of his nag. At length the suffering is more than he can endure: "Well, boss," he says, "let's change for a spell; but come, hurry up."

I dismount, and have, luckily, a firm hold on both horses as Toppie, at no time much of a horseman, and at the present moment parlously stiff, climbs on the young horse's back and alights with a severe thump in the saddle. In about half a second he alights with a yet severer thump on the hard high road. The young horse has resented his method of mounting, and by the execution of one of the remarkable "bucks," so familiar to the equine race in that country, has removed the disagreeable burden from his back.

Toppie is rather shaken, but as soon as he gets back his wind exclaims, "Here, let's hurry up!" and climbs back with much difficulty and humility on his old steed and recommences the painful journey at the same rapid speed.

I now begin to notice that Toppie is frequently turning round in his saddle to explore, with a swift glance, the country behind him. I ask him what he is looking for, but he evades the

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question in a groan of anguish. We have just passed Box Springs and are now within sight of the houses of Riverside, when, turning my head to see what in the world Toppie can be looking for, I perceive at no great distance behind us the dust raised by some horsemen, who are rapidly overtaking us. Toppie pulls his horse to a standstill, and facing me with a most peculiar look on his countenance, in which I really think amusement is the predominating expression, says queerly:—"It's all up with us, boss."

"What's all up?" I inquire.

"Well, I'll tell you," says he: "These ain't my horses, anyway. I stole them up the valley last night, and now the boys have caught us. I sold my horses two days ago to one of the boys, and asked him to lay low about it. Say, here come the boys. Shall we fight? What do you say?"

I realize our position fully, and also the motive for Toppie's anxiety to accomplish the journey quickly. What is to be done now? I have but just time to tell Toppie that if ever he makes a move towards his pistol, the fight will begin by my shooting him—when our pursuers are upon us—three fully armed men, with repeating rifles levelled fair upon us. "Throw up your hands," they shout.

I take a swift glance at Toppie, and though his hands go up into the air, I can scarcely restrain myself from shooting him as I see a broad grin upon the sinner's sandy-haired face. My own hands go up, and it is a relief when our captors have disarmed us, and laying their rifles on the horns of their saddles, tell us to ride on before them.

As we lead the procession at a foot's pace, Toppie at once begins the conversation. "Say, boys, my pard don't know nothing about this job. It was I as done it, and I lied to him and told him as the horses was mine."

"That's too thin," is the only comment our captors vouchsafe on this confession. One of them, gently tapping what I took to be his horse's picket rope, asks me if I know why he brought that along.

I tell him I suppose it is to picket his horse.

"Try again," he says; but I have no other conjecture at command.

"Well," says he, "I'll tell you. It's to put round the necks of the likes of you." He goes on to assure me that had we been overtaken away out in the valley, where there was no one about,

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we should by this time have been both strung up to neighbouring trees.

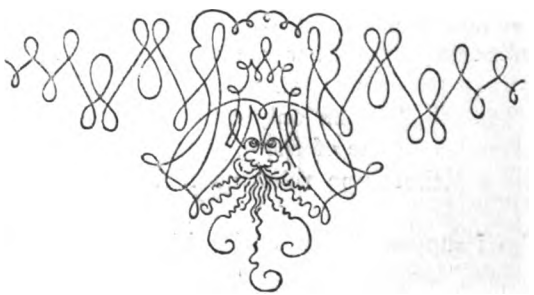
I do not doubt him in the least, and only feel grateful for the protection of the vicinity of Riverside. The position as it stands is not pleasant—a horse-stealer caught in the very act, now on my way to San Bernardino jail, under arrest. I know so few people in the country; none really well. I am convinced that in the end I can prove my innocence, but in the meantime feel myself booked for some days of quiet reflection in San Bernardino jail.

We stop to rest at the only store in Riverside, and you may well imagine my delight to find in the storekeeper one of the few people to whom I had been introduced in Los Angeles. He is also well acquainted with our captors, and after a good deal of parleying persuades them to let us off on payment of what I consider the very reasonable fine of twenty-five dollars.

I returned the next day to Los Angeles on the stage, and from thence went to San Francisco. Toppie, I believe, returned to the mining camp a few days later. His captors had wanted him to return with them, but Toppie, perhaps wisely, declined to trust them.

For a thoroughly reliable, expert, hard-working, practical miner of unblemished character, I shall be happy to recommend to any of my friends, Mr. Toppie Johnson.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.



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Correspondence.

ges devoted to Correspondence are intended not only for broaching ects on an unlimited variety of topics, but also for brief criticisms ts upon Articles which appear in the Magazine. The name and Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publica- the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers heir letters under any circumstances.

TLY MANIFESTATION AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

To the Editor of 'Murray's Magazine.'

'Murray's Magazine' for July appeared a remarkable entitled "A Ghostly Manifestation." It was signed "A :" and contained a promise that names and further n would be given to a serious inquirer. The clergyman, vill call Mr. X., has kindly replied to my questions on the d has sent me the corroborative statement of his wife, the white witness of the phenomena. There is little doubt, I t the events occurred substantially as narrated, and the herefore, is as to their explanation.

inizing such records one has first to consider,—not what natural n will fit the phenomena as *recorded*, for this would usually k in vain,—but what natural explanation will fit the record *allowance* for exaggeration, and for defects of observation ory. In this case a hoax on the part of the boys seemed ough a strained, yet a possible explanation. But Mr. X. o me that the boys as well as the servant formed part of party; were strangers in the capital, and dependent on r protection. "No other native," he adds, "had access use after we were once in." Nor were any rats seen in

are many well-attested cases, some of which have been set Mrs. Sidgwick in Part VIII. of the 'Proceedings of the Society ical Research' (*Trübner & Co.*), where various persons ously or successively, have experienced hallucinatory sights in the same house to an extent which places the coincidence

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of their hallucinations beyond the range of chance. In some (but not in all) of these cases there are, as in the present instance, circumstances in the history of the house which, while previously unknown to the observers, do nevertheless *fit in* to some extent with the phenomena observed. For reasons too long to give here, I personally think it not impossible that some vague series of reminiscences on the part of a deceased person, some dream of a dead man's, may occasionally affect survivors in the form of a hallucination.

Assuming, for discussion's sake, that this was here the case, I may add that I do not suppose that the door actually moved. Mr. X., naturally enough, assumes that it did shake; although he tells me that he did not *see* it shake. But even had he *seen* it shake, I should have doubted whether it actually did so. The subjoined case, if you care to print it, will illustrate my meaning.

From Mr. PAUL BIRD, 39, *Strand, Calcutta.*

May, 1884.

"The experience I and my wife have had in Calcutta is curious, inasmuch as the manifestation was prolonged, and I have been able to form no theory about it of any sort. We occupied the upper flat of a large house for several years. Three or four months before we left for England, we were one night roused from sleep by the violent rattling of a door-handle, as if a man were trying to force an entry. The noise ceased as I went to the door, which I opened, but there was nobody in the next room. I must here premise, as important, that this door had a defective latch; the catch did not act. It had a brass door-handle, and it was my custom every night to put a piece of plank under this handle, one end of the plank resting on the floor, so that by kicking the plank at the botttom the handle was tightly jammed, and the door, therefore, securely fastened. This disturbance constantly occurred. We were awakened again and again by the noise. I tried everything I could think of to find out the cause. I kept a light burning in the next room, and when the noise occurred, ran into the verandah, and looked through the venetians. There was the light burning all right, but nothing else. This went on for several months. At length, as usual, we were wakened by the noise, and as I got up I saw it was nearly daylight, and I said to my wife, 'Now I may find out something.' I advanced to the door, the handle rattling violently, and I *saw* it shaking, as I thought; but when I put my hand on the knob I found it immovable—it was so tightly wedged by the plank I spoke of, that I could not move it in the least, though stronger than the average. I kicked away the plank, and, as usual, found nothing on the other side of the door. Shortly after this we left for England. I may add that we are now living in the same flat, that we found the door-handle had been taken off this particular door only, which is now fastened by a padlock, and that I tried to find out from the landlord something about this door, but without success. We have been in the flat since April 4th, but so far have not been disturbed. I am, of course, convinced that when I *saw* the handle shaken it was an optical delusion; it could not have been shaken, it was so securely wedged.

"PAUL BIRD."

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From Mrs. BIRD, *Calcutta.*

July 25th, 1884.

ı happy to add what I can in corroboration of my husband's state-
The visitation to the door-handle in our bedroom, here in Calcutta, can
forgotten, because it was such a very strange affair, and so utterly
ible. The door-handle was wedged so very firmly by the plank, as
d by my husband, yet the noise, produced so mysteriously, was so
d and sustained. It was a quicker and more vibratory noise than I
er produce myself by taking hold of the handle, when liberated,
ling it, and I have never succeeded in producing an exactly similar
nough I have sometimes tried to illustrate it when telling the story
s.

"GERTRUDE BIRD."

. mentions to me another point of interest. There were two small
the room; and these dogs slept undisturbed through all the
hich woke and kept awake their master and mistress. This fact,
ertainly tending to show that the noises were *hallucinatory*, and
waves of sound,—and so far supporting the theory of their
origin, — may surprise those who believe that if anything
y" is to be seen or heard, a dog will certainly see or hear it.
ly dogs seem to do so; but Mr. X.'s case confirms a supposition
ve had already made, viz. that when the animals are present,
not observe the phantasmal sights or sounds, their owners are
forget to mention them.

narrative as it stands,—or say rather the existence in our collection
ns of *bonâ fide* narratives of similar type,—points a moral which I
nclude by urging on every reader. The hallucinations of sane
form a subject of inquiry full of the most interesting problems,
nuch wider information—but nothing short of this—may enable
lve to the profit of science. In order to get this information, a
s of hallucinations" is being conducted in England and in France.
ject is to get from 50,000 persons an answer—and particulars,
nswer is "yes"—to the following question: "Have you ever,
elieving yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression
ng, or being touched by a living being, or inanimate object,
earing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover,
due to any external physical cause?"

ssor Sidgwick, Hillside, Cambridge, will supply census-forms
structions on application. From whatever point of view we
these matters, there can be no doubt that *more facts* are the
ing needed; and this census seems a likely way to procure

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS,
Hon. Sec. Society for Psychical Research,
Leckhampton House, Cambridge.

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Notes of the Month.

THE debate on the Protection of Children Bill in the House of Lords was signalized by a remarkably effective speech from the Archbishop of Canterbury. On some previous occasions His Grace has appeared to be nervous, apparently overweighted by the sense of responsibility, and, in Presbyterian parlance, "terribly tied to the paper." In these respects he has been unfavourably contrasted with Archbishop Tait, whose speaking in the House of Lords was a model of parliamentary manner, fluent, clear, calm, and conspicuously the utterance of "one having authority." But in the recent debate, Archbishop Benson was visibly moved by lively sympathy with his subject, and spoke of the physical, moral, and mental harm to children, which must result from their employment in theatres, with genuine eloquence and force.

It is strange in these days of "development" and "culture" to hear of tribes still existing who have not yet reached the Stone Age in the history of their civilization; but it is nevertheless true that there are such people—men who possess no iron, or even shaped stone implement or weapon, and who are unacquainted with bows and arrows. Dr. Lumholtz, who was sent out some time ago by the University of Christiania to make researches in the natural history and ethnology of Australia, has recently returned to Europe after several years of study and travel, partly in regions and among tribes hitherto unvisited by any white man. He has brought with him many new specimens of animals and birds, chief among which is the "Boongary," or tree kangaroo of Northern Queensland; but his most interesting experiences were those gathered during his solitary residence among the savages of the Herbert River, who are perhaps, intellectually and socially, in a more primitive state than any other inhabitants of the world. Dr. Lumholtz is engaged in writing a book which will appear next autumn. It is a curious coincidence that he and his fellow-countryman, Dr. Nansen, should have appeared before the British public, from regions so widely remote, in the course of the same year.

It is rumoured—and denied—that Lord St. Cyres, an undergraduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, and grandson to the late Lord Iddesleigh, has been received into the Church of Rome in that city. But, be this

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, there is certainly a great revival of proselytizing energy in
vhere the Roman Catholic church of St. Aloysius is powerfully
nd worked on attractive lines. The Romeward movement is
by the fact that recent legislation has greatly weakened the
old of the Church of England on the University and the
and by the removal from Oxford of many leading spirits of
can party. Dr. Talbot has gone to Leeds, Dr. Liddon is
en at Christchurch, Mr. Holland always resides in London,
Gore is constantly obliged to leave the Pusey House on
f ill-health. Out of this denuded condition of Anglicanism,
s of course "suck no small advantage."

---

ldon, who has been closely occupied this summer with his Life
usey, is feeling the effects of overwork, and has found the
n and delivery of his August sermons in St. Paul's a rather
rden. The Bishop of Durham has recovered sufficiently to
s literary labours, but is still quite unequal to active work in
e.

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r in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*, on the
eralism," by Mr. Atherley-Jones, one of the Radical members
m, has excited the liveliest indignation in the official quarters
iberal party. Mr. Jones frankly admits that the English
o not care a rap for Irish grievances, and cannot be made to
worth a cent" for Home Rule. He further declares that the
ofoundly disorganized—and that its leaders are completely out
ith their followers, which things may or may not be true, but
ly not agreeable hearing for official ears.

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ath of Dr. Horatius Bonar, of Edinburgh, is a great loss to the
devotional poetry. Though a Scotchman and a Presbyterian,
r wrote hymns which have been sung with enthusiasm by
ngregations, and read with delight and edification in the most
of Anglican homes. Among these some of the best known
Church has waited long;" "Thy way, not mine, O Lord;"
the Voice of Jesus say;" and "A few more years shall roll."

Notes from Paris.

llapse of Boulanger's appeal to the nation has been wofully
ing to his partisans, although it is no more than might have
cted after his flight from France. The French are too much
in their own affairs, and, generally, too indifferent to
, to keep much interest in those at a distance, unless

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constantly reminded of them by something coming directly home to their feelings. They are excitable, and easily worked up by the excitement of others; but there must be somebody present to be excited about, for, or against. The French Government well knew what they were doing when they exiled the Comte de Paris; he is now completely forgotten by the multitude, notwithstanding the amusingly sonorous declarations of the newspapers devoted to his cause, that "La monarchie est faite." What "*monarchie?*" The Empire would be more likely than that of the Comte de Paris. There was then a period of immense prosperity, which the working and labouring classes look back upon with regret; while they have a vague fear of kings and taxes, mixed up together. They might have accepted Boulanger even, with the understanding that "Bibi" meant "Boulanger Imperator," because he was altogether new and untried; it was a lottery-ticket, which might bring a prize, and they like lotteries. Then he pranced on a black horse, and promised military glory; this was an immense attraction, for it might come true, and this would be delightful. What the cost of that military glory would be, they do not stop to examine. But Boulanger is a condemned exile, and they have the Exhibition to enjoy. This is enough for the present. Whether his extradition will be requested or granted, or how long it may be before he again sets foot in France, the future alone can disclose.

Meanwhile, the higher and educated classes are grave and sad. All have a vague foreboding of evil, a feeling as if the present time were a sort of Belshazzar's Feast, with the Medes and Persians at the gates. Everything is going to ruin. Farmers cannot pay the landlords, nor sell their stock; land is offered for sale at disastrous prices, and finds no purchasers. The Exhibition has given a fictitious impetus to trade, but in reality the struggle for life everywhere is terrible. Incomes are diminishing, and taxes are crushing; professions are overcrowded, and now that education has become a drug in the market, the lower social strata are pushing upwards, so that at last, unless they get Chinese or negroes to till the soil, the gentlemen will have to drive the plough, while their wives cook their dinners. The mistresses of training schools will tell visitors that, even amongst the daughters of farm labourers, they cannot find any who will condescend to be cooks. No, indeed! They are far too grand to clean saucepans, they all wish to be ladies' maids; whilst ladies, in consequence of reduced means, are learning to do without them! Not long ago there were *twenty-three thousand* female domestic servants seeking situations on the registers in Paris! The girls of the working class, who formerly looked to be ladies' maids, now all insist on becoming teachers or governesses. The examinations are, purposely, made more and more absurdly severe, to thin the ranks of candidates; but every one tries to get a diploma, with the result that there are now *six thousand* certificated candidates in Paris alone for the next vacancy in a Government school—even an infant school!

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The military law has caused general consternation amongst all the Conservateurs, and even the better class of Radicals, who admit that the only result will be a number of inefficient soldiers, with clergy rendered unfit for their mission. It is a direct blow struck at the clergy, and is resented as such by all respectable classes. That all ecclesiastical students should be forced to spend one year in the barracks; that all priests, under forty-five years of age, consequently, even Bishops (if there be any so comparatively young), should be liable to military service in the ranks, as also members of religious orders, chaplains, and professors in colleges, seems to indicate such determined hostility to the Church, that every one wonders what will come next? It was hoped that M. Carnot would exert his influence to get the obnoxious Bill withdrawn, or at least deferred; but, whatever may be the immediate reason, he would appear in this instance to have shown himself a mere signing machine.

There will be a desperate struggle at the elections, and if the Revision party carry the day, M. Carnot may be required to take his bows and smiles to the precincts of his own private home. Everywhere, from the Prince of the Faubourg St. Germain, to the workman who comes to mend a lock, or drive a nail, does one hear the same cry, "Cela ne peut pas durer."

But what is coming? With many it amounts to this, Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!

Meanwhile Paris is crowded; but visitors will see no Parisians of the better class. Shoals from the distant provinces, not the least interesting of which are the simple country people, who are dumbfounded with amazement, showing their astonishment and delight with characteristic *naïveté*. The people of all nations, who have come by tourist agencies, with cheap tickets, practically but shabbily dressed (having brought but little luggage), form the majority at present; all Parisians in a situation enabling them to go, have gone.

The shops make no great show; we noticed, however, some pretty hats. A particularly brilliant scarlet is in favour just now, as a trimming for straw hats; we remarked two; both were trimmed with velvet ribbon of that rich shade, tied with a large bow: one had a sheaf of oat-ears, as if just gathered, carelessly thrown across it; the other was wreathed with a bough of green filberts—fruit, and leaves. Both were stylish and pretty; the former would be particularly becoming to a brunette complexion and dark eyes.

A recent publication entitled "La Passion d'un Auteur," purporting to be the answers of Mérimée's "Inconnue" to his well-known Letters, has attracted some attention, although the present Letters seem to have been touched up and remodelled for the occasion. The publication of

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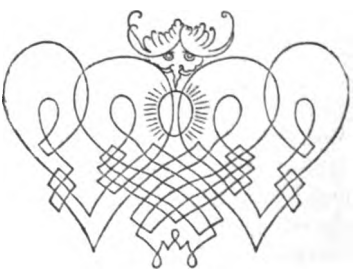
the "Lettres à une Inconnue," caused great indignation at the time, as a most unjustifiable breach of confidence, for mere love of lucre.

The "Inconnue" was an English governess, residing with the family of her employer, at Boulogne-sur-mer. She conceived the rather imprudent idea of writing to Mérimée, and entrusted the letter which began the famous correspondence to a schoolboy returning to Paris after his holidays. The experiment would always be a dangerous one for romantic young ladies, with most French novelists; the cynical reputation of Mérimée was not likely to improve matters. He was interested and flattered; he answered the letter, and a correspondence followed. Miss —— went with her employers to Paris; and there an interview was managed. She was pretty, with the "splendid black eyes" to which Mérimée alludes in his letters; he was fascinated, and great intimacy followed; at first with some difficulty, but an improvement in the position of Miss ——, which made her independent, rendered intercourse more easy. Why he did not marry her remains to be explained; for the letters indicate great affection, and very considerable intimacy—more than might be considered justifiable between a pretty young woman and a bachelor without "intentions."

But this is ancient history, and concerns only the "Inconnue."

What is more to the point at present is the breach of confidence, for which Miss —— cannot be excused. Mérimée wrote to her unreservedly, trusting her fully; and after his death, she flung him to the world, revealing all that he would so earnestly have wished to conceal, with the sole aim of making money by his name and by his love.

French writers have laid the lesson to their hearts, and modern "Inconnues" would not find the same facilities for such a speculation. There is a general resolution, never to write a line which may not be shown to the whole world; and it must be owned that such a determination is a wise one, in times where no privacy is considered sacred.



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Our Library List.

TERS: LITERARY REMAINS OF EDWARD FITZ-LD. Edited by W. A. WRIGHT. (3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*, *Macmillan.*) of these volumes contains Mr. Fitzgerald's letters; the second slations of six dramas by Calderon, and Euphranor, a charming with something of a platonic perfume; and the third, beside a lering of Agamemnon, the celebrated paraphrase of the Rubaiyat Khayyam. The letters, which have perhaps the greatest interest general reader, are written in a delightful style, and reveal a nd perverse mind. With gifts which might have enabled him leading part in the world of letters, he was content to remain the violins of the orchestra, and never cared to appear upon e. He led a simple country life, absorbed in his books, his his neighbours, and his friends in the world. The latter by his leisure; for to them he gave the benefit of his original ly stored mind in these letters, which are like the most vivid tions. The friend from youth of Tennyson, Thackeray, and he lived in constant touch with them and their works. No more or interesting impressions have ever been given of them than in erous allusions and descriptions scattered throughout the corre-ce. But delightful as Mr. Fitzgerald is when writing about men ks, he is quite as much at home with nature, and some of his arming letters are those which tell of his life on his boat in the of the sailors and the sea he loved so well.

RESS TRAINS, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN, by E. Fox-d T. C. FARRER (*Smith, Elder, & Co.*), is a very thorough and nt performance dealing with all the railways of the world in to their comparative speed. Our readers will have been to appreciate such a volume by Mr. Acworth's series of n English Railway Companies. A great portion of the book of statistical tables, yet so skilfully are these presented, and so re the comments with which they are interspersed, that the once taken up is not readily laid aside. The speed entitling a be ranked as express is fixed by our authors at 40 miles an England and 29 miles an hour for foreign countries, scarcely any n the Continent attaining to the higher standard. As an of how complete is British supremacy in such matters, we may

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mention that the "lightning" express of Italy is slower than a goods train on the Great Northern. Many readers will be surprised to learn that the actual cost of running a train is not more than one shilling a mile.

THE HANSA TOWNS, by HELEN ZIMMERN, "Story of the Nations" series (*Fisher Unwin*), is the first history in English of the great trade league which for upwards of two centuries governed the commerce of Northern Europe, and which, though its power has long vanished, only reached formal and complete extinction last year. Though it rested on no basis more spiritual than pecuniary advantage, the Hanseatic League acted in the time of its supremacy as a great civilizing industry, encouraging the arts of peace, setting up an ideal of life different from and more humane than the chivalric, and supplying a check to the barbarous anti-social methods of rule practised by the nobles and their retainers. Miss Zimmern writes fluently, and is able to illustrate her subject from a wide range of reading. Her language is, perhaps, at times somewhat perfervid. The volume contains many woodcuts, mostly taken from medieval sources or from photographs of old buildings.

FATHER DAMIEN, by E. CLIFFORD (*Macmillan*), gives a brief account of the work among the lepers of Molokai, which has rendered the name of the heroic Belgian priest famous throughout Christendom. The biographer, an artist whose striking portraits were a few years ago familiar to visitors to the water-colour galleries, accidently read an account of his hero in the spring of 1887, and, being ardently interested in missionary work, at once resolved to visit him in his Hawaiian home. He took with him stores of a remedy for leprosy (gurjun oil), which had proved efficacious in the Andaman Islands in cases where the disease had not obtained a firm hold. Arrived at his destination, he was received with cordial kindness, and in spite of the difference of creed—for Mr. Clifford, as he explains at some length, is not a Roman Catholic,—became very intimate with Father Damien and his fellow-workers. His narrative is set forth in a simple, earnest style, which at times rises into eloquence. It is perhaps regrettable that the volume has been filled out with matter quite irrelevant to its main subject.

SKETCHES OF A YACHTING CRUISE, by MAJOR GAMBIER PARRY (*Allen*), records a cruise through the length and breadth of the Mediterranean—Gibraltar, Sicily, Corfu, Greece, the Cyclades, Mount Athos—and an excursion to Sevastopol. We confess that we are hardly able to judge its pages with strict impartiality, for they recall to us halcyon days, when we too were voyaging "slowly over the perfumed sea" among the "deep woods and white temples and wet caves" of the Ægean. Even for readers who have no such store of memories the

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volume should prove a delightful holiday companion, for Major Gambier Parry sees Nature with something of a painter's eyes, and has plenty of information to impart concerning the historic sites which he visits. He does not write as a specialist, but as a cultivated man of the world, whose knowledge is none the less sound for being acquired in a somewhat desultory fashion. The illustrations are unequal; all show an eye for artistic effect, but some betray the untrained draughtsman.

LADY CAR, by Mrs. OLIPHANT (*Longmans*), though a story complete in itself, is a sequel to a former novel by the same accomplished author. Lady Caroline Lindon had been married, under compulsion, to a rich parvenu, and had borne him two children. On his death, his widow, still young and endowed with all his wealth, wedded her early love. But as her first husband had been too rough, so her second was too smooth for her happiness. She had dreamed that he would make a name for himself in the world and carry out some great work, whereas, though his behaviour towards her was tender and devoted, he employed his spare time and money in frivolous amusements. Meanwhile the children of the former marriage did not turn out well, the girl growing up insolent and the boy a scamp. When the latter was discovered to have contracted a marriage, which he believed to be a mock one, with a milliner's girl, Lady Car, whose health had long been failing, took to her bed and died. She was a very sweet and superior, but rather ineffectual, person.

PRINCESS SUNSHINE, by MRS. RIDDELL (2 vols. *Ward & Downey*), is a collection of three stories, of which the first is much the longest and the best. Its central figure, Gregory Gifford, a man steadily pursuing a lofty purpose at the cost of much personal privation, is of a type not wholly unfamiliar to readers of Mrs. Riddell's former works, who will also recognize the main features of the innocent happy-hearted maiden bringing sunshine into her guardian's life. The minor characters are well sketched, and include the three Misses Giffords, ladies who have come down in the world through loss of money, and unable to reconcile themselves to their altered social position; and Percy Gifford, their handsome, idle, self-indulgent and vain brother, who imagines himself to possess literary talent and poses for a brief period as a successful novelist. The story deals with supernatural portents, and is not a very strong production. "Why Dr. Cray left Southam," is ingenious, but exceedingly slight.

MISS SHAFTO, by W. E. NORRIS (3 vols. *Bentley*), fulfils the prophecy which we ventured to make concerning its author a few months since. We do not think that the present volumes are quite up to the level of "The Rogue," but taste differs in such matters; very likely

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some of our readers will hold an opposite opinion. The plot is very slight, turning on the question whether the heroine will or will not accept the love of a certain Lord Walter Sinclair; and on the financial fortunes of her father, a squire who endeavoured to economise by taking a house in Upper Belgrave Street, and then frittered away his money in speculation under the guidance of an unscrupulous German baron. The last-named is perhaps the strongest character in the book; for if one had to be critical, one would say that Mr. Norris's personages are apt to suffer from anæmia, intellectual and moral. Mr. Shafto, the obstinate, foolish, kind-hearted ex-squire, is delicately drawn; but Lord Walter's elder brother, a raffish but chivalrous Marquis, seems to us to draw merely a thin and literary breath.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1889.

Brotherhoods of the Poor.

WE have recently witnessed a strike which must be regarded as one of the most remarkable in modern times. It began among the lowest, most despised, and most down-trodden class of unskilled labourers—a class which has been proverbial for misery and poverty, and for the struggle of many to secure the scantily-paid toil which can only be allotted to the few. Beginning among two or three thousand dock-labourers, it extended like the spread of a conflagration, till, in an incredibly short time, more than a hundred thousand men were on strike. London was overawed by a multitude marching through her streets more numerous than many an army which has conquered kingdoms. Her trade, which is the astonishment of the world, was for a time paralysed. Hundreds of vessels lay idle in her docks and her great river, which were able neither to ship nor to unship their loads. Tens of thousands of pounds were lost every day. In the East-end of London streets were deserted and wharves were empty. Two circumstances of the strike were specially memorable. One was that though myriads were suffering from the stress of hunger, and saw the pinched look on the faces of their wives and little children, and could only look forward to a future of terrible uncertainty, they yet abstained from acts of violence; and the leaders in whom they trusted were men who faithfully dissuaded them from every revolutionary measure to which they might have been goaded by the maddening stress of want. Another fact, full of the deepest significance for the future, was that the vast majority of the men on strike had no personal grievance. They acted on motives which, whether they were founded on mistaken

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views or not, were certainly full of chivalry, brotherliness, and self-denial. Though many of them were receiving high wages with which they were perfectly satisfied, they made common cause with the poor dockmen, and went out on strike;—a course which as they well knew might not only cause them present inconvenience, but might even imperil their future interests. They faced the risk with a generous desire to secure higher wages and less galling conditions for their suffering fellows.

When the strike was drawing to a close I received a letter from a working man, a perfect stranger, whose name even was unknown to me, entreating me in warm terms to express my sympathy with the troubled and excited workers of East London. It may be worth while to record how the strike presented itself to an evidently honest and intelligent young artizan who had no personal share in it. He wrote as follows:

"I beg in all faith and honesty to ask your aid in the present crisis of the strike. In the first place I am sure their cause is just, as I have had seventeen years' knowledge of them and their work. Mr. J. Burns, their champion and leader, is much loved and trusted by them. He is a total abstainer and non-smoker, and has formed them into a band of brothers ready to suffer any pains for the right. What the men now want to keep them together is a great spiritual leader. Mr. Burns has stirred up in them chivalric qualities hitherto undreamed of. Now is the time to arouse their spiritual faculties. I sympathise with them, heart and soul, as you would do if you could only see half the sacrifices they make for honour's sake. I have never seen the spirit of right and chivalry so stirred in them before. I feel certain that this is an opportunity to touch their souls. Will you not write a letter to their organ, or speak at their next meeting?"

I felt the force of the appeal, but for two reasons I was unable to take any step in the matter. The first was accidental. I had been travelling from the North of Ireland to the depths of Eskdale, where I was at a distance from any post. The letter was consequently delayed in transmission; and when I received it a week had elapsed since I had read a newspaper, and I did not even know whether the strike was over or not. The other reason was different. I saw that in hundreds of instances strikes had proved fatal to the best interests of the working-men themselves. Sometimes strikes had been defeated, leaving behind them a long trail of indigence and misery. Sometimes they had succeeded, and their success had done

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worse harm by permanently disturbing the delicate relations between capital and labour; by causing great works to be closed, and so throwing multitudes out of permanent employment; and—which was the most fatal result of all—by driving important industries entirely out of the kingdom, and thus proving a benefit to other countries at the expense of our own at the very time when the strain of international competition is becoming constantly more severe.

A clergyman ought instinctively to regard himself as a champion of the poor and the oppressed when their cause is just. Christ was a poor man among the poor. He chose for His lot on earth the shop of the carpenter and the boat of the fisherman. He pronounced his beatitude upon the lowly, and invited to Himself the heavy laden. But one whose function is that of a religious teacher is specially bound to do nothing rash. The very sympathy which he feels with the unfortunate should check him from encouraging any action which may tend in the long run to ruin the interests which he desires to serve. The strike of the dock-labourers raised questions which perplexed the wisest philanthropists and the profoundest political economists; and it was impossible for one who was not upon the spot, and had made no special study of the whole question, to take any active part by thrusting himself with insufficient knowledge into a struggle of which the ultimate issues appeared to be so momentous.

But the phenomena of the strike ought to bring other considerations very forcibly home to the minds of all who love the Church of England, of all who believe in the faith of Christ.

For every one, I think, will admit that neither the Church of England nor any other religious bodies went for much in the mind of those hundred thousand working-men. Cardinal Manning did indeed produce a deeply favourable impression, and is always foremost in every good social work. His influence was nothing short of a national boon, and the Bishop of London seconded the noble effort of the Cardinal. But with this and one or two other exceptions, neither as corporate bodies, nor by the action of their individual members, did any of the sects or churches wield any potent influence over this vast social movement. No one referred to them; no one consulted them. The leaders of the great associated strike were not in the least recognizable by their adherence to any special form of religious belief. No one ever dreamed of calling in the intervention of

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Bishops or any body of Church dignitaries or Dissenting ministers to act as arbitrators. Of the hundred thousand artizans who demonstrated in Hyde Park, or paraded the streets of the East-end, it is very doubtful if ten per cent. regularly attended any Christian assembly, or acknowledged the immediate authority of any religious community. By the confession of the Church of England, and of all other Christian bodies, the working-classes as a whole have "lapsed" or drifted away from the influence of the Church.

Do we realize what that means?

It does not mean that the working-classes as a whole are godless, but it does mean that they have cut themselves loose from many of the best aids and incentives to godliness. It does not mean that they hate religion, but it does mean that in the current forms of religion they do not find the blessings and consolations which are the best support and the richest boon of life. It does not mean that they have no hope and are without God in the world, but it does mean that they lose the divinely appointed way of keeping God ever before them, and that their hopes are in constant danger of being drowned in the muddy and shallow deluge of daily misery and struggle.

Ought we to be content with this state of things? Are we doing our duty if we make no effort to recover the lost ground and to keep pace with the rising tide of population?

Optimists will say, "We have the Parochial system, and the clergy were never more active than at present."

Few men have a higher estimate of the value of the Parochial system than I have, but I must say plainly that if we consider it adequate to the needs of these days we are under a complete delusion.

The working of the Parochial system is admirable for the requirements of the ordinary pastorate. Nothing better could be devised for ministrations to those who are faithful members of the Church. But it is not evangelistic, it is not aggressive. In thousands of parishes it breaks down quite hopelessly, partly because their numbers are so unmanageable that most of the parishioners never see their clergyman at all; partly because in great cities the parochial unity has been absolutely obliterated. What are we to say of parishes of ten, or even twenty thousand people who do not and will not contribute enough to pay for the warming and the lighting of their own church? who refuse to subscribe as much as £10 a year to maintain their own

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schools? who allow their struggling and burdened vicar to provide out of his own pocket the stipends of the curates whom he is forced to engage, not to lighten his own labours but to meet the spiritual needs of his people? What are we to say of parishes of many thousands, under good and able men, which yet cannot muster more than a handful of communicants, and cannot send up more than a dozen or two candidates for confirmation? England is becoming a nation of great cities. There are parishes which in ten years have quintupled their population. If we trust to the Parochial system alone to maintain the cause of religion among these teeming multitudes we are leaning upon a broken reed. Much too of what is vaunted as the increased activity among the clergy is purely functional. It consists in the multiplication of services and the elaboration of ceremonies. If a clergyman has daily service, it is supposed that he *must* be doing good work. Yet what is the practical value of the daily service, when, after being fully tried for years, the entire congregation consists (as I have known to be the case) of a single idiot, sitting with a book before him upside down; or of the bell-ringer and two old women; or of four young ladies, the daughters of the vicar; or of the schoolmaster alone, so that, as one vicar said to me, "I daily read the service to the congregation, and the congregation reads the lessons to me"? Functions, and ceremonies, and services may be admirable in their place, but they will never do the work achieved either by St. Paul, or by Francis of Assisi, or by Wesley and Whitfield. Our Sunday services are delightful to the educated and the faithful; but the unanimous voice of a body of hard-working East-end London clergymen assures us that "Neither in length nor in structure, nor in language is our liturgy adapted to the needs of the working-classes. It offers them that which they do not understand, and for which they do not care."

I say then that unless we are prepared to try other resources, to put into play new, more varied, and more energetic agencies, the influence of the Church among the working-classes, which is already at so low an ebb, will soon cease to exist altogether. We are living in a fool's Paradise if we flatter ourselves that the much-boasted revival of "Church principles" has made any impression on that vast multitude who are hardly to be called a class at all, but are rather the very backbone of the nation. A crowded church will be found in every large parish where the vicar is a good preacher and is beloved, quite irrespectively of

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whether he is High, or Low, or Broad. An impressive or gorgeous ritual, to say nothing of its expensiveness, will never of itself fill any church with working-men, or produce any sort of effect upon them. The one thing which can and will reach them is *personal influence;* and to that they are always amenable, whether it come from a Frederick Robertson or a Father Lowder, from Maurice or Mackonochie, from Simeon or Dean Stanley. The poorer masses will never be reached by a particular set of views or practices; they will always be favourably influenced by earnest men.

Now it is this personal influence which cannot on any adequate scale be brought to bear by the parochial clergy in large and densely crowded parishes. It is not in one case out of a hundred that they get any real hold of the working-men in a mass, though they may reach a few. The parochial clergy are rarely well off. They are married; they are incessantly occupied by meetings, addresses, classes, and organizations of all kinds. They get hold of the young in their schools, but they almost inevitably lose sight of the youths of both sexes immediately after their first communion. A large parish needs the exclusive work of one clergyman merely to keep touch with the young men; and to do this requires gifts and sympathies which perhaps no member of the clerical staff—even if he could be spared from other duties—may happen to possess. Yet the youths of both sexes constitute one of the most important classes of the community, and if they be lost sight of, it may well happen that they soon cease to be members of the Church in anything but name.

What, then, is the remedy?

There is no one formal remedy, but every remedy which can be brought to bear may be summed up in the *extension of the personal influence of high-minded, faithful, and educated men.*

Mankind has never been delivered by committees or organizations. Ultimately it has always been the individual who has flashed into other souls the electric impulse which has pervaded his own. The purification of corrupt societies, the conversion of barbarous races, the redemption of intolerable wrongs, has always begun with the action of a single heart, and the self-sacrifice of the one evokes the enthusiasm of the many. St. Antony, St. Benedict, St. Columba, St. Francis of Assisi, Savonarola, Luther, St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent de Paul, John Howard, Wesley, William Carey, John Pounds, William

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Lloyd Garrison, Lord Shaftesbury—take away these names from the history of Christendom, and delete the influence they exercised, and modern Europe might still have been a chaos of barbarism and cruelty, of vice and superstition.

And what were the two great wings with which every one of them soared above the dead-level of their contemporaries, and uplifted with them their suffering and degraded fellow-men? They were the two great wings of enthusiasm and self-denial.

Enthusiasm and self-denial cannot be had to order, but in the hearts of good men there is a vast reserve-force of both, and they are called forth by special needs. When the hour has struck, the man is usually forthcoming. The hour *has* struck, and the Church anxiously awaits the man who shall have the requisite powers to organize that which cannot fail to be a mighty movement.

Such a man, looking back at the annals of the past, will see that the great work of human amelioration, the conversion of the heathen, the recovery of the lapsed, the arousing of selfish and luxurious societies, can never be accomplished by proxy or by subscription lists, or by an office and paid secretaries, or by languid, advertising, and perfunctory associations. It can only be achieved by toil of heart and brain, by agonies and energies, by men who look neither for honour nor even for success, by men who work in faith and to whom the work is the reward. It was thus that gladiatorial shows were abolished, that slaves were emancipated, that prisons were purified, that drunkards were reclaimed, that factory children were rescued. And in almost every instance the work has been done by men who were not only singlehearted by nature, but who could devote themselves exclusively to their one main task by setting aside all personal ends, and keeping themselves disentangled from the cares of life.

When a great work has been begun, it becomes too large for a single worker. It is taken up by those who imitate his example, who band themselves into a community animated by the same high desire. But if the community is to carry out the work of their head or founder, they must be bound by similar conditions. And those conditions of exclusive devotion to one great end, resolve themselves mainly into three: the old vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience, which in past ages added so vast a potency to individual self-sacrifice.

And at this point many will start back disgusted and terrified by the proposal. They will say Monasticism in age after age

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has proved itself a deadly failure. Would you, in defiance of the plain lessons of History, propose to re-introduce it into that Church of England by which the spirit of it has been deliberately rejected?

I answer that I should regard the re-introduction of all that is meant by "Monasticism" into the Church of England as a frightful calamity. Even as early as the fourth century the records of the Church begin to teem with shameful stories, like those about wicked, sensual and greedy monks which are recorded by St. Jerome and other Fathers. St. Augustine, enamoured as he was of the cœnobitic life, and though he unwisely endeavoured to enforce it upon his clergy, yet confesses that if some of the best men he had ever known had been monks, so too had some of the worst. Monasticism may be possible to the saintly few, and they may secure its best conditions for themselves without leaving their own houses; but as an institution for many it has been stamped by History with fierce and emphatic disapprobation.

But the Brothers of the Poor whose establishment is in contemplation will not be monks in any sense of the word. The first and fundamental difference between them and monks will be this, that their vows will never be permitted to be permanent. They will be voluntary; they will be temporary; they will be dispensable; they will never be undertaken for more than five years; they may at any time be laid aside. By this means the Brotherhood will be saved from the intolerable curse of the monasteries, the misery and corruption of men who were unequal to their vows and had mistaken their vocation. Further, the life of the Brothers will be active, not contemplative; public, not secluded; enlivened by constant and cheerful intercourse with their fellow-men, not shut up in cells; busy with energetic beneficence, not swallowed up by seven services a day. It will be a life spent in the very midst of the world, not entirely withdrawn from it. The one aim of the Brothers, lay and clerical, will be to serve, and to win, and to elevate, and to purify others; not to absorb themselves in the contemplation of how best to save their own souls. For the time that they are members of any Brotherhood they will live, gladly and unencumbered, as poor men among the poor. Their single rooms will be among the abodes of the poor, and will be always open to the poor. They will be the friends of the poor, not separated from them by abysses of external respectability, nor removed

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from the possibility of fully understanding the condition of their life. They will be face to face and shoulder to shoulder with the working-classes, earning their full confidence by manifesting unstinted sympathy with them in their needs and sorrows. They will not be crude, brawling, uneducated evangelists, with a stock of fluent and ignorant shibboleths, but gentlemen, men educated at our public schools and Universities, men of knowledge and refinement, who will be ready to make a cheerful sacrifice of the interests which most men hold so dear and in which they find so little satisfaction, for the sake of winning back the great masses of their fellow-countrymen in crowded cities to the inheritance of blessings which myriads are rapidly losing or have already lost. If they undertake this mission in the right spirit they cannot fail; and if they succeed, they will become the saviours of our modern civilization.

I believe that two or three thousand of such workers, costing the Church nothing, appealing for no funds, accepting no subscriptions, living (and that in perfect comfort) on £40 or £50 a year, derived either exclusively from their own private means, or given them by those who send them to their work, would produce an incalculable change in the future destinies of the Church of England, and therefore of England herself and of the world. They might diminish that horrible scourge of drunkenness, which is the worst curse of the working-classes, and which drags them down into abysses out of which they can never rise until they have emancipated themselves from the tyranny of the ginshop. They might deepen, and in many regions create afresh by their example, the lost ideal of purity, and save London from the disgrace and shipwreck of all that is best in human life, caused by the multitudes of fallen women who are now, alas! to be numbered by tens of thousands. They might grapple effectually with the subtle and spreading evil of betting and gambling, and might help to dissipate the intolerable dulness and dreariness which now takes refuge in these spurious forms of excitement. Above all, the work and example of men whose lives were obviously devoted to the good of the poor at the spontaneous sacrifice of their own gain, could not fail to win the confidence of the great body of the people. Confidence, as the great statesman said, is a plant of slow growth. At present the clergy as a body do not possess the confidence of the people either in the country or in the cities. They have failed to convince them that the labours of the clergy should be

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mainly in the service of the poor because the poor are the more in number; and that they have a Gospel for the poor which neither Socialists nor men of science can offer them. It is more than doubtful whether this lost confidence can be won back by any of the present agencies. New efforts, new sacrifices are needed—new, yet in their method and spirit as old as Christianity itself—before the mass of the people can see those days of the Son of Man which they have lost, and for which in their inmost hearts they sigh. If any can suggest better or safer expedients to restore the religious life of the multitude than by the formation of Brotherhoods such as I have here indicated, let them not be contented to object and to criticise, but let them tell us what is needful.

"Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti; si non his utere mecum."

The Southern House of Convocation has passed a unanimous resolution to the effect that the time has come when the Church can welcome the aid of such Brotherhoods; but it has not yet pledged itself to any details of their organization. This cannot be done till the next Session of Convocation in May 1890. But if the sanction of the Upper and Lower Houses be given to the formation of a body such as is contemplated in this paper, there can be little doubt that some one will come forward who will endeavour to lead the movement and to organize the work of Brethren of the Poor in parishes and dioceses where such work would be welcomed. Many of the Bishops have already expressed their approval of the plan, and if it be carried out under wise and favourable auspices, I am one of those who feel strongly convinced that it will bring to bear upon the religious needs of the multitude a force no less mighty than that which was exercised by the early followers of St. Benedict, or the Minorites of St. Francis, or the Poor Priests of Wycliffe, or the Piagnoni of Savonarola, or the order of St. Vincent de Paul, or those whom John Wesley sent forth throughout the length and breadth of England to awaken the torpor of a selfish and slumbering Church.

F. W. FARRAR.

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Dramatic Opinions.

By MRS. KENDAL.

Part II.

often ask me what are the secrets of popularity in an Who can say? It is that little *something* which we describe which makes him or her sympathetic with an . If we could say *what* it is, if we could, as it were, place ls on the actual spot and declare it to be this or that ves popularity, should we not all try and get it for our- Were it to be sold in a shop, should we not go and buy is that little mysterious something which makes a man n great or popular. They may be full of faults, they e any strongly marked individuality you like, it is that ing," that unknown quality, which makes them more or pathetic. To a certain extent the public is led by the hich says "Follow me, this, or that, is great." Many ave arrived at popularity by the public being told they t till it comes to believe them so. At the same time ic are so marvellously intuitive, they are so wonderfully hat a man could not sustain his popularity, or a woman hers, and by "sustain" I mean go on for a period of taining their popularity, unless there were that "some- n them.

often one goes into a theatre and sees in the programme e of a clever man or woman playing a second or third t! We say "Oh! Mr. So-and-So, or Mrs. So-and-So. ightful! they always act so well." But for all that they he particular person who has taken us to the theatre, not the person whom we have paid our money to see. delighted when we see their names on the programme, have not attracted us there. The actor or actress who

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attracted us there may not be half so good an artist; but he or she possesses the indefinable "something" that draws, draws us not only from a monetary but also from a sympathetic point of view. There are many good actors and actresses who intellectually could teach those whom the public have placed in a position above them, but who lack that extraordinary power of drawing. You cannot tell what it is, this particular charm, it is indescribable. Perhaps, my reader, you suggest that it is genius in some form or other. No, that is not the right word. The word genius should strictly only be applied to about three of the people I have met in the whole course of my life. It is true I have heard it applied at least three million times, thrown broadcast in fact. So that for me it has rather lost its meaning. No, it would be impossible to describe the secret of popularity in an actor or an actress.

Some people say that when you are acting upon the stage with an actor or actress you think they are good, and yet their art does not go "over the footlights" and reach the heart of the public. Sometimes I have been told, "How bad this actor is at the rehearsal! and, close to you, how unsympathetic, and yet what an effect he produces on his audience!" I do not believe this. I do not believe that any actor who is not sympathetic to act with—and by this I do not mean anything but actually the word I am using—sympathetic in his part—I say I do not believe that such an actor's art *can* reach the public. If the tone of an actor's or actress's voice with whom you are acting does not allow you to answer them in the frame of mind and heart that you should be representing while you speak, and is not in sympathy with you, it is impossible for you to make the audience follow your train of thought. Acting is like photography. One single person has instantaneously to photograph the same impression upon the minds of hundreds. It is the duty of an actor to make the audience see the part from *his* point of view. If the audience is discussing whether the actor is right, the actor has not got hold of them. When I am acting, I must make the people feel that they see it from *my* point of view. If they discuss during the time I am acting whether I am right or wrong, I certainly have not got hold of them. They may discuss it afterwards, and say, "He was right," or "She was wrong"—this, that, and the other—but during the time I am acting it must be, as it were, a photograph thrown upon each individual mind of the audience, and I, or

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whoever is acting, must have the power to impress each mind so forcibly that for the time at least it must see only the situation as it is so focussed.

This is one of the difficulties in playing a part taken from a well-known book. Each person among the audience, on reading the book, has drawn his own picture of the character. When they come to see an actor or an actress play that character, they immediately question whether it is right. "She did not do that. In the book I see so and so. He did not do so and so." Of course this difficulty is at its height when one is playing Shakespeare. It does great credit to the talent of the actor or actress if they realize to the *majority* the idea of the characters they have read of.

I am not now considering the truism that the playing of an actor ought not to appear to be playing at all, but a scene in real life. That is naturally a *sine quâ non.* I am thinking of the cases where the public have read about a character in a book and formed their own ideas about it. A fine actor's interpretation of such a character ought to appear true to the majority of the audience, and be sympathetic to every intelligent conception of the part. The only person I ever saw who realized my idea of "Jo" in 'Bleak House' was Miss Jenny Lee. She was so physically like the part, and it was such a beautiful performance, that one never questioned it. It was the reality. But it is very, very difficult, when the majority of the public have read a book, for an actor to realize for them what they have already realized for themselves, often in various ways. To take an illustration. I can only call to mind two painters who have succeeded in realizing the ideal we may have formed of the face of our Blessed Lord. How often painters try to give the sublimity, the intellectuality, the divinity of that face! Yet when we stand before their pictures, how seldom do they come up to our imaginative ideal, because we each have our own! There is always something lacking. Something of the same kind is true of representations of Shakespeare's characters.

And then there is the difficulty of rightly understanding the text. Get any three actors—three Shakespeare students—to go and see a performance of Shakespeare. Each one will discover a new reading, or, at any rate, converse and argue and cavil about the emphasis. For instance, Othello says: "Put out the light, and then—put out the light." Now I have heard the most clever and intelligent and gifted men in my profession argue—I

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had almost said for hours—over the reading of these few words, "Put out the light—and then—put out the light." One maintained that Shakespeare's meaning is, "Put out the light," referring to the light of Desdemona's life; "and then," as if Othello had already in thought killed her, and asked himself afterwards the question, "Put out the light?" Another asserted that "Put out the light" refers to the candle which Othello carries in his hand—"Put out the light"—that is, extinguish the candle; "and then," referring to the murder he is about to commit. Who shall decide which interpretation is correct? Who shall say what was in Shakespeare's mind when he put into Othello's mouth the words, "Put out the light, and then put out the light"? There are hardly two men or women in my profession who would be found to agree upon the reading of that one line. I can only tell you that I have heard it discussed so often that I scarcely know what my own opinion on the subject is! And Shakespeare is full of such lines. His mind was so subtle, so extraordinary, that I can quite understand this eager discussion going on centuries after his death as to whether he really wrote the plays which bear his name or whether he did not. The more you know of Shakespeare, the more you read of him, the more marvellous does he appear, and the more subtle. "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! In action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god." Read Shakespeare when you are young, read Shakespeare when you grow older, and the same words will seem to have totally different meanings. The phrase in the Bible, "Now we see through a glass darkly," might be applied to the reading of Shakespeare's plays. It would be impossible for any ordinary persons, if they were to live to be hundreds of years old, and thought only of cultivating their minds, to tell you, from their own small range of thought, what Shakespeare meant. This will help you to appreciate the tremendous difficulty of realizing the ideality and personality of Shakespeare's characters.

However, every writer of plays is not a Shakespeare, and sometimes—indeed, I may say often—a poor play can be turned into a success by fine acting. There is one matter upon which I venture to quarrel with some of the chief critics of our time. They never point out to the public where the author ceases and where the actor begins, where the author has "made" the actor, and where the actor "makes" the author. The dividing line is so fine, that even the best writers of our time fail to discern it,

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and it would be impossible for *me* to attempt to define it here. A writer brings a play into a theatre, and, as it were, leaves his child in that unknown region. It is in the manager's discretion to cast that play as he thinks best, and for the stage director to bring out all the author's points. It is, to a very great extent, to the stage management that the success of the play is due. Then comes the exposition by the actors. I have seldom met an author who has not said, "I do not think you make enough of this; I meant this to be very much greater in effect;" and as often—no, perhaps not *quite* so often—he says, "I never thought, when I wrote that, that there was so much in it as you have made of it." One man has said these two things to me. It is not every author, clever men as authors are, who knows exactly what effects will be produced by his play. He has his own ideas, and he sometimes owes a great deal to the actors. A certain author, whom I will not name, is accustomed to declare, "I do not want actors and actresses to think what they are going to do with my parts. These are my lines as I have written them; let my ideas be reproduced; let us have no vagaries of other people's." But that author has never succeeded in touching the heart of his public. When a writer leaves his play in a theatre, he gives it up, as it were, and, in my opinion, it should be left to the feelings of the artists engaged in it, who, as a rule, work most wonderfully together. They ask each other's opinions, consult each other's thoughts, and inadvertently teach one another by suggesting little details and, as it were, threshing out the meaning of the author's words, sometimes wonderfully improving the play in the process.

I have known adverse criticism to be useful in many instances. One strikes my memory very vividly. When first the play of 'Lady Clancarty' was produced at the St. James's Theatre, I think nearly all the criticisms upon me were adverse; in some cases the writers—gentlemen in whose opinion I have the greatest faith, and for whose judgment I have the greatest admiration.—pointed out most kindly to me where they thought my reading and my view of the character were wrong. First impressions had been made by a very beautiful and extremely talented woman; and I dare say that, to some extent, militated against me—for first impressions always are the strongest, and it is quite right they should be. I felt so instinctively that these criticisms were right, that I worked very, very hard at my part for weeks and weeks. I went on a long

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tour with it in the country, and tried it in many diff
and eventually, when I returned to re-open the St. Jam
in the winter season with it, the criticisms of me
generous and kind, and I was highly praised for th
ment I had made in my part. I cannot now rec
every instance in which I have remembered the criti
have been written upon me—where I have instinctiv
they were right and I was wrong, and I altere
accordingly. I have great admiration for the writin
theatrical critics, who, whenever they have to sa
unkind, do so in a very gentlemanlike way, and
spirit, and who, if they praise you, do so to the utm
power. This, of course, is in violent contrast with
who are led, more or less, by personal feeling of lik
to the artist they are criticising, or with those peopl
it a point of turning everything into ridicule, no
you may attempt from a high art point of view.

Certainly I think the love of the amateur world fo
which has increased so much of late years, has do
good for the stage as amateurs have done for musi
the amateurs who every night are seen at the P
Concerts, who help to keep up the tone of high cla
by their devotion and their love of it. So I thin
have to a great extent helped the stage. No do
everything else, it has had its drawbacks. Amateur
their books, in the case of any play which they are
and they sit in a private box and take notes, and
an imitation of anybody they think right as they p
At the same time there is the fact, that they are
rehearsing, and that they each have their hero and
they follow in the art. They are continually conver
own home circle as to theatres and theatrical life.
had its drawbacks, perhaps, in letting the outside
that snow is made of pieces of paper, and that the m
only a limelight. At the same time, it has, on the
been the means of opening the minds of thousands i
who at one time had a sort of instinctive wonder a
actresses because they did not know them, and a
time an instinctive dislike for what is termed goi
the scenes." Nowadays, all that is swept away.
now knows how the curtain is taken up and where th
stands, and what "flies" and "borders" are. A

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great thing for the public to have found out is that, as a rule, in from three to five minutes from 1000 to 1200 people may go safely out of a theatre. I am very proud to say that many of my friends have very often made their "first appearance on any stage" behind the footlights of the St. James's. All this converse and this reciprocal feeling between the audience and actors and actresses, and all this personal intercourse has entirely swept away the thousand little cricks and prejudices, which at one time existed; and I consider that it is the amateur who has, in great measure, opened the eyes of this section of the public.

On the opposite side of the balance must be placed the actors and actresses who, instead of keeping to their art, take to Society, and are more known for where they go in Society than for their work upon the stage. There is an excellent anecdote told of Macready and Samuel Phelps. Macready was acting at Drury Lane in the West-end, and Phelps at Sadler's Wells in the East-end. Macready wrote a letter, something like the following:

"My dear Phelps,—Why not come to the West—a great actor like you? Surely there is room for two!"

and so on. To which Phelps replied:

"My dear Macready,—How kind of you to think of me! I am very happy at the East-end of London. I cannot act as well *off* as I can *on* the stage, so I will stop where I am."

This was written some number of years ago. I venture to say that it is a slight hit at some members of my profession who make Society a vehicle for the stage, instead of making the stage a vehicle by which to make Society respect them. I shall perhaps give offence by making these remarks, and I apologise to those whom it may hurt, but I feel this deeply. When I know how hard actors and actresses have to work, and how often they have to change their dresses at night; and when I see them, tired and jaded, tearing up to their dressing-room to put on another dress in order to go to some crush after the play, I must say I feel it is a pity that any artists should think it necessary to air themselves before the eyes of that public which has paid its 10*s.* 6*d.* a few hours previously to see them. This, I know, is open to a great deal of contradiction, and many actors and actresses will say, "This is our relaxation. This is the time when our work is done, and we feel that we can go out and

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enjoy ourselves." And so it is. I have no doubt it has its good side, but from the point of view that I take, I doubt whether it will, in the end, do as much good as in the present day it is thought to do.

Because a person is charming at a dinner-table or at an evening party, people say, "We must go and see So-and-so." It is a sort of thing that creates curiosity, and people go to the play because they have met the artist in Society. In fact, I look upon it as a form of advertisement. I may very likely be wrong. Some people say I always *shall* be wrong. Still, I have my poor opinion, and, such as it is, I express it.

If artists really have exhausted their energies upon the British public by acting parts which entirely take every bit and drop of vitality out of their fibre, they cannot shine in Society. They must either keep to their theatrical work, or they must reserve from the British public some of their vitality, and retain it for the good of Society. If you are a bitterly conscientious person, and act up to the hilt, I defy you night after night to go out, after your work, or even two or three times a week. If an actor has a lengthy rehearsal during the day and then has to play an extremely heavy part, it is impossible that he can go out again afterwards. During the year that I played in 'Impulse,' I went out to nearly every party and reception to which I was invited. But why? I had not forty lines to speak in the whole play—nothing to do. I was fresh, and equal to going out. But when I have a heavy part, I could no more go out than I could take wings. Not that I am applying my observations to that point of view at all. I am applying them to the fact that there are many artists upon the stage who go into Society for the sake of being seen, and by that means get a sort of *clientèle* of the public who follow them on to the stage. That is what I dislike.

Great indeed is the compliment when the highest in the land seek the society of those who have done honour and credit to the stage, but there is no compliment when the seeking is prompted by curiosity, or merely responds to a desire for self-advertisement.

I do not think that amateurs take the bread out of other people's mouths. Certainly not. Since amateurs have come upon the stage, they have brought with them an immense deal of good. Look at the hundreds and hundreds of nice young girls—and young men too—who, with regard to personal qualifications, are certainly gifted for the theatre; it is perfectly

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wonderful the different people that I see who wish to come upon the stage, and I always encourage them to do so.

Women, as a rule, are quicker in learning anything than men. I do not think there is a thing in the world that a woman could be better than an actress; there is no other calling in which she can earn so much money; no other calling in which she can keep her own standard so high; no other calling in which she can set a better example and do more good. An actress lives in a world of her own creation and imagination for the time being, a world in which she is perfectly happy, or perfectly miserable, as the case may be; and she holds a position which is unique if she has the necessary qualifications, such as the perseverance which is necessary even when the talent is already there.

I do not say there is room for all, but those who have the ability will naturally come to the fore. Of course there must be a large majority who will go to the wall, poor girls! but at the same time there are a great many who come to the front, at any rate there are a great many who can earn their £300 or £400 a year, and that is a very nice competence for a woman in the middle class of life, very much more than she would earn in almost any other career. Besides, she has the blessedness of independence, and that is a great thing to a woman, and especially to a single woman.

Naturally many of the acting profession are in the ranks of the "unemployed." That must always be the case where there is a very large concourse of people. And in the dramatic profession the risks are increased by the hazardous and temporary nature of engagements.

There is a very great discussion as to whether people act best in parts that are most like themselves or most like the people they would wish to be. This is a controversy that is continually being opened, and has never yet been answered. Some people think, that if the part of a villain is acted very well, the actor must be a villain, and therefore anybody who plays the part of a murderer must be looked upon with aversion. To a small extent, there is no doubt about it, you must bring your own individuality and character upon the stage. That goes without saying.

I think success chiefly depends on the power of imagination and the creative faculty, and the question is whether it is developed enough, and whether you can throw yourself into

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the feelings of the character, whatever they may be at the time. A very severe critic once said that unless a woman was very, very noble in all the attributes of her life, she could not play a certain beautiful Shakesperean character. Well, that is a very severe stricture, because, whatever a woman's life may be, that surely can have nothing to do with the bump of her imaginative faculty or creative power. But there is no doubt about it that we bring on to the stage an atmosphere of our own. That, I decidedly assert. Whether in a large part or small one, the peculiar personal characteristics that we possess will show themselves.

In a paper read before the Social Science Congress some time ago, I said "It is pleasanter to think that when the curtain has fallen, and the actor or actress is at home, he or she leads or is capable of leading the same kind of life." I meant by this, if any one had been playing some great and noble character that evening, and stirring all the better and grander emotions in our nature, we, the public, who had been, for the time, carried out of our own lives, could reflect with satisfaction on the artiste, who had been gifted with so much power! In this instance I make myself one of the public. I wear for the moment my crown as "Matron of the Drama"!

Old Absolute tells his son Jack to get an atmosphere of his own. There is no doubt that we all have our own atmospheres and suns. We do not drop them when we go into a drawing-room or into a dining-room; therefore how can we possibly drop them when we are on the stage? This is all I mean, nothing more. After all, it's only my opinion. (I call these papers "Dramatic Opinions," that, if I say anything likely to wound, I may be forgiven. I set down naught in malice, gentle reader; believe them not when they tell you I do!) A man may put on a moustache and whiskers, but there he is underneath. A woman has even greater drawbacks. She cannot put on whiskers and moustachios, and be like the "bearded pard"; she must always have within close limits the same appearance. That is where a woman's work is so much more *difficile* than a man's, because a man can outwardly entirely change himself. So complete is the transformation sometimes, that I have seen an actor come on the stage whom I knew extremely well, personally, and I have not recognized him at all, until he began to speak.

There are several amateurs whose make-ups are wonderful,

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but directly they open their mouths their voices naturally betray them. Very few established, recognized actors can play a whole part in a feigned voice. There are, of course, some who can do it, but as a rule the *voice* betrays. And as we can but very seldom sustain a feigned voice or give ourselves a different voice, so, in my opinion, we cannot give ourselves a different soul or a different body. We must come upon the stage as we are created. The power of our creative faculties and imagination may do much for us, but we *are* what we are; and again, I say, we bring our own atmosphere with us.

Of course, people will say that to be a great artist you should be able to put yourself and your feelings entirely on one side, and think only of the part. For instance, some people are very angry when one sheds real tears. There have been a great many arguments on this point. They say you must make the audience feel, and yet not cry yourself; and there is no doubt one can overpower even one's own power by shedding too many tears, and by allowing one's feeling to overcome the more intellectual idea of the part. But it is a great blessing to a woman to have a good cry, and if some parts admit of it, where is the harm? Surely to see real tears in a situation where real tears would have sprung to the eyes, must, for the time, give the audience the pleasure of feeling that the actress is, at any rate, in her part, even if at that particular moment, poor thing! she may have failed signally in arousing sympathy in the hearts of those who look at her.

The orchestra is a great part of theatrical life. Mr. Buckstone always asked the opinion of the orchestra concerning a play which he was going to produce. As a rule, the orchestra is not called into a theatre at rehearsals until the play is to some extent smooth, and then, perhaps the last week or two, the orchestra comes in and plays the incidental music. The men of the orchestra have not been tired by seeing the play rehearsed, scene by scene and act by act, and therefore they come fresh to it. This circumstance, I suppose, induced Mr. Buckstone always—during the last rehearsal—to advance to the orchestra and say, "Now, gentlemen, what do you think of the piece?" If it were a comedy and the orchestra were heard to laugh, Mr. Buckstone always said, "This is all right, the orchestra see it and hear it for the first time, and it is all right." Or if the cornet player raised himself from his seat to stand and look at a pathetic scene, Buckstone would turn round and say,

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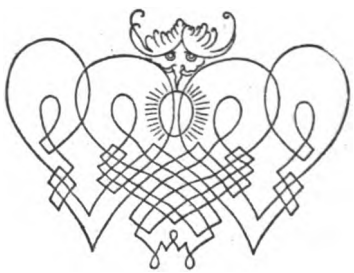
"Ah, that is all right, the pit will like that." Mr. Buckstone had much belief in the judgment of the orchestra. I remember a certain leader of the orchestra once listening to a poetical play, and the author for a moment forgot his dignity and asked him, "What do you think of that?" The leader of the orchestra was a timid little man, frightened to death of the author, and he turned round suddenly and said, "Oh, it is better than Shakspeare!"

In some theatres—indeed in most of the large provincial theatres—the band plays the audience out until it disperses, as they do in church. Whether or not that is good, I do not venture to say. I think the orchestra is a very great aid to any dramatic action. People so love music, that unless it is dragged in injudiciously, I think it must always be an immense help to the audience. I like to see an orchestra; but as I so seldom sit among the audience, I do not think I am in a position to speak on this point. But it is a great help to me to hear a little music, and it seems to me a relief to my own voice, of which, if I have a very long part, I sometimes weary.

(*To be continued.*)



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The Minister of Kindrach.

Chapter VII.

David's interview with Mrs. Dewar the following day was productive of many tears, and frequent repetitions of the conviction that she—Mrs. Dewar—considered Silvia "an unnatural child," "an ungrateful girl," and "a disgrace to her family." Her sympathies were wholly given to David—as he had been grimly aware, from the commencement of this unfortunate affair, they would be. He had not been Mrs. Dewar's spiritual adviser and intimate acquaintance for all these years without taking her measure to a nicety. He made no mention of his suspicions concerning John White (he still entertained suspicions, notwithstanding Silvia's communication respecting the attitude of John White towards her cousin May), or of the remarkably aggressive attitude Mrs. Porter had chosen to adopt; he attributed Silvia's unaccountable change towards him, and her desire to end the engagement existing between them, entirely to a giddiness and loss of sense brought about by the foolishness, frivolity, and worldliness of her late surroundings. Insensibly he left the impression on Mrs. Dewar's bewildered mind that now, in the quiet, wholesome, God-fearing atmosphere of Kindrach, to which he had so promptly restored the straying lamb, things would recover their balance—would even be as they were before this fateful visit to London. He knew that he had planted the germs of this hope in Mrs. Dewar's mind, and though he had calmly and firmly abandoned all thought of making Silvia his wife, still he left Mrs. Dewar in undisturbed possession of the consoling fancy, knowing that through that alone could he hope to count on her co-operation in the just and righteous punishment it was meet that Silvia should undergo. He had heard and heeded those oft-repeated words Mrs. Porter had let fall between her farewell kisses and embraces—all bearing on the one idea of the

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restoration of Silvia to the unholy joys of Lancaster Gate, after the complete annihilation of the obnoxious and persistent suitor. He was grimly determined that no such triumph should be theirs. He told himself firmly that for Silvia to return to London meant a return to sinfulness, and careless oblivion of her soul's welfare; therefore, as a minister, he was bound to do his utmost to rescue her, even against her will, from such terrible consequences. This he believed with all sincerity and solemnity from the "minister's" point of view; but the "man" underlay the "minister," and in his heart he knew that the carnal passions of jealousy, anger, revenge, had more to say in the matter than the holy tenderness of a pitiful desire to save and sustain the stumbling steps of a straying sinner.

Silvia met her mother's peevish, tearful outburst of anger and remonstrance in that spirit of stubborn silence she had called to her aid, and bewildered Mrs. Dewar even further by refusing to say one word on the subject. Her elder sisters, a little jealous of the pretty things she had brought back with her, and irritated by a certain undefinable air of superiority—a sense of removal from their orbit—which she unconsciously displayed, joined cause against her, and sided with their mother and David. Therefore she retired still further into herself, maintaining inviolable her attitude of dignified reserve, which a little tenderness and pity, or kindly interest, would have soon swept aside.

The letter Mrs. Porter wrote to her sister about Silvia's affairs served only to still further bewilder that unfortunate woman. It contained much that was not flattering to the Minister of Kindrach; it spoke of Silvia's youth, and the natural desire of youth to see the world, and be seen by the world; it contrasted, in a forcible sentence or two, the delights of London with the paleness of existence at Kindrach, and the unnaturalness of condemning such a pretty young thing as Silvia to such an existence by permitting her to tie herself permanently to David Fairfax. But there was nothing in the letter to induce Mrs. Dewar to reconsider the matter, or adopt any other view than the one David had already provided her with. It was all very well for her sister to talk in that strain; but here was Silvia throwing away the chance of a good husband, and a comfortable home—and for what? Just for nothing. Young people no doubt liked all that London and Mrs. Porter could give them, but in this case this particular young person might easily be very content with all that Kindrach and David Fairfax offered.

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If her sister liked to take Silvia altogether, very well and good; but no allusion was made to any scheme of that sort—in the meantime she was not going to permit her daughter to throw away the comfortable substance of a respectable, solid marriage, for the very shadowy advantages offered by an occasional visit to her Aunt Porter. At the Cottage, life, therefore, scarcely "flowed in harmonious cadence." It was too often, to quote the gentle Cowper,

> "Roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
> Which humour interposed, too often makes."

Much tearful, impotent, and violent discussion broke the harmony which had, on the whole, been hitherto fairly complete, if not altogether perfect. At the Manse things were hardly better, though there was no undignified display of futile temper. Aunt Muir's ceaseless "wonderings," which she dared only express to Janet, remained for ever unsatisfied, for David entered into none but the barest explanations. Mrs. Dewar, when adroitly questioned by Aunt Muir skirmishing for information, relapsed into tears and vagueness. Silvia never came near them, and scarcely spoke if they chanced to meet, and took pains that these chance meetings should be of the rarest.

The world of Kindrach looked on and wondered, but by degrees a conclusion was adopted. "It will be just a lovers' quarrel," they thought consolingly, and as time went on the subject lost its first interest and slipped into the background of public affairs, the question whether Janet Muir would or would not become Mrs. James McKenna taking the more prominent place.

Aunt Muir was sitting in the summer twilight by the open window of the house-place, through which the smell of freshly-cut hay, and the fragrance of flowers wet with the evening dew, came stealing sweetly. She was idle for once, with her ever-busy hands folded on her capacious white gown, furtively watching David walking slowly and thoughtfully up and down between the window and fireplace filled by Janet with newly gathered bracken. As he approached her for the fourth or fifth time, she flung back her broad ribbon cap-strings and gave her head a small toss.

"Ye've no had the curiosity to ask hoo the warld has been treating us whilst ye were awa up in the town yonder?" she said with some meaning.

"Nay," returned David sarcastically. "Has onything wonderfu' happened? things look verra ordinary to me!"

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"Oh aye, things look," retorted his aunt enigmatically; "but whiles things happen."

"Aye, aye!" returned David with a sigh, thinking of all that had befallen him in the short enclosure of one week. "Aye, aye!" he repeated gloomily.

"It's just James McKenna and Janet," his aunt hastened to say, her mystery and enigmas taking to themselves wings at sight of his gloom. David raised his head with all his old alert keenness.

"An' what aboot James McKenna and Janet?" he asked quickly.

"It's no onything to be angered aboot, David," said Aunt Muir a little uncertainly, "it's what we may all be proud and glad to hear. He has askit her hand in marriage."

Aunt Muir brought out her last sentence with formal solemnity and precision.

"An Janet?" queried David.

"Janet has'na said her say yet. She will give no answer until he returns frae Inverness. Ye ken he's heard o' a fine Kirk there, and has gone to preach his trial sermon?"

Aunt Muir continued speaking, entering discursively into the minutest details of her daughter's love affair, whilst her nephew resumed his heavy, aimless walk in deep silence.

He spoke to Janet a little later on the subject. She was setting the table for supper, stepping about in the quiet deft way so familiar to him, but striking him to-night with the peculiar force of a fresh revelation.

The blood rushed to her fair smooth forehead when James McKenna's name passed his lips, but she replied to all he had to say with great composure, though at the same time tacitly declining to enter into any confidences on the subject. So reticent and composed was she, in fact, that David grew angry, and rushed into another matter which had rankled in his mind against her for some time.

"What ailed ye to give m'ah mother's chain to Siller? Ah should ha' thought if ye did'na value it as a present from me—which was scarcely to be expectit, ye would have set some store by it seein' it was hers. Ye wouldn't have been much out o' pocket if ye had bought Siller some little thing, instead o' just handin' her m'ah mother's chain."

He had grown angry, partly with the gathering force of his own argument and partly also because he recollected sundry

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little tender passages to which he had descended on the occasion of the presentation of the chain—that his cousin should have shown herself so carelessly oblivious of his condescension wounded him not a little. Janet's eyes filled with sudden tears. The little discussion respecting James McKenna had been extremely painful and trying, and now the terrible view David was taking of her little sacrificial offering at the shrine of his future wife was too much. That he should think she did it out of a spirit of niggardly penurious economy!

"I gave Siller the chain," she said gently, "*because* it was your mither's. It seemed to me to belong to her naturally. Ye ken, David," raising her soft grey eyes clouded with tears, "ye have done me an injustice to say I did it to save money."

"Ah ken nothing," he retorted crossly, vexed with himself for causing his cousin's rare tears, and half disposed to confess his aimless irritability and bring back her ordinary placidity by some little cousinly caress—a pat on the hand, or shoulder. He had never kissed her since his return from college, a raw-boned, half-fledged young man, considering himself too old to indulge in such antics. "Ah ken naething, naething at a' aboot wimmin an' their tricky ways. They're just enigmas, an, m'ah wurd! enigmas not worth solving."

His anger and irritability were aroused very easily in these days.

This was the first slap in the face dealt him by Fortune, and she dealt it with hearty goodwill. He had lost his promised wife, and was about to lose his gentle cousin, and, worse still, he had lost his self-respect. His conscience was burdened with an uneasy sense of guilt, such as he had never before experienced, and it affected his whole life. His work about the farm lost its interest. His intercourse with his parishioners, the whole work of the ministry was touched and suffered by this deadening consciousness of sin, nursed, fed, and kept warm with unceasing care, and, as week followed week it wrapped his spirit in a closer, more stifling embrace. He had been very ardent in the preparation of his Sabbath discourses. The emphatic prayers he poured forth in Kirk had been a source of joy and comfort to himself as well as to his people, and though there had always perhaps been a sense of effort in his endeavours, it had only served to stimulate him to overcome any and every obstacle; but now all that was changed. The effort remained—the stimulus had departed—and as time went on a certain deadness

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and coldness in their pastor's ministrations became his congregation. He was conscious of the seve attitude adopted of late by his Elders, and this hampered his painful exertions even further. And a Sabbath—a never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath—when his failing powers, he had been compelled to comm of his discourse to paper, and stood up in his pulpit time, to preach a *written sermon.* His eyes fell, alm when he saw the startled look in Janet's face as sight of the closely-written MS. from their pew besi Few if any other eyes noticed the dreadful evi weakness, but David felt desperately as if the clim reached. What lay beyond the climax he was to say.

James McKenna did not succeed in obtaining Inverness, and for some weeks little more was he but one day he returned to Kindrach—very red, ba of hope. He had obtained the pastorship of a very Aberdeen. He and Janet had a long interview parlour, from which the young minister emerged silent, and hopeless. Janet seized a shawl and f house, though it was still early in the day and all unfinished, but she felt she must be alone. It had ful to her gentle nature to inflict such suffering as best parlour had witnessed that morning. She the wisdom of her silence—she ought at once to h she could not be his wife. But she had feared the r on the eve of his ordeal at Inverness would pe him unfit to preach the sermon, upon which so mu effectually. Now she saw her deferred answer h young man much false hope and confidence. Wit tears, and a heart very sore and tender, troubled b poor red-headed James McKenna, she walked from the Manse, away from the road to civilizati moors.

She was not the only distressed human being wh soothing influence of the silent moors. Silvia's he drove her there day after day. Besides the wea complete isolation, and the petty strife arising from with David, she had another and far surpassing had returned—or rather been forcibly restored to David late in June ; it was now August, and *he* h

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om London had been very rare, though very kind, d discursive, when they did come, with always that suggestion (in the postscript), that Silvia was to return She had written in reply several of her vague, childish, ssed little notes to her aunt, conveying the intelligence ent English, and still more indifferent spelling—that o longer engaged to David Fairfax, and that her mother angry, and that they were all very unkind, and that ry unhappy. But very shortly after her niece's abrupt Mrs. Porter had been completely absorbed in her affairs, which gradually reached a crisis, after a con- period of doubt, disorder, and distress, and Silvia's tle communications received but scant attentions. in Miss Porter's affairs was reached a little while before which drove Janet bareheaded, and with all her day's ected, on to the moors. Silvia had that morning e first intelligence of the consummation of her cousin's e mail cart, which visited Kindrach every Monday, y, and Saturday, had—this especial day being Monday d James McKenna at the Manse, and a letter for e Cottage. She never showed these occasional letters ther and sisters, but read them in solitude, jealously ny intrusion into the sacred precincts of that precious nd they, looking upon that visit to London as the un- ilvia, somewhat ostentatiously, and with noses virtually he air, expressed no curious desire to penetrate the these letters possibly revealed. On this occasion, ilvia, after reading her aunt's letter in the privacy of tle room, took it with flushed eagerness to her mother. ed, besides the news of May's engagement to and g marriage with John White, the long-deferred invi- had desired so ardently. She was to come to town, possible, so the letter said, and be one of May's brides- er aunt, as before, undertaking all expenses.

go, mother," she urged, "may I not?" Mrs. Dewar's engthened ominously. She was uncertain, and a little as usual; her two elder daughters were out, and, left unaided efforts, decision was difficult. She became ern, relapsed into some curious questionings respecting s and their ways—then, ashamed of her weakness, she cision until she had learnt what "the others" had to e others," Silvia knew, represented David solely. Her

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sisters' small hostilities would have had but little duration but for that invisible force at work in the b David pulled the strings, she was fully aware, and and sisters danced like puppets in obedience to hi twists. She rushed feverishly off to the moors, longi plete solitude wherein she could consider calmly. she do? She felt tied and bound by the unseen chain David had skilfully cast about her life. It wa it was absurd, it was humiliating that she could take right or left without his permission, but that such w she dumbly acknowledged, as an undeniable, insu fact. All she had to consider now was—was it not get beyond the reach of this intangible wearying bond ways presented themselves to her imagination, as rapidly over the springy turf, gathering sprigs of hea to crush the tiny blossoms in her nervous meditativ first attracted her most, but she put it aside as a la the second was distasteful in the extreme, and w probability be wholly ineffectual. It resolved itse question. "Should she appeal to David and ask c at his hands?"

Surely he was content now? Surely his desire her for her behaviour towards him must be amply But the thought of re-opening that old question, that dreadful experience, was terrible to her; and other hand far more terrible was the idea of being c decline her aunt's invitation and thus lose her onl meeting Mr. Willett. True there was that other alt had thought of, but it was rather a desperate reme would prefer trying first the effect of an appeal better feelings. It was at this point in her refl she and Janet met out alone on the open moors hurrying contrasting tumult of thoughts as wide a asunder, and yet thrown together by a common bond —suffering.

Silvia's was a wholly subjective state; herself a needs occupying the limited area of her mental horiz completely objective, entangled entirely in the nee around her. The primary object on which she was herself at this moment being James McKenna.

"Siller," she said gently, not knowing what attitu would take. "Siller, will ye no speak to me?"

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Silvia had meditated maintaining her reserve and coldness of demeanour, but something in Janet's gentle wistfulness made her throw it aside.

"Oh, Janet!" she said, holding out both hands, "oh, Janet, I am so miserable!"

Janet drew her close with a tender, almost motherly clasp. No appeal for sympathy failed to touch at once her warm, loving nature. She soothed, patted, and consoled the girl with those little words, and motions, and half-articulate sounds women use with children in distress, and as Silvia felt a sensation of comfort stealing into her sad little soul, and abandoned herself more fully to the delight of being once again made much of, the thought of constituting Janet her ambassador came into her head. Without waiting to consider the question further, she put the matter before Janet in her own incoherent, excited way.

"Oh, Janet, it's David!" she said. "Ask him to forgive me—tell him I'm sorry—oh, so very, very sorry, but ask him to forget all that has passed, and forgive me now. If he only knew what I have suffered all these weeks; and oh, Janet! I have suffered—agony, torture! I am so thin! You would never believe how thin I have become. My dresses absolutely hang in bags—and I can't sleep at night; and the days are so lonely and wretched. They are all so cross with me at home about David, and I know I deserve it every bit; but if he would only let bygones be bygones? Ask him, Janet, will you?—will you?"

Janet's pats, and little smoothings had grown less and less, and finally ceased as this rapid request was laid before her. She looked earnestly into Silvia's eager face.

"You should ask that at his hands yoursel, Siller; it's not my place to interfere."

"Oh! it's not interference, it's not interference!" broke out Silvia, passionately, afraid that Janet was going to decline the mission of ambassador. "He thinks so much of you and what you say, and will listen to you when he wouldn't hear a word from me. He is too angry with me; I can't go on living like this! Oh, Janet, please say yes!"

It ended in Janet's saying *yes*, but Silvia little guessed what it cost her.

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Chapter VIII.

These last few weeks had thrown David and closer confidence and intimacy than they had kn the preceding years they had lived together. Sh patient with his unreasonable fits of anger and soothing in his moments of depression, so uph time of weakness generally. And all this he had once, fully. She, on her side, had felt he turned in her, looked for her assistance, and the knowled exalted her out of her ordinary state of s Beneath his gracious acceptance of what she ha nature expanded, enlarged. She was different, she was different. Her love for him had grown w and could not now be calmly pressed into the bac had so pressed it when he brought Siller to the introduced her as his future wife. His love for she had never believed very profound, seemed wholly disappeared under the strain of this str standing which had arisen in London, and which n to be able to fathom. And Silvia's love for Davi hand, she had reckoned a light ephemeral passing dignity of an engagement. Now she acknowledge have been mistaken. Silvia evidently loved hi hard, oh, how hard! that she must plead to David pretty tearful child to the place which Janet's hea could fill far more satisfactorily. But here a new her. She had complacently assured herself as to affection for David, and how mistaken she had bee not be equally mistaken in the view she had ch with regard to David's feelings for Silvia?

For long she fought and struggled. Why shou the matter at all? David and Silvia had mar affairs unaided, let them mend them unaided. hardest difficulty yet presented to her among enigmas of life—but through all the vain r questionings, through all the pain and longing, as the last few weeks crumbled and vanished, sh well that she would do her best for Silvia Dewa to God and her neighbour, pride, even her very lo urged it upon her and pointed out the path she sh

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She went straight to the little room David used as a sort of study and workshop combined, directly she reached the Manse; no trace of the conflict she had passed through about her except perhaps in the stillness and quiet of her manner.

He was in his shirt-sleeves, sawing vigorously at a bit of wood, destined for a bookshelf. He continued his work at first while she spoke—the scratching and rasping of the saw against the tough plank seeming to reach Janet's very brain. But as he gathered what she was speaking about he ceased, and straightening himself, stood listening intently as with simple directness she laid Silvia's request before him, adding a few gentle words of her own on behalf of the girl whose cause she was advocating. The interview ended without Janet's being able to say what attitude David intended adopting. But that he was pleased she knew by the expression of dominant triumph. He made no remark, however, as Janet left him. A little later the saw began to work again with renewed energy, and presently David's deep, toneless voice was heard gruffly accompanying the even rhythmic motions of the saw with fragmentary portions of "Auld Lang Syne," the only tune he knew. Listening to his long-drawn-out rendering of the mournful old song, Janet knew that he was more than pleased. She turned away to pick up her neglected duties, and in the scouring of milk-pans and dusting of furniture find what solace she could. Silvia, with instinctive faith in Janet, returned to the Cottage, waited all that afternoon and the best part of the following day for David's appearance. In the evening he came—having delayed so as to avoid any suspicion of over-anxiety on his part for reconciliation. Mrs. Dewar and her two elder daughters established themselves in the kitchen, after sending Silvia, at David's request, to him alone in the parlour. They waited with a sense of pleased anticipation, expecting much from this interview; whispering together and listening for stray sounds from the parlour.

"Janet has given me your message," he said, and Silvia through all her nervousness was a little surprised by the air of triumph which pervaded the man like an invisible atmosphere; though his manner was quiet and ponderous as usual.

In truth David was triumphant. Silvia's obduracy had acted on him like a sting, an irritating insect bite; he had been amazed at the stubborn tenacity she had shown, at the power of resistance she had developed—her capitulation, therefore, was all the more agreeable. That she should have taken the

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initiative in London and desired a termination of their relationship had also galled him. Through sheer obstinacy he had held her to her word, and so lost the opportunity of withdrawing with dignity as he had proposed doing when, what he considered, the right moment came; but Silvia had forestalled him. Now the tables appeared to be on the turn—the long-delayed vindication of his dignity approached within measurable distance.

"Yes," said Silvia in answer to his remark. "Yes," she said, adding nervously, "and you will let bygones be bygones?"

"To a certain point a'm willing," he said cautiously. "M'ah forgiveness and my friendship I can honestly promise to extend to ye, Siller, but after what happened at your Aunt Porter's there can be no taking up of the old relations. Ah canna bring myself yet quite to forget some o' the wurds ye spoke then! there can be no question of marriage, ye understand—no renewal——"

"Marriage!" she cried, affronted at the tone he was taking, and heedlessly throwing aside the humbly submissive role she had intended playing. "What are you talking about? Have I not made you understand yet how I hate the very thought of that odious engagement? It isn't marriage, or—or—anything of that sort. I only want you to stop persecuting me as you have been doing, to leave my mother and sisters alone, and not thrust yourself into our affairs, turning them against me, and making my life wretched. You know you have done this," she asserted vehemently, her eyes bright and angry. "If you call *that* being good, and doing your duty, and acting like a Christian, I don't—I call it mean, underhand, cowardly!"

Mrs. Dewar, hearing the sound of Silvia's raised, indignant voice, thought she had better interpose the restraining influence of a third party, and at this point entered the parlour; Silvia recognizing that, through her loss of temper, she had, as it were, burnt her boats, determined that she would fling David, and David's galling supremacy to the winds. A conciliatory course was no longer possible—she could hope for nothing now at his hands—therefore she indulged herself by letting loose unrestrainedly all her pent-up feeling in a tirade which fairly frightened her amazed mother, though it lêft David apparently as impenetrably unmoved as ever, though she recapitulated her situation and left it very evident that—if no one else had seen through him and his course of action—she had, and that she was fully alive to the despicableness of such a man.

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"Whatever happens, you, and you alone, are to blame." With which last remark levelled full at David she left the room and fled upstairs.

Mrs. Dewar had to be restored to her normal condition by the united efforts of Lesbia, Kate, and the teapot; but her nerves remained shaky, or, as she expressed it, "twittery," for the rest of the evening; therefore when Silvia, with a pale face and a look of set determination, appealed once more to be allowed to accept her aunt's invitation, it was scarcely surprising that Mrs. Dewar's poor "twittery" nerves could bear no further excitement without giving way. They did give way gustily and unreasonably, the upshot being a very emphatic denial of Silvia's petition.

Janet dimly gathered from David's austerity and gloom that he and Silvia had not come to a satisfactory understanding.

On the following Wednesday night, the three inhabitants of the Manse were seated as usual in the parlour. Supper was over, prayers had been read. And in this, the last half-hour before bed-time, they were enjoying the peaceful rest of a concluded day. David was smoking, Janet knitting a little idly, and Aunt Muir was reading aloud with much gusto, her spectacles at the extreme top of her nose, bits from the bi-weekly paper left by the mail-cart that afternoon. Into their midst, without any ceremony of knocking for admittance, suddenly broke Kate Dewar, with a shawl thrown hastily over her head. Of all the Dewars, Kate was the only one who could go directly to the point of the matter without much vague circumlocution.

"Have you seen anything of Silvia?" she cried, panting a little after her run up the cobbled road from the Cottage. "Mother is almost frantic; she went out directly after dinner on the moors as usual, and she has not returned yet."

They were all roused at once, Aunt Muir being especially eager and excited.

"Eh, m'ah wurd! the moors in this awfu meest!" she cried.

It was the expression of the fear they all felt. During the latter part of the afternoon a white, impenetrable, almost suffocating cloud of mist had been creeping stealthily across the moors, and for some hours had blotted out all trace of track or landmark. David went to the door; nothing but waving, shadowy, ghostly whiteness could be seen.

"Eh, my patience!" ejaculated Aunt Muir, peering over his shoulder, "its awfu!"

"If it hadn't been for the lights in the cottages I couldn't

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have found my way even this little distance," said Kate, with a touch of awe and dread in her tone.

Janet brought David's plaid and cap to him quietly, action with her always accompanying thought, and fitted a couple of candles into the lanterns; then wrapping herself in a heavy plaid, she, David, and Kate started down the irregular street leading to the Cottage, leaving Aunt Muir and "Auld Betty" to bustle about, lighting roaring fires, and filling the boilers, in vague anticipation of a sudden call later on for hot water and heated blankets. Janet came in about twelve, bringing poor distracted Mrs. Dewar and the two frightened girls with her; but David, with half the population of Kindrach, remained out on the moors searching for the missing girl all that night and the next day. Late in the evening he came back to the Manse, for a few hours' rest, looking strained and weary. Mrs. Dewar, who had been oscillating between hope and despair, fell upon him with tears and ejaculations.

"Oh David, my child!" she cried between her sobs. "It's a just punishment for our hardness and cruelty to her all these weeks. Have you no news—none?" lifting her faded eyes to his, so like the lost Silvia's, dimmed and dull with incessant weeping, "then she is dead. She cannot have lived out in that terrible cold mist all night, or she has fallen in Kindrach bog! I cannot forgive myself. I never shall, or you either, David Fairfax," turning with a little faint burst of weak rage upon him. "If it hadn't been for you I should have been kinder to the child; between us we have driven her to her death!"

Janet took her away gently, and persuaded her to lie down on the wide old settle, and set her mother to try and soothe the poor thing's distraction.

When David prepared to set out once again to continue the search which began to look so hopeless, Janet pulled her plaid about her.

"We have been in separate parties over the moor for many miles," he said gloomily, drawing his cap over his eyes. "Dinna come, Janet, ye can do no good."

"Ah, let me, David," she said; and as he made no reply, she stepped out of the house beside him. She never forgot the eerie loneliness of their solitary night tramp, broken with occasional pauses for short rests. Now and then they met some of the other searchers, but no one had any news of the missing Silvia. So the night wore on, and dawn was breaking in a tremulous glow of faintly tinted pearly light as they neared the Kindrach bog.

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They were not far from home, as they had taken a circuitous way, and Janet remembered, with a little rush of pain, that it was here Silvia had made her promise to intercede with David. How small the feelings which possessed her then, looked now in comparison with this very real dread which lay at her heart!

The path, a mere sheep track, ran parallel with the long stretch of treacherous green morass, its smooth surface broken here and there, showing a thick, clinging ooze of black absorbing mud. There were ghastly memories in the minds of some of the older inhabitants connected with the name of Kindrach bog; do what she would, Janet could not drive the stories she had heard from childhood out of her remembrance. Silvia was well acquainted with the geography of Kindrach bog; but in that enveloping mist and after nightfall what might not have happened? Walking a little behind David she kept glancing fearfully ahead, beset with dreads she would not analyse. Suddenly she sprang past David, who had stopped to put out the candle in the lantern, no longer necessary as the dawn brightened. She came back to him, a look of horror in her white face.

"It's Siller's," she said, holding up a sodden bit of blue silk; "it's her neckerchief." She recalled, with a sensation of sick dizziness, seeing it last round Silvia's throat. Whilst listening to Silvia's request, she remembered perfectly the desire her neat fingers had felt to straighten and tidy the straying bows and ends of this same blue tie. David took it from her, looking at it curiously; as if it could tell him anything? then his gaze strayed to the waving grasses of the green bog, touched by the first light of day with a dewy peaceful beauty. Then his eye met Janet's.

"Nae, nae, David!" she cried hastily, "not that; she just dropped it in passing; see it was the ither side o' the path among this bit heather. Sit down, David, ye're fair tired out; just rest a wee while, and think afterwards."

She spoke, scarcely knowing what she said, driven by the misery, the fear, and despair in his eyes. He sat down heavily, and buried his face in his hands, the bit of blue draggled silk he held waving limply in the fresh early breeze, the lantern overturned at his feet.

Janet walked away along the path, peering among the bracken and stunted heather fringing the bog, for signs of she knew not what, her plaid held tightly round her. She came back presently

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to David and sat down on the low bank beside him without speaking, something in his attitude prevented speech. Mechanically she stooped and righted the overturned lantern.

David was passing through an experience the remembrance of which touched his whole later life, but he was conscious only of Silvia. Silvia pictured vividly in his imagination in her white ball-dress, lovely, radiant, full of life—and Silvia lying somewhere beneath that hideous greenness, with the black ooze matting her fair hair, and weighing on her closed white lids—closed for ever. And he felt he was her murderer.

"We are no sure, David," said Janet, gently touching his arm. "Dinna mek up your mind that Siller has fallen into Kindrach bog." She clothed his dreadful fear in words, thinking it best to face the matter quietly.

"She is there," he said doggedly, without looking up. "God has punished m'ah sin in this way."

After a short silence he added, looking up drearily, "Janet, m'ah woman, ye dinna ken what a load ah've been labouring under these weeks past—a load of sin! I chose deliberately to satisfy the guilty desires o' m'ah earthly nature—I a minister of God! and this is ma'h punishment; it's maist mair than ah can bear," he groaned.

Janet began to speak, but he interrupted her sadly.

'Nae, nae, ye dinna ken, ye dinna ken, m'ah woman; but ah'll tell ye all—and judge then if m'ah sin has no been great and grievous?" With great force and emphasis, his face working painfully as he revealed each episode marking his downward career, he related clearly, not only the events of the past weeks, but their influence on his mind, and the manner in which he had deliberately succumbed to those influences. He left out no jot or tittle, but revealed the whole unsparingly: the shock to his pride; his bitterness towards the Porters for their insensibility to his greatness; his jealousy of John White; the dislike and disgust Silvia had aroused in him; the primary reasons of malice and revenge which made him force Silvia's return to Kindrach; his culpable deceit towards Mrs. Dewar, so as to insure her help in carrying out that revenge adequately—all was laid bare. He even went so far back as his first lover-like advances in Silvia's direction, and acknowledged that it was more the feeling of the Dewars' importance in the village, and Silvia's unrivalled prettiness, which prompted his proposals—more pride and vain-glory, in fact, than love.

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For a moment Janet shrank before the revelation. Shrank from the sin of it all. To her simple, clear, unswerving conception of morality, which defined right and wrong with broad white and black lines, without any intermediate shadings, it was Sin. In her mind there was no blurring or indistinctness of outline, no shades and grades of feeling; it was sin —but oh! how her heart ached for the sinner! And that it should be David! David, the embodiment to her of strength, and wisdom, and spiritual power! Long after that day Janet remembered the sense of bewildered upheaval her soul sustained at David's confession: but for David, even amidst all this shock and bewilderment, she had nothing but words of tenderest pity, and gentle counsel offered with so much delicacy and hesitancy that a melancholy satisfaction and sense of tempered relief slowly took the place of his just bitterness.

For long they sat, with Kindrach bog spreading its smiling greenness at their feet; but David remarking suddenly the weariness and pallor in Janet's face, with a touch of his old peremptoriness drew her plaid about her, and taking her by the arm walked her back to the Manse.

The little clue the sodden bit of blue silk gave must be followed up later, but for the immediate present both he and Janet needed rest sorely. For two nights and a day they had been living in a state of mental and physical strain; nothing could be done further until the balance was restored somewhat.

At the gate of the Manse the whole of Kindrach seemed to have gathered—an excited, gesticulating crowd. Aunt Muir, sobbing wildly—for she had found the post of comforter-in-chief to poor fractious Mrs. Dewar no sinecure, and now relief had come she had given way—thrust a bit of pale pink paper into David's face.

"She is up in the town yonder, the wicked hussey! The Lord be thankit! she's safe, bless her, dear lamb!" she ejaculated incoherently.

Mrs. Dewar was receiving with much dignity the congratulations of the baker, one of David's Elders, while Lesbia and Kate flung themselves on Janet.

"She ran away!" exclaimed Kate; "mother wouldn't let her go to Aunt Porter's, so she just ran away." There was a tone of subdued admiration in her voice.

The telegram from Mrs. Porter, which David held, announced the safe arrival of the runaway. Janet, comprehending the

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relief, the complete relaxation of his tense feeling, to the amazement of them all, fell to weeping almost as wildly as her mother, until David put one of his great hands on her shoulder gently. He alone understood the nature of her sudden weakness.

"Dinna, Janet," he said in a low tone, "dinna greet, m'ah woman, ah'm no worth it."

* * * * * *

It has been observed that when every one can see how a story will end, that story is virtually ended. The Minister of Kindrach, however, does not yet see the conclusion of his late experience; but all Kindrach is elbowing, and nudging, and winking, and nodding, with portentous knowingness.

A few Sundays after Silvia's audacious feat—which, in some inscrutable fashion, added yet another reason for the elevation of the Dewars in public opinion—he preached a sermon, which roused his congregation to much animated, controversial discussion, and relighted the well-nigh extinguished flames of veneration and admiration in the breasts of his four Elders. His text being,

"Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

* * * * * *

Aunt Muir's curiosity is still hungering for satisfaction; she has not yet learnt all the details of that fatal visit to London, though she shrewdly guesses that Janet knows all the circumstances. And she endeavours to corner her daughter into admissions by simple adroitness.

"Eh, but the Lord's ways are past findin' out," she observed with a sigh, and a sharp look in Janet's direction.

"I've thought whiles that He has just been dealin' wi' David in His own way wi' regard to Siller and all this unhappy business, showin' him in His mercy that he is no, so to speak, infallible. David is whiles apt to consider he canna mek' mistakes like ither ordinary folk." But Janet baffled her mother's curious researches by quietly declining to enter into any discussions respecting David's infallibility, or the inscrutable workings of the Divine will.

THE END.

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The Railways of Scotland.

III.—Some Modern Specialities.

There is a remarkable similarity between the natural situation of Glasgow and that of London. In each case, a hill, thrown out as a spur from the higher ground behind it, and rising up amidst wide marshes and lagoons surrounding its base, afforded a natural site for a cathedral and the town which grew up under its shadow. In each case a road leads down from the hill to what has for centuries been a bridge, but was once a ford, marking what in the case of London at least was the lowest point at which the river could in early times be crossed, thus constituting the town the natural emporium of the trade of the district. As in London the Strand, so in Glasgow Argyle Street marks the distance to which the river, even in quite modern times, extended inland. In each case, the marshes have left behind them a legacy of fog, which in Glasgow is aggravated, even more than in London, by the smoke of innumerable factory chimneys. Excepting, however, the fog, everything in Glasgow is on a smaller scale. In size and volume of water the Clyde can no more vie with the Thames than St. Mungo's can compare with St. Paul's. But Glasgow has one enormous advantage in return. If the Clyde is narrower, it is also shorter; and within five-and-twenty miles of Glasgow there is a sea coast, which for beauty and variety can almost claim comparison with Norway itself.

From the very early days of steam travelling, the Clyde has been always in the van of progress. As long ago as 1812, more than two years before ever a steamer had been seen on the Thames, the *Comet*, of 25 tons and 3 horse-power, was plying regularly thrice a week between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh, up one day and down the next. There is nowadays a whole fleet of vessels, including amongst them the famous

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Columba and *Iona*, which daily perform the same journey at the present time; fine large saloon steamers, many of which make nothing of 20 miles an hour; but for years past the bulk of the traffic has gone by rail as far down as Greenock, and only joined the steamers there. And for the privilege of carrying it (some five-and-twenty miles each way, at a return fare of 2*s.* 6*d.* first class and 1*s.* 6*d.* third) the three great Scotch railways have long fought their hardest.

The original Greenock line, now the property of the Caledonian, was opened in 1841. Save where it turns inland for a short distance in order to reach Paisley, it follows the course of the river throughout down to its terminus in the heart of the town of Greenock. Except such as may be connected with the sugar trade, there is not much sweetness or light about the town of Greenock; and, even for Greenock, the lanes through which the passengers had to walk from the train to the steamer were more than usually noisome. But such as they were, residents "down the water" had to put up with them for nearly a quarter of a century. At last the rival company, the Glasgow and South Western, came to the rescue. At enormous expense they formed a new line into Greenock, descending through tunnel from the high ground behind the town on to the shore, where they built a convenient pier adjoining their station. And they had their reward, for they swept away almost the whole of the Caledonian through traffic, and in a single year they have been known to carry to and from the coast over 800,000 passengers, or say every man, woman, and child, in Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock put together; and this in spite of the fact that the Caledonian was by no means the only competing route. For a company, now merged in the all-absorbing North British, had built a line down the north bank of the Clyde to Helensburgh, while yet another railway, terminating at Wemyss Bay, cut off the great triangle of high ground near whose apex Greenock is situated, and so formed the shortest road to Rothesay and the other places on the Island of Bute. From Wemyss Bay, too, there were steamers to Largs and to Millport, which latter place has recently had a second string to its bow with a ferry service to the new coast railway *viâ* Ardrossan, while, to crown the whole, the natural route for the very large traffic to the Island of Arran is the steamer service from Ardrossan Harbour, now in connection with the South-Western only, but likely before long to be competed for by the Caledonian also.

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g ago as 1865 the Caledonian saw that they must lose
ast" traffic, unless they took active steps to retain it; so
ined powers to continue their line forward to Gourock
e three miles below Greenock. But, like many another
enterprise, the scheme was knocked on the head by
panic of 1866, and the Company were left *minus* their
but *plus* the burden of the ownership of Gourock
to which, of course, they had no access. A year or two
scheme was revived, and this summer, after burrowing
el (the longest in Scotland) right under the town of
, and constructing three miles of very heavy banks and
and a pier a third of a mile in length, at a total
ıre of £600,000, the Caledonian has found its bold
varded by the recovery of the bulk of the traffic which
nty years ago.

ow, after this long introduction, bearing in mind that
has roughly a seventh of the population of London, and
Glasgow fares are certainly less than half what we are
ed to in the south, let us see the provision which is
the conveyance of Glasgow to the sea-side every
In each case we will take the crack service. At
Caledonian sends off a fast train to Gourock, which
pick up passengers at Paisley, Port Glasgow, and
Twelve minutes later an express, which runs through
stop, starts in pursuit, and, reaching Gourock Pier at
ributes its passengers among three different steamers
there in waiting. Two minutes, neither more nor less,
for and occupied by the transfer—no luggage is taken—
54 all three boats are under weigh, one for Loch Long,
for the Holy Loch, and a third straight down the Firth
say, where it is due to arrive at 5.49. In the 97 minutes
s have travelled 26 miles by train, 14 miles by boat,
been delayed, not only by a slack through facing-
Paisley, by collecting tickets at Fort Matilda, and by
fer at Gourock, but also by calling at four intermediate
s this is the last new service, with the newest boats *

aledonian had a Bill in Parliament this session to enable them to
rs of their own. So had the Glasgow and South-Western. The
Bill was thrown out, and the South-Western was in consequence
The splendid new Caledonian boats do not therefore belong to the
ompany, but to the Caledonian Steam Packet Company, Limited;
ords, a syndicate of Caledonian shareholders with a Caledonian
ord Breadalbane, as their chairman. Similarly there is a North

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and the most convenient pier, it may no doubt be the smartest, but the others have no need to blush at a comparison.

At 4.10, the North British despatches its express from Queen Street to Craigendoran Pier, outside Helensburgh (also with a slightly slower pick-up train in front), and three minutes after its arrival two steamers set off to distribute its passengers. At 4.20, a second express follows; again a pair of boats are in attendance, so that amongst the four every watering-place can be served with the least possible delay. Meanwhile, at 4.15 and 4.35, a pair of trains have started for the Wemyss Bay line, to connect at the pier with a pair of steamers, the one for Rothesay, the other for Largs and Milport. Last, but by no means least, the South Western has its 4.10 express for Greenock, with its two attendant steamers; its 4.7 for Fairlie Pier and Largs, and its 4.20 for the steamer to Arran *viâ* Ardrossan. One other South-Western train well deserves mention. The 4.15 to Ayr, one of the heaviest expresses in Great Britain, has no steamboat connection, and no competition either by boat or rail. But for all that, spite of calling at Paisley, "slipping" at Irvine, and collecting tickets at Prestwick, it covers its 40½ miles in the level hour. It should be added that the first-class fare is 5*s.*—to Brighton, 10 miles further, it is just double—and that Glasgow is chronically grumbling at the amount as extortionate.

In all, 11 trains, and 13 boats in connection, run for the accommodation of passengers leaving Glasgow in the half hour after 4 o'clock. On Saturdays the whole of this elaborate mechanism begins to work some two hours earlier. Needless to say, it has also to be set in motion every morning to get people up to business by half-past nine; while on Mondays, in particular, the crush is so tremendous that a special relief service has to be organized in front of the ordinary daily service. Even so, the train booked to leave Gourock at 8.30 has sometimes had to be despatched in four portions. To show the fierceness and the closeness of the competition, it is perhaps worth while giving some of the results in the form of a table (p. 477).

But it must not be supposed that the railways exert themselves to the utmost every morning and evening only to go to sleep for the rest of the day. On the contrary, the quantity of the

British Steam Packet Company, Limited, owning the boats which run in connection with North British trains, both on the Clyde and on Loch Lomond.

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is not one whit less remarkable than their quality. e, according to a local paper which lies before me, 54 r steamers calling every day at the not over-famous place of Kirn, and a whole bevy of extra boats on s and Mondays. Most of them are to and from the railway piers, but the number is swelled by the boats om the stately *Columba*, or *Lord of the Isles*, down mble cheap tripper—sixty miles out and home for six- re constantly touching in the course of their compli- age from and to Glasgow.

GLASGOW AND THE COAST.

ON of the TIMES taken by the MORNING and AFTERNOON ESS TRAINS of the undermentioned COMPANIES in the SUMMER 9.

	Caledonian viâ Gourock.		Glasgow and S. Western viâ Greenock.		North British viâ Craigendoran.		Caledonian viâ Wemyss Bay.	
	Minutes.		Minutes.		Minutes.		Minutes.	
	Up	Down	Up	Down	Up	Down	Up	Down
. . . .	55	47	70	60	57	55		
. . . .	63	55	80	70	69	65		
. . . .	70	62	85	75	84	75		
. . . .	67	61	95	85	77	73		
. . . .	80	73	105	100	..	..		
. . . .	75	67	100	90	84	80		
ıay . . .	60	55	..	..	72	68		
. . . .	63	55	75	60	69	65		
. . . .	70	62	80	65	74	70		
. . . .	85	77	85	70	94	90	70	65
. . . .	105	97	105	95	114	110	80	80
ne . . .	40	40	45	40	37	37	50	50
Distance .	26¼ miles		25½ miles		22½ miles		30½ miles	

l be added that though the Wemyss Bay line looks on paper far the best to Rothesay, it has been seriously handicapped by the nuch less convenient station in Glasgow. However, it has just ht by the Caledonian, which hitherto has only worked it; so it is l that next summer will not only see its service much improved, but ins admitted in Glasgow into the "Central," a station which is— al stations by no means always are—honestly entitled to its name.

is one very remarkable feature about this "coast" traffic. ıt bulk of the passengers are not season-ticket holders, an ordinary return ticket every time they travel. Not the Scotch companies are liberal enough in the con- n which they issue their "seasons." The usual English

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rule is to grant them only for periods of three m
upwards, and only to first or second-class passengers.
land not only are third-class "seasons" universal, bu
be obtained for any length of time that is desired
taking a ticket for a month, the owner wishes to p
stay at the seaside for another fortnight or three we
always extend the currency of his ticket on paying
tional amount in excess. But, spite of this liberal
the "coast" passengers prefer to take tickets every
reason is obvious. The ordinary fare has been bro
so low that a "season" does not pay, unless its hold
and down every day. Take for example Wemyss Ba
already been mentioned. For the 60 miles to Gl
back, the first-class fare is 3*s.* 6*d.*—a fare which a cor
of the *Glasgow Herald* protested against the oth
exorbitant. A season-ticket costs £25 per annum,
make it profitable one would have to travel more th
week all the year round. To Brighton, on the other
only £30, but a single journey up and down cost
other words, a man who is away from Brighton thi
in the year, and only comes up to town once a w
the remaining nine, will not actually lose by taking a

Of course the difference, though at first sight it
be a difference in the scale of charge for season-ticke
in the fares for ordinary traffic. The ordinary fa
"coast" have been reduced, so to speak, to the whe
already. It is not that the Brighton Company tre
ticket holders better, but that its ordinary passengers
much worse. On the face of it there is no reason
competing companies can earn a good livelihood
first-class passengers between Glasgow and Greenc
mile, and third-class passengers for half the money,
which monopolises the whole traffic between Lo
Brighton should be unable to carry passengers by
best trains for less than 2¼*d.* I am not wishing here
the Brighton Company. Like other commercial un
it charges what it can get. But I do really believe t
managers will have, ere long, to face the question, wh
between two great centres of population with a cons
change of traffic, ought to be fixed simply on a mil
No one would dream of expecting a consignment of
grey shirting, sent down from London to Southa

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, to pay at the same rate as a few pieces sent to Woking
gstoke for the use of the local draper. And there is no
hy the rule that applies to goods should not apply to
rs. If the Londoners who want to go to Brighton can,
o, offer themselves for conveyance "in full train-loads,"
any can evidently afford to carry them at a reduced
I have no expectation, I admit, of seeing introduced a
ss fare to Brighton of *2s. 6d.* by all trains, though I fully
hat in a comparatively short time the initial loss would
than compensated; but one wonders whether an ex-
of a similar reduction, say, between Liverpool and
ter, is beyond the bounds of possibility.

to it has always been the outside competition of
or for short distance traffic of omnibuses or tram-cars,
as brought down railway fares seriously below the
ne penny per mile. Of course there have been short
rivalry, and passengers have been carried before now
Glasgow and Edinburgh for sixpence, and from York
chester to London and back for half-a-crown. And
nore, in this latter case—which occurred at the time of
bition of 1862—so says one who has the best right to
h authority, "as long as summer lasted and the trains
we didn't lose by the transaction." But fares such as
never meant to last. What one would like to see is a
xperiment jointly undertaken by the North Western,
ashire and Yorkshire, and the Cheshire Lines between
l and Manchester. The fares at present are by no
articularly cheap. They are *5s. 6d.*, *4s.*, and *2s. 6d.*
nd *8s.*, *6s.*, and *4s. 6d.* return, for the three classes
ely; on the Greenock scale they would be a good deal
half. Say that they were brought down to one half,
would it be before the number of passengers carried
ble itself? Less than this increase would certainly not
companies. No doubt they could carry many more
rs than they do at present, simply by running longer
d more powerful engines, and therefore at practically no
l expense. But still there would be some, so that
ld positively lose by carrying double the number of
rs at half the fares, except indeed for what they might
timulating the traffic through Manchester to and from
yond.

stionably the whole subject is beset with difficulties,

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not the least of which is that any very startling modification of this kind might tend to rouse a number of sleeping dogs which the railways may think it more prudent to let lie in peace. Still one cannot but wish to see it tackled. Vast as have been the strides with which railway improvement has advanced of recent years, in the all-important item of fares the progress has certainly not been what was anticipated by the founders of our railway system. When the Liverpool and Manchester line was opened "the fare in the better class of carriages, such as the 'Queen Adelaide' and the 'Wellington,' was five shillings, for which sum the travellers and their baggage are conveyed in omnibuses to and fro between the Company's offices in the heart of either town and the commencement of the railway, a mile or a mile and a half distant, free from any additional charge or gratuity." Nowadays, as we have seen, the first-class fare, with no allowance towards the costs of one's hansom, is sixpence more; then, as now, the second-class fare was 4*s*. It ought in fairness to be added that there was in the old days no third-class at all. Still even so the figures are not much to boast of; especially as other countries have gone a good deal ahead of us in this particular. No country probably gives as good value for a penny a mile as do our English railways; but then, in almost every country in Europe, it is possible, either by a fourth-class as in Germany, or by the zone system as now in Hungary, or by taking a train even slower than the *soi-disant* express, as in Belgium and elsewhere, to travel for considerably less than the level penny. There must be a vast substratum of traffic waiting to be tapped by the management which has the audacity to reduce fares (not by certain specified trains in summer, but in normal everyday working) to the level which prevails on the Greenock line. It is useless to say that it could never pay. After the experience of a generation, the Caledonian and the South-Western ought to know. The Caledonian has just spent £600,000 in order to get a better share of this low-fare traffic, spite of the fact that it only lasts for four months, and the cream of it only for two; while the South-Western is likely, so common report says, to carry their line forward past Gourock to the Cloch in order once more to over-trump their rivals.

Before we leave the "coast," where we have too long lingered, we must notice that the traffic is by no means merely residential. Probably nowhere in the world, certainly nowhere in the United Kingdom, are so many pleasure tours organized with so much

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intelligence and forethought. Coaches and steamers are independent of the railways, but it is always possible to obtain through tickets at the railway booking-offices, and with the accounting that goes on afterwards through the companies' audit office the passenger need in no way concern himself. Take this as a fair sample of a complicated tour. Leave Glasgow about 8.30 A.M. by any of the three lines—there are expresses in connection about an hour earlier from Edinburgh—catch the *Lord of the Isles* an hour later at or near Greenock, and travel with her through the Kyles of Bute and as far as Inverary. Thence back across Loch Fyne in a small ferry steamer to St. Catherine's, whence an attendant coach will take you in a couple of hours through Hell's Glen to the head of Loch Goil, in time to catch a third steamer for Gourock, Greenock, or Craigendoran—according to the railway you have elected to patronize—and so to Glasgow in ample time for dinner. Fare for the whole round only 11 shillings. Or if this does not offer sufficient variety, you may leave the *Lord of the Isles* at Dunoon, take the coach to Inverchapel at the foot of Loch Eck, steam up the Loch, and then, with a second coach to Strachur, intercept the big vessel again on her way to Inverary. And any of these tours, of which the above is only one sample out of a hundred, may be made either way, or picked up at any point on the round. As for Loch Lomond, there is no reason why four friends, living at Carlisle, Oban, Berwick, and Dundee respectively, all agreeing to make the tour the same day, should not meet, either on the Loch or to lunch at the Trossachs Hotel, and get back home in time for bed. The *rendezvous* would not cost them much over a five-pound note among the four.

Again it is impossible to resist drawing a comparison. There are half-a-dozen coaches which leave London every morning. They are all admirably horsed and turned out, and nearly always empty. Nor are the reasons far to seek. A drive for the best part of an hour through London streets and London suburbs is not attractive for one thing; for another the coaches are little known, and evidently cannot afford to advertise extensively for themselves. Is it impossible for our London railways to organize coach tours in connection with their own lines? There is no difficulty in suggesting possible routes. Guildford to Dorking along the Hog's Back would be one; Windsor to Virginia Water through the Great Park might obviously be another. The Metropolitan might do worse than introduce its new line to

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public notice by opening up the beauties of the Chilterns with a coach from Chesham to Aylesbury; and even the Chatham and Dover might induce a few people to use its Maidstone and Ashford line if it brought them back by road through the beautiful country which lies between Ashford and Sevenoaks. We cannot bring the Firth of Clyde to London, but even in the way of steamboat excursions it is possible that a trip, for instance, to Dover, thence by sea to Margate or Sheerness, and so back, might attract some people on whom the delights of Ramsgate sands have begun to pall. I have no wish to teach railway managers their business, but when one sees how much the Scotch railways, which after all are principally goods lines, do to encourage pleasure traffic, and how little is done by our southern lines, which really have nothing else to distract their attention, one cannot but think that it is at least worth while calling attention to the subject.

One point more before we leave the Clyde. Greenock does not deal only in "coast" traffic; it is one of the chief centres in the world of the sugar refining industry. It got a hold of this trade a century or so back, when West Indian sugar was brought in to fill the gap caused by the loss of the tobacco trade with the revolted American colonies; and it has held on to it since, though nowadays the raw sugar comes mainly from the Continent, and is imported either through Leith or Grangemouth. Most people know that there was an extraordinary rise in the price of sugar recently. Within a few weeks raw sugar advanced from thirteen to twenty-three shillings per cwt. Last spring there were literally miles of trucks loaded with some 6000 tons of raw sugar standing in every siding in the neighbourhood of Greenock waiting for the refiners to take delivery. In response to my enquiry as to the reason of this block, I learnt that, though the raw material had advanced so largely, there had been no corresponding rise in the price of refined sugar, and that therefore, thinking the rise must come, the refiners had postponed sales till their warehouses were chock-a-block, and they were forced to use the railway company's trucks as supplementary storerooms. There was at least one advantage in so doing, that they paid no rent.

Not so many years back the railway rate for sugar from Grangemouth to Greenock was 6*s.* 8*d.* per ton; from Leith it was 7*s.* As the sugar trade became more and more depressed, the Company made reduction after reduction in the rate, till

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they had brought it down to 3*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.* 9*d.* But ugar almost doubled in value this spring, they thought ey too had a right to a little better terms, so they ed the rate by 3*d.* per ton all round. Whether this was the instances of extortionate increase of which some of ders' Associations made so much the other day, I know t this I do know, and as the instance is probably unique, orth recording. When the agitation against the new ation and schedule of *maximum* rates first began last a deputation of the Greenock sugar refiners waited upon eral manager of the Caledonian, not in order to demand cession, but to express their gratitude for the treatment d received in the past, their readiness to support the y to the utmost of their power, and their confidence ir relations with it would be equally amicable in the Indeed, whatever be the reason, whether that the near urhood of that great anti-monopolist, the sea, has pro- he traders, or whether they have defended themselves own superior determination and intelligence, or perhaps Scotch railways are less exacting than their neighbour outh, there is much less general discontent with railway Scotland than in England. Alone of all the great f the kingdom, the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce will ear as an objector before the Board of Trade next

ot a little remarkable that the Companies who organize, public who enjoy, a service as admirable as that down de, are content to put up with the half-hearted service xists between Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is not for competition that it is so poor. The North British has tes, the old original Edinburgh and Glasgow line *vid* and a new low-level one through Bathgate; while the ian has a third through Holytown and West Calder. tances are 47¼, 44¼, and 46 miles respectively. The ian service, which has one train in 64 minutes, and a any more only taking 65, is in point of speed distinctly of the three. Even the Caledonian, however, labels s," and, what is more, charges extra for, a train which minutes on its journey, and makes eight intermediate ery day of the week, and a ninth on Wednesdays. On th British I was privileged a short time back to pay fare by a through train *vid* Bathgate, which was allowed

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2 hours and 2 minutes for 46¼ miles, and took it all with something over. On the old road the best train is timed to take 70 minutes, and quite a number of the "expresses" take 85. In fairness, an allowance of 5 minutes must be made off this for the Cowlairs tunnel, which, though only a mile and a half in length, descends into Queen Street Station in Glasgow with such a precipitous incline, that it has to be worked to the present day with a stationary engine and a wire rope, so that 8 minutes instead of 3 are required for its passage. Still, once clear of Cowlairs, there is, before the train need stop again at the Haymarket Station, a run of 44 miles as straight as an arrow, and so level that in the old days it used to be said that it was difficult to keep the ballast properly drained. If a train really wants 70 minutes over this bit of road, at least it should be honestly described an "ordinary passenger," and not allowed to profane the name of "express."

Talking of Queen Street Station, it is worth notice, as showing the marvellous strides which Glasgow has made in half a century, that the ground on which it stands—one of the best sites in the town—was bought by the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway in 1838 for a guinea per square yard, or to be exact, 33,128 yards (nearly seven acres) for £35,379 15*s.* 5*d.* The Company, however, only paid down the odd money, and it was not till 1846 that they were able to raise and pay off the balance of £30,000. What those seven acres are worth to-day may be judged from another sale which has recently taken place within a few yards. The Corporation of Glasgow disposed of a single acre of land in 1787 to a certain Robert Smith for £645 1*s.* 4*d.* Robert Smith at the time of the sale had a daughter six weeks old. Within her lifetime—she lived to be 98—the Corporation have bought it back again as the site of their new Municipal Buildings, and the price they paid amounted to £172,944 8*s.* 5*d.* No wonder that railway debentures are generally looked upon as sound investments.

The other two Glasgow lines would have been fortunate if they had secured an access to the heart of the City at so reasonable a rate. Both the Caledonian and the Glasgow and South-Western have got nowadays fine large stations, at least as convenient and accessible as Queen Street, but the cost to their shareholders is to be reckoned not in thousands, but in millions. No doubt the game has been worth the candle. When St. Enoch's, the South-Western Station—the ditto of St. Pancras

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on a somewhat smaller scale—was opened fifteen years ago, the average number of trains in and out in the 24 hours was 111. Last summer, on busy days, it reached 350. The Central station of the Caledonian is even more modern, but already not only the station but its approaches have had to be enlarged, as the trains have increased from under one hundred to over four.

The Caledonian have, however, a second terminus, now used only for trains to the north, at Buchanan Street, where there is a low wooden shed, put up by Joseph Locke as long ago as 1849 as a temporary structure, but still standing, and to confess the truth, except for its looks, by no means a bad station even now. How the Caledonian got there is a curious story. Their original terminus was, as has been said, at St. Rollox on the high ground to the north-east of Glasgow (where, by the bye, an old resident informs me he remembers "seeing the engines going about with mortgagees' names upon them after the crash of 1848"). Amongst other inconveniences, outside the station was a toll-gate through which passengers had to pass on their way to and from the centre of the town, so the company determined that they must come further in. A local engineer projected a scheme by which the line was to be brought in on a viaduct with a falling gradient of 1 in 40 or thereabouts, and even then terminating at a height far above the roofs of the adjacent houses. Some of the arches were actually constructed, when the directors took alarm at what might happen if a train ran away through the station. So the building was stopped, and Joseph Locke called in. He at once decided that it was necessary to go back a mile or so behind St. Rollox, and then tunnel through the hill, and so come down more gradually to the level in Buchanan Street. But the job was a ticklish one. The new line had to be carried under the Monkland Canal and over the Cowlairs tunnel of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, and there was only very scant room for it to pass between them. The task was safely accomplished, but the engineers had an anxious time of it when the water of the canal actually began to trickle down into their workings.

Edinburgh often boasts its superiority to Glasgow. In one respect at least—its railway stations—it must acknowledge its vast and apparently hopeless inferiority. The Caledonian station is a wooden shanty. As for the North British, in its original prospectus, dated August, 1843, it expressed its determination "to avoid all useless expense in ornamental works at stations or otherwise," and its worst enemy will scarcely deny that it has

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kept its promise. The Haymarket station has remained untouched, except the platforms—it may have been painted, but it shows no signs of it—for almost half a century. As for Waverley, what pen could do justice to it? Mr. Foxwell has tried in his recent book,* but he acknowledges the inadequacy of his own description. Not that it is, I think, quite fair to throw the whole blame upon the Company. For Haymarket they must take the responsibility, but to render the Waverley station adequate for its traffic is beyond their powers.

It is cooped in on all sides by walls of rock. The natural way to extend it would imply an entrenchment upon a portion of Princes Street Gardens, and this the Corporation refuses to permit on any terms. It is really rather an interesting point, in what Mr. Ruskin would call "the relation of art to use." Unquestionably the gardens are beautiful, and a railway station unlovely; but after all, the Princes Street hotelkeepers and shopkeepers would hardly wish to be left in solitude to enjoy the spectacle. Next year when the Forth Bridge is open, the Company will scarcely venture to expose its passengers to the accustomed blocks in getting through Edinburgh. How would Edinburgh, with its metropolitan dignity, like it, if next summer the London express halted for half a moment outside the town at Millerhill Junction, contemptuously uncoupled a carriage or two, and then ran on by the suburban line direct to the Forth Bridge?

There is nothing special to note about the local traffic of Edinburgh. It is all in the hands of the North British, and consequently there are none of those prodigies of energy which are so profusely displayed in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. Nor has the North British any great opportunity of exhibiting remarkable speed. Northwards, the neck at Larbert renders such attempts impossible. Of the Glasgow expresses we have spoken already. Eastwards to Berwick, the expresses are "horsed," in pursuance of an old agreement, by the North-Eastern. There remains only the Waverley route southwards to Carlisle through Melrose and Hawick, and this is so bad a road that any very high speed is out of the question. I travelled over it not long since on the engine of the 10.45 A.M. up express. Hardly were we clear of the complexities of the suburban branches, when we had to stop at Hardengreen for the "bank" engine to come on behind and push us up the long climb, nearly

* 'Express Trains, English and Foreign,' p. 60.

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10 miles of 1 in 70 to the top of the Fala moors, over 800 feet above sea-level. The summit reached, the bank-engine fireman comes forward along the frame of his engine and uncouples, and without a check we continue our course, gathering speed as, for fifteen miles down the Gala Water, we thread the endless loops of the stream, till the tall chimneys of Galashiels come in sight, and with a whirr the brakes go down and we pull up at the platform, 33½ miles in 49 minutes. Two minutes for a drink of water, sorely needed after her long climb, and we are off once more, and, with just a passing glimpse of Abbotsford, are over the Tweed and into Melrose. Another fifteen miles of what on the Waverley route passes for level road brings us to Hawick and the banks of the Teviot. Then again a second engine comes to our aid, for we have to cover another ten miles worse than before, up the valley of the Slitrig, with not only the gradient against us, but with curves so sharp that the driving-wheels grind against the check-rails, now on one side and now on the other. However, at length we are through the Shankend Tunnel, over a thousand feet above sea-level, and emerge into daylight on the slopes of Liddesdale. As we rush down into the wider Eskdale, we pass place after place famous in Border story. Here it is Canobie Muir; anon it is Netherby Hall; but there is no "mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan," only an old cock-pheasant lazily sunning himself in the line, whose dignity hardly suffers him to move on till the wheels are within a yard of catching him. Another moment and we are speeding across Solway Moss. Ten minutes more, the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall, and our journey is over. The engine moves off to its "stable," to wait till it is time for the return journey, but not a solitary passenger troubles himself so much as to put his head out of the window and cast a look at the steed that has carried him so well.

For all that, the run, 98¼ miles in just over two hours and a half, or roughly 39 miles an hour with three intermediate stoppages, is not a little remarkable. On the Continent they would label it "express, first class only," if it was 10 miles an hour slower across the dead levels of Burgundy or Brabant. What the *Chemin de Fer du Nord* authorities, who cannot manage to keep time with their expresses from Paris to Amiens at some 40 miles an hour, would think of hauling over this road the heavy Pullmans of the Midland down "Highland" express, in 140 minutes without a stop, one really would like to know.

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Probably they would think what a nuisance competition was, to force officials to take all this trouble for a public which after all was as discontented as ever.

And now let us get back to Edinburgh in a very different and much more leisurely fashion. In no trade have railways made a greater revolution than in the cattle trade. Great fairs, such as that at Falkirk, held at long intervals, are dying out, and their place is being taken by regular weekly markets in the chief railway centres, such as Edinburgh or Perth. The market-day in Edinburgh is Tuesday, so on Monday night I slept in Berwick in order to come up with a cattle train the following morning. We—the engine and the brake, for there were no cattle—set off from Berwick at 6.45, and climbed up on the cliffs as the sun was coming out over the North Sea. But in spite of the sun we were not sorry when the fire in the brakesman's stove began to burn up. At four stations, one after the other, the signal was "off," as a sign that there was nothing for us that morning, so on we ran. After an hour had thus been spent to no purpose, I was forcibly reminded of the story of Napoleon's cutlet. Napoleon's taste was of the simplest; he never wanted anything but a cutlet, but he always expected a cutlet to be ready for him at whatever moment he might happen to want it. The arrangement might be convenient, but was scarcely economical, as not a few cutlets were wasted. And so if our British farmers expect to have a special train run past their doors on market-day, on the chance that they may have a beast or two ready for the butcher, they can hardly expect to get their service as cheap as if they had to give a couple of days' notice of their intention.

At length at Cockburnspath, 21 miles from Berwick, we picked up a couple of trucks, at Innerwick three more, and at Dunbar again three. Then, after drawing two stations blank, at Drem, the junction for North Berwick, we made a great haul, and completed our load with three and twenty trucks all at once; so we had only to wait till the up passenger train had passed us, and then make the best of our way to market; a second special must pick up the stock from the remaining stations. Travelling in a goods brake has, it must be honestly admitted, not many advantages over a first-class carriage, but it has one conspicuous merit. On a passenger train one may be late—indeed, if one is privileged to live on the Chatham and Dover, one not unfrequently is—but one cannot possibly be early. A goods train goes ahead, as soon as it has done its work

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and the line is clear. On this occasion, thanks to the Drem farmers and their twenty-three trucks, we reached our destination more than half an hour before we were due.

As we approached Niddrie, the junction with the Waverley line, we saw another cattle train coming up from Hawick which ought by rights to have preceded us. But it was too late; we had "got the road," and could not be dislodged from our pride of place. Behind the Hawick train was another, which had started at 5 o'clock from Carlisle, and picked up the traffic from the further side of Hawick. Later on, when we got nearer Haymarket, where the sales are held, we encountered other trains from Fife, and from Greenhill and the north. In all, 130 to 150 truck-loads is no uncommon consignment for a Tuesday morning. Arrived at the cattle dock, the animals were walked out of their trucks almost as easily and quickly as a train-load of passengers, and off into the covered yards of the different salesmen. Hardly are they out of the trucks, when men with great jets of water from a fire-hose set to work to wash out the trucks, and to cover the floor with layers of fresh sawdust, brought up in truck-loads from the carriage shops at Cowlairs; and then everything is ready for the animals to commence their journey, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, to whatever great town of England their purchasers may consign them.

There is another though less necessary article of food than meat, which the North British deals with in wholesale quantities, and that is mushrooms. It comes about in this wise. The old Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee line, coming up from the Granton and Burntisland ferry, got into Waverley Station by a tunnel under St. Andrew's Square and Princes Street. It was about three-quarters of a mile long, and the gradient was so steep as to necessitate the employment of a stationary engine. Of late years a *détour* out to the east has avoided the gradient, and the tunnel has been abandoned. For a long while it was simply useless, or rather worse than useless to the Company, for it was alleged that disabled trucks, from the Scotland Street end, where the old station is now used as a coal depot, used to be shunted into the tunnel out of the way, and so lost to sight and forgotten. Two years back an ingenious person conceived the idea of leasing the tunnel and growing mushrooms. The company were not too exacting about terms. Any rent was better than no rent, and moreover they got the carriage of all the materials for forming hot-beds inwards, and all the mush-

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rooms that were grown out again. And what with soil and manure, the grower declares that he uses up a train-load of stuff in a twelvemonth. Even the very spawn comes in, a truck-load at a time.

When I was there, one bitter cold day last March, I found a huge fire of anthracite burning just inside the mouth of the tunnel, which could not be closed except by a wooden screen, movable so as to permit the passage of railway trucks. In this way the chill was taken off the air as it entered. The upper end of the tunnel next the station is built up with brickwork. Throughout the entire length there runs a double line of rails. What used to be the up line is kept clear for use, as the beds have to be removed bodily and renewed about every six months. But between this line and the wall there is a small border carried along throughout, and the place of the down line is occupied by a series of beds running across at right angles. For a hundred yards one walks along a set of beds in full bearing. Then again a second set have just been made but are still too hot and rank for the spawn to be put into them. A little further one comes upon a gang of men, at work by the light of lanterns in making up a third set. I learnt that, at the time of my visit, the French growers had not yet got their products into the market, and that the Edinburgh Mushroom Company, Limited, could obtain from the salesmen from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 9*d.* a pound, and even at that price had more orders than they were able to execute.

With this, which is, I cannot but think, one of the strangest developments of railway working, we must leave our subject for the present. Next month we shall make a circuit through the less familiar regions of Aberdeenshire and the Highlands.

W. M. ACWORTH.

P.S.—I have to express my regret that the table of distances *vid* the Forth Bridge, given last month, was not quite accurate. A further deduction of 3 miles should have been made for the Dalmeny and Corstorphine curve on the south side of the bridge. This leaves the total superiority of East Coast over West Coast as 11½ to Perth and 17 to Aberdeen.

W. M. A.

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Parsifal at Baireuth.

LITTLE was known, until a few years ago, of the primitive old-fashioned German town lying in a sleepy hollow of the Franconian hills. The world was satisfied to let the dust of ages rest undisturbed on its houses and streets, and on the castle, where the Markgrävine Sophie Wilhelmine had once held but sorry state, in a court which to modern notions sounds uncourtly in many of its ways. Who cared to turn aside from Nürnberg, from its towers and walls, its gabled roofs and grand old churches, its memories of Albert Dürer, Hans Sachs, and that brotherhood of artists and sculptors who shared their friendship, to visit Baireuth? In Nürnberg the past still lives and speaks eloquently, testifying to the simple, stately, burgher life of the German Middle Ages, and to the strong, artistic impulse, which was the richest fruit of that life. But in Baireuth there was nothing to see, nothing to interest. The great stream of life swept past the town, and scarcely did a side eddy reach it—a town, truly of which travellers might feel, till within a few years,

> "There are a thousand such elsewhere
> As worthy of your wonder."

How changed all this is now! A great magician has stretched his wand above the town, and on the green hill-side a building has arisen, whence sounds issue like a trumpet-call to the nations, proclaiming a new dawn in the world of Art and Beauty. And so during a few weeks in summer, crowds of people from all parts of Europe and America stream into Baireuth. The echoes of the drowsy streets are awakened by the sound of many voices. What a strange blending of languages as one passes along the Maximilian Strasse! yet all this diversity of tongues really harmonizes in the common chord of a universally felt enthusiasm. Whatever the language, the feeling it expresses is the same. From near and far, we

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have all come together, lured by the distant sounds of siren music, which, once heard, has held us spell-bound ever since, and now claims our allegiance here, where alone we can hear the strains aright. On other subjects, in other places, our power of cold, dispassionate criticism may return to us; but for the time being we forfeited it, when we yielded to our impulse to hear Wagner's operas performed in the Festspielhaus of his own designing at Baireuth.

There is something unique and delightful about the sense of fellowship and good-will that is born of this mutual sympathy. Whatever part of the world we come from, to whatever part we may be going, for the present we have but one interest, one idea. In the joyful anticipation of the coming days, hearts overflow, and tongues are loosened. Reckless of idiom, and strangely unhampered by the exigencies of a foreign tongue, (the result of superabundant feeling rather than knowledge), a flood of polyglot enthusiasm and ungrammatical emotion flows down the *table d'hôte;* eagerly, questions are asked; credulously, information is received, which the after event generally proves to be wrong. "How at the last moment are the parts cast?" "Will Materna or Malten sing Kundry?" "Does Levi or Richter direct?" Finally we separate with glad "Auf Wiedersehen," "Au revoir," and other genial greetings, the growth of a foreign soil, and of the magnetic sympathy of the moment.

It is impossible, even if you would, to escape from the thraldom of one idea at Baireuth. The shop-windows are full of busts and photographs of the "Meister." At the booksellers I doubt if it would be possible to buy any literature that did not bear directly or indirectly on the all-absorbing subject; the very street-boys whistle or hum snatches from some familiar stirring chorus; post-cards and letter-paper bear in the corner the impress of notes—"mystic, wonderful." Even the damasked linen (the one industry of Baireuth) is embroidered with the bars of some *motif.* The coachman whom you hail from the market-place scarcely thinks it worth while to ask where he shall take you. He assumes as a matter of course that you are going to the Villa Wahnfried to visit Wagner's grave (on this first evening, when there is no opera), and to see the outside of the house where the Poet-Musician at last found rest and peace, after a life of struggle and disappointment, and years of exile from the land that he loved so passionately, and for whose glory he has done so much.

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Next afternoon we started at three o'clock to walk up to the Theatre. How unlike it all was to everything we had hitherto associated with opera-going! Instead of the drive through garish, gas-lit streets, we walked out into the country, past summer fields, sweet with the scent of new-mown grass, up an ascending road to the Festspielhaus, Wagner's Ideal realized. All that he suffered of failure and disappointment in seeing his works partially understood and inadequately represented on other stages is now a twice-told tale. At last, when hope was all but dead, deliverance came. A kingly nature, quick to recognize and do homage to the sovereignty of genius, stretched out from high places the hand of sympathy and help; and it was in chief measure due to the princely generosity and the unfailing friendship of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, that Wagner at length saw the dream of his life about to be fulfilled, and was enabled in 1873 to lay the foundation-stone of his theatre at Baireuth. His experience of the deeply-rooted prejudices of theatre-directors, and of the inflexible nature of stage traditions, had led him purposely to select a town lying aside from the great highways of public life and commerce. Only amid silence from the disturbing sounds of a busy world could his music be heard aright; only in the absence of other distracting sights could the meaning of the great spectacle of human life which he presents to us be truly understood.

It is no "stately pleasure-dome" that stands out against a background of dark pine-trees on the hill above the town, but a plain unadorned building of vast proportions, and a certain imposing simplicity—built to embody a National Ideal of Art, the life-work of one man. This is not the place to speak of Wagner's new conception of Art, of his theories and methods. True, we had steeped our minds for days past in literature on the subject, but now that the living spirit was about to be manifested to us, we did not think of the letter. As we stood on the fringe of the woods, and watched the international stream of people winding up the road, and gathering together under the large porticos, strangely enough it was no music of Wagner's, but those joyous, haunting notes from Beethoven's choral symphony that by a freak of memory and association seemed to ring in our ears,

> "Seid umschlungen Millionen
> Diesen Gruss der ganzen Welt."

Ignorance and prejudice may delay the final triumph, but the

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day must surely come when by "millions" Wagner's music will be recognized as a "greeting to the whole world."

At last came the sound for which we had all been waiting, the solemn notes of the *Communion motif*, given out by trumpets from the centre portico, the first signal to take our seats. The interior of the building is an amphitheatre of noble dimensions and simple classic lines. Tier upon tier of seats of equal value stretch up to the back, where there is one row of boxes. Corinthian pillars support the building on each side; there is no glitter, no gilding, all is plain and unadorned, neutral in tone, simple in form—built with a view to concentrate the whole attention of the audience on the stage. No drop-scene, but a massive curtain of Indian red with deep gold border, the only colour in the whole place, separates the stage from the theatre. The orchestra is hidden in some subterranean region out of sight, the director being visible to the stage alone. At the end of every act the audience scatters for an hour, an arrangement which prevents any feeling of over-fatigue or strain. During the first interval tea or coffee, during the second, dinner can be had in the restaurant close to the theatre.

Again the trumpets sound outside, and in a few minutes every one is seated; the ladies have taken off their hats (according to rule), the lights are lowered, and a hush of expectation falls on the audience. Then, without any warning, there steals up from the hidden orchestra in the depth below, like a message of peace and holiness, the notes of the *Communion motif*. Slowly the long tremulous tones of the violin melt into silence; then we hear the majestic chords of the *Grail motif* in gathering power, and gradually the whole pageant of music is unrolled in waves of sound, now swelling in full exultant chords, now trembling in the air, like the sound of faintly-heard spirit-voices. Again, what an accent of pain strikes on our ears and reaches our hearts, the sense of a whole world groaning and travailing in anguish, the mystery and pathos of life, the capacity for suffering, the yearning towards something outside ourselves—we hear and feel it all! Finally, rising above the pain, in sounds of solemn, certain comfort, the notes of the *Communion motif* once again. Is it from within or from without, this sense of the Unknown revealed, the Inexpressible uttered, deep calling unto deep, without feeling of limitation or "sad satiety," that possesses our whole being as the music swells and dies away into silence? The curtain draws aside, and we are on the domain of the holy

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Grail, among the sorrow-stricken knighthood, suffering through the fall of their King Amfortas. Even on this consecrated ground sin has crept in with its inevitable weight of woe and responsibility. This is the scene upon which Parsifal enters, a being of a primeval world—young, beautiful, innocent, ignorant of sin, ignorant of suffering, exultant in the sense of youth and strength, "the guileless fool," who, through pity learnt in the divine school of suffering, is to redeem the brotherhood, and heal the wound of Amfortas. For to this king, bowed down by the consciousness of sin, comfort has been vouchsafed and redemption promised in words of mysterious prophecy:

"Durch Mitleid wissend
Der reine Thor,
Harre sein
Den ich erkor." *

This then, in Wagner's philosophy, as revealed to us in his last and greatest work, is the answer to the problems that perplex our life, herein lies the meaning of the mystery of pain,—Pity and Renunciation. It is something more than the beautiful old legend of the Grail that we are looking on at, it is a whole philosophy of life, noble and deeply religious in feeling, that is proclaimed to us, with the threefold power of music, poetry and action. It is this manifold side of Wagner's art that makes it at once so inexhaustible in its interest, so ideal in its representation of complex human life, so utterly impossible to describe. Not only do the characters of the drama reveal themselves to us by words and in their actions, but by the music we are taken into worlds not realized, into spiritual regions of which deeds are but the dim shadows. Each *motif* is weighted with significance, and, either heard singly or in connection with other *motifs*, has its meaning and bearing on the development of the story and of the characters. As we listen, we feel that the inmost depths of being are made known to us, of which the words and actions of the drama are but the show and semblance. Thus, on Parsival's entrance among the knights, our ears are arrested and our hearts moved by the chivalrous exultant chords of his *motif*, the certain indication of his coming triumph over the powers of sin and worldliness; but the triumph has yet to be won, by knowledge born of suffering.

* "By pity 'lightened
A guileless fool,
Wait for him
My chosen tool."

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It is this gradual awakening, through pain, from unconscious happiness to conscious blessedness that we see worked out in Parsifal. When he comes among the knights, we feel that he belongs to another world than theirs, and at first it would seem as if between him and them there could be no common meeting-ground. They have felt the weight of the world lie heavy on their hearts, have experienced the pain of failure and remorse. What can Parsifal, a child of nature, brought up by his mother Herzeleid in the woods far from the haunts of men, know or understand of their feelings or fears, their sufferings and aspirations? It all lies outside his experience, and his very ideality makes him powerless in this world of said realities. He has but one answer to all their questions, "I know not." He gazes in child-like wonder and bewilderment on a scene which he cannot understand, when the knights break out in lamentation over the dead swan that Parsifal has killed. He does not comprehend their sorrow, but with the blind impulse of a generous nature, he breaks his bow and arrows in two, and thus takes the first step that separates him from a life of instinctive, unquestioning happiness. When Kundry looks up from her lair in the thicket, and tells him that his mother Herzeleid is dead, he gives way to a fierce burst of anger and passion, the natural rebellion of the human heart, that claims happiness as its right, before it has learnt that pain is its heritage. To the knights, Parsifal's guilelessness and ignorance is foolishness, only Gurnemanz, the oldest of the brotherhood, recognizes, with the quick instinct of a noble nature, the purity of heart and single-mindedness of aim that have led him to the domain of the Grail. He sees in him the possible saviour of their order, for whom they have hitherto watched in vain, and straightway leads him to the sanctuary where the Holy vessel has been preserved since the days when angels' hands delivered it to Titanel.

It is difficult to give any idea of the grandeur and impressiveness of this scene. The stately Byzantine columns and arches of the temple; the slow procession of the knights entering two by two, and ranging themselves at long covered tables; the sound of church bells, and the choir of boy voices from the cupola; the solemnity and sense of reality of the whole scene make us forget that we are in a theatre. We feel that we are looking on at a solemn act of devotion, that we are realizing the life of faith, of another age and world than ours. The wounded king is brought in on a litter, and placed in front of the covered

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Grail. Most striking and dramatic is the contrast of his intense spiritual anguish and Parsifal's unconsciousness. In Amfortas's pain it is no morbid, selfish remorse that we see, but a nobler sorrow; the consciousness of personal unworthiness in the presence of the highest duties, the passionate longing to regain the holiness that has been lost. To Parsifal, ignorant of sin and its consequences, the tragedy before him is full of a mystery that he cannot understand. Throughout the act he stands on one side, silent and unmoved. Only once does a dim instinct of another's pain seem to reach him. When the Grail is uncovered, Amfortas gives a loud cry of agony, and the wound breaks forth afresh. Almost unconsciously Parsifal clasps his own heart; but to Gurnemanz's question, "Weisst du was du sah'st?"* he shakes his head. He is still the "guileless fool," and has to gain the knowledge by which he shall save others, by the divine teaching of suffering. Disappointed, Gurnemanz casts him forth from the sanctuary, back into the world, and the curtain closes.

This, very imperfectly described, is the scene, but how in words tell of the glamour and mystery of music, by which we have been possessed? In the wailing chords of the Amfortas music, in the wild restlessness of the Kundry *motif*, we seem to have sounded the depths of despair, to have heard the passionate cry of human pain and longing. We have gone down into the dark places of suffering, into the chaos and discord of unredeemed agony, and then we have been led by the notes of the *prophecy motif* from darkness into light, and have ascended the heights where pain loses its character and becomes redemption, and where Love and Faith peal forth their certain victory in the notes of the *Communion* and *Grail motifs*.

Parsifal's initiation into suffering is magnificently worked out in the second Act, the scene of the temptation in the garden of Klingsor, enemy of the Grail, who by his evil works has become possessed of the holy spear through which alone Amfortas's wound can be closed. Here again we find Kundry one of the most interesting and complex of Wagner's creations. In her twofold character of servant of the Grail knighthood and agent of Klingsor, she seems to typify human nature, with its aspirations to good, its proneness to evil. Restless and longing to rest, driven hither and thither by wild impulses, now at the mercy of Klingsor, now finding peace in deeds of service, she is

* "Wist you what you saw."

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a being made up of contradictions, the antitype of Parsifal. In a scene of demonic energy Klingsor summons her up from the centre of the earth, to send her forth on a mission of evil. Most haunting and pathetic are the long wailing accents in which she resists him, but she is powerless. We feel that some force, as yet unknown to her, is needed to free her from the dominion of evil, and then suddenly, like a trumpet-call of hope, the exultant notes of the Parsifal *motif* break on our ear. The magician's castle disappears, and we are in an enchanted land, among flowers and flower-girls, scents and sounds, the show and splendour of earthliness. The melody of the flower-girls falls on our ears, perilously sweet and enervating. All around is a glow and glitter of colour, and far in the distance a background of snowy peaks and mountains, against which stands out the figure of Parsifal, leaning on his sword, chivalrous, ideal, innocent, gazing with eyes of frank wonder upon this world of which he knows nothing. In childlike bewilderment he steps down among the singing, dancing girls, but the might of worldliness is powerless against a nature like his. He is untouched, unmoved by all he sees, and is about to go, when he is stopped by the irresistibly beautiful notes of a woman's voice calling him by name "Parsifal." With the music of the Herzeleid *motif* she arrests him, and taking him in memory by the association of sounds and words back to the days of his childhood, she gradually tells him how his mother died of a broken heart, when he, her only child, left her. The words, uttered with slow tragic expressivene ss,

"Und—Herzeleid—starb,"*

enter Parsifal's heart like a sword. Overcome with grief he falls at Kundry's feet. A sorrow for which he is responsible has struck him at his life's core. Consciousness has come to him, and when "la belle dame sans merci" bends over him and kisses him, in a moment he awakens fully to a sense of life's meaning, to a realization of the conflict between the world and the spirit, to a knowledge of the soul's needs. With a loud shout of "Amfortas!" he springs to his feet. Now, he knows the meaning of the suffering he gazed on unconsciously; a world of pain and restless unsatisfied longing has been revealed to him, and with the revelation has come the feeling of infinite pity. His instinctive holiness and innocence are no longer a mere shield for himself, they have become a weapon to be used in the service of others.

* "And—Herzeleid—died."

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His one longing now is to reach Amfortas. He breaks away from his surroundings, and repels Kundry, who, in fierce passionate declamation, condemns him to a life of wandering. Suddenly Klingsor appears on the battlements and hurls the holy spear at Parsifal. With calm majestic mien and folded arms he waits the charge, and lo! the spear hangs motionless above his head. He clutches it, and makes with it the sign of the cross. In a moment castle and garden are shattered, and with a wailing sob Kundry falls to the ground. It is a magnificently dramatic and significant moment, when Parsifal, at the sound of her cry, turns round from the distant battlements, and waving the holy spear aloft, calls back to her in notes in which we feel the solemnity of his divine mission of pity,

"Du weisst—wo einzig du mich wiedersiehest." *

In the third Act we are again on the Grail's domain, with Gurnemanz, an aged hermit in whom hope of deliverance is all but dead, and Kundry, penitent and dead to the world, craving only to be allowed to serve in atonement for the past. The sound of the Parsifal *motif* in a minor key (how mournful and changed from the old, glad, triumphant strain!) strikes on our ear, and he enters with slow steps in black armour, bearing in his hand the holy spear. After long wandering (to which Kundry's curses had condemned him), he has at length reached the place which his soul has sought unceasingly through much combat and conflict. No longer ignorant of sorrow, he has become

"Durch Mitleid wissend;"

and as he recognizes the ground on which he stands, the full meaning of his divine mission bursts upon him, and he realizes that the hour of deliverance is near.

In holy penitence Kundry removes his armour, and washes the stains of travel from his feet.

It is impossible to more than indicate the deep symbolic meaning of all this scene, or to give any idea of the impressive solemnity of every note, word, and act. Our hearts are penetrated by the mystic beauty of the Good Friday music, and our spirits stirred by the pæan-like strains with which Gurnemanz recognizes the holy spear, when, having anointed Parsifal King of the Grail, he leads him once more to the sanctuary. The scene here is much the same as in the first Act, but the spirit is

* "Thou know'st when only we shall meet again."

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changed. Amfortas, hopeless and worn out by long suffering, has refused to fulfil his holy office, and in consequence the faith of the brotherhood has dimmed, their strength has waned. Despair and death have entered among them. In anger they implore the King to uncover the Grail; in anguish he refuses, and tearing open his mantle, demands death at their hands. Suddenly Parsifal stands among them. Stretching out the holy spear, he heals Amfortas's wound, while in words of noble significance he blesses the power of suffering that has brought knowledge to the "guileless fool." Amfortas sinks in holy ecstasy before him, as Parsifal steps up to the altar. The lights are gradually lowered, and the knights fall prostrate in attitudes of deep devotion. Then to a glorious burst of music, the sound of many voices proclaiming redemption and peace from pain, Parsifal uncovers the Grail. Light falls on him from above, as he stands holding the holy vessel aloft, the saviour of the order, spiritualized by Renunciation, alike redeemed and redeeming by the divine power of Pity.

As the curtain closed on the night of that first performance, a solemn hush fell on the whole audience, as quietly and reverently we passed out into the still night-air. Feelings had been too deeply stirred to find expression in applause; silence seemed the fitting tribute to the ideality and religious nature of the drama we had been witnessing. Only later, as the mystic glamour passed off under the influence of every-day surroundings, did we realize and speak of the perfectness of the performance in its details; of the whole-hearted earnest devotion of each and all the actors, of the beauty and seeming reality of the scenery and stage-setting, of the supreme achievement of the orchestra under Herr Levi's direction.

It would be difficult to imagine a finer impersonation of "Parsifal" than Herr Van Dyck's. Heart and soul he has thrown himself into the part and made it his own. Equally in the childish innocence and simplicity of the "guileless fool," and in the kingly nature of the hero sanctified by suffering, he has realized the Poet-Musician's ideal. Never for a moment did he seem conscious of self, audience, or surroundings. The Opera-singer was forgotten—the Knight of the Grail was realized.

Very fine too in its different way was Herr Reichmann's rendering of Amfortas. He seemed to go up the whole scale of human suffering, from pathetic hopelessness to passionate despair, and made us realize by voice and gesture the greatness

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of the loss of holiness, the pain to a noble nature of conscious failure. Kundry we saw that first evening impersonated by Frau Materna, later in the week by Fräulein Malten. Frau Materna's voice is of unequalled beauty and fulness, powerful to move to tears, and to stir to enthusiasm; but in Fräulein Malten's conception of the part there was a poetry, a depth of comprehension, and a dramatic realization of the two conflicting elements in the nature, which one missed in the older singer; but where both were so fine, it is invidious and ungrateful to draw comparisons.

The two other operas given this year were "Tristan und Isolde," and "the Meistersinger of Nürnberg." Unlike Parsifal, both have been given at various times in all the best theatres in Europe, and most of the audience assembled at Baireuth had had opportunities of seeing them performed on other stages. But from the first notes of the Tristan overture to the last grand chorus of the "Meistersinger" they were aware of a *something* they had always missed before. Here, where the spirit of the "Meister" still breathes, and speaks from every stock and stone; where his living presence and influence worked among singers, directors, and musicians, teaching and training them to his own standard; there is a sustained perfection, a restrained enthusiasm in every part of the performance that can be met with nowhere else. Probably in no other two operas could the sense of the universal grasp of Wagner's mind, and of the vast range of his creative genius, have been brought home to us with more convincing force. In Lohengrin we should still have been on the territory of the Grail; in Tannhäuser we are ever conscious of the conflict between the powers of good and of evil; in the Nibelungenring, though the setting is different, the inner significance, the ethical teaching is the direct precursor of Parsifal. From Brunhilde's sacrifice and renunciation to Parsifal, the man who "can best tell how to suffer," and is thus "conqueror of himself and lord of the world," is a direct step. But in "Tristan und Isolde" we are in another world. In the tender lyric grace, and sonorous ring of this love-poem, we seem to hear language other than we listened to in Parsifal. Our spirits are possessed by the mystic dreamy beauty, the passionate yearning of the music, and we are held chained by a spell that would be almost pain, but for the satisfying element inseparable from great beauty. There is no relief of dramatic action, little variety from the one unending theme of love and love-longing, of

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passionate pain at the limitations of mortality, of impassioned yearning for a fuller, freer existence.

In striking contrast to the poetic fervour and ideality—the pure white flame of passion of "Tristan und Isolde," is the naturalism, the humour, the simple noble humanity of the "Meistersinger of Nürnberg." With a sound, a word, the mist of centuries is dispelled, and German life in the Middle Ages is before us. Here they come—the laughing, dancing apprentices; here are the various burgher guilds, with their picturesque trappings, and characteristic music; here are the worthy Meistersingers, with their formal, stereotyped theories of Art; and here, towering above them all, as the distant "Burg" in the background towers above his own beautiful Nürnberg, is the grand genial figure of Hans Sachs—noblest of friends, most unselfish of lovers. There is a stately measured tread about the music of his part, a depth of manliness, a wistful tenderness, and a strong simple piety, which makes us realize the man as no mere words could. In him we have as ruling motive the same spirit of selfless renunciation, which we find in King Marke ("Tristan und Isolde") and in Brunhilde, and which has its final ideal expression in Parsifal.

Parsifal—for that after all is the idea to which we always come back, the figure that stands out prominently against the background of our consciousness, whenever we think or speak of Baireuth. What the Sistine Madonna is to other pictures, what the Venus of Milo to other statues, that is Parsifal to other music-dramas. There is a lonely splendour about the conception, a unique feeling of consecration about the performance which is indescribable, incommunicable.

E. C. SELLAR.

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A Visit to the "Institute Pasteur."

WHILE the Pasteur controversy is still occupying the public mind, and every country is busily engaged in discussing the pros and cons of hydrophobia and inoculation, a few particulars regarding the present aspect of the Pasteur Institution may perhaps be of some public interest.

When in Paris lately, I had the good fortune to be introduced to M. Pasteur, and permitted personally to inspect his Institution. The building, which is situated far from the fashionable world in the Rue Dutot, resembles in appearance a new and well-appointed hospital, being clean, light, and airy, with wide passages and large windows. One portion is set apart for the dwelling of this man of science, so that he literally lives in the midst of his work. The edifice was built for M. Pasteur by international public subscription, England being one of the few countries that did not subscribe.

The French State, which has always been noted for its generosity to science, in the case of M. Pasteur held out an unusually generous hand, otherwise probably inoculation for hydrophobia might never have been discovered, for experiments are costly, and necessarily numerous, and M. Pasteur not being a man of large means, if he had been hampered by the worry of expense at every turn, could never have accomplished such an enormous amount of research with such satisfactory results. So anxious is he for others to benefit by his experience, that his large laboratory contains fourteen tables, at which are found students of all nationalities and ages, from 25 to 50, some of them men who have already made their mark in science. To these students no charge is made beyond the price of materials they use; and every facility for scientific research is provided.

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The laboratory is beautifully clean and well arranged, each worker having a large table fitted up with gas-jets, washing, carbolic apparatus, chemical stands, cupboards, &c. While every kind of heating, freezing, water, or disinfecting machine is ready for use.

My brother, Vaughan Harley, being lucky enough to be working at one of these tables, I had the advantage of his explanations of the *modus operandi*, as well as the more scientific descriptions of M. Pasteur and Dr. Roux.

When one speaks of the "Institute Pasteur," it is a mistake to imagine that it is an institution limited to the consideration of the rabies question alone, for, on the contrary, although the cure of rabies and cattle-plague may be said to be the chief objects of study, the bacteriology of every febrile disease affecting the animal kingdom forms a part of the investigations conducted in the laboratory. Consequently it appeals to our wider sympathies, in so far as the welfare of all our domestic animals is also considered.

As rabies and cattle-plague are, at present, of most public interest, I will limit my remarks to them, and give a few statistics regarding the fatality of these diseases, with and without inoculation, which may surprise some of my readers.

M. Pasteur, after his marvellous discoveries of germs of ferments and chicken cholera, turned his attention to the saving of human life; and as hydrophobia was not only a terrible disease, but one for which no remedy was known, he naturally set himself to work to discover its origin and cure. By stamping out or curing the disease in dogs, he hoped to be able to lessen the danger to human life.

Many years of labour proved to him that by inoculation he could give the disease, or cure it, in a dog; but it was not until July 1885 that the experiment was tried on a human being.

The first patient, a small lad, having been severely bitten in some dozen places, on the hands, arms, and legs, his mother, a simple peasant, brought him from Alsace and asked M. Pasteur to do the same to her son she heard he "did to dogs to prevent their getting hydrophobia." Pasteur hesitated; but having procured medical advice, all of which concurred as to the impossibility of the child's recovery, he (not being himself a doctor) let his surgeons inoculate the boy, which operation was repeated fourteen times—on two occasions twice in twenty-four

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hours, to accomplish the task as quickly as possible. The child has not only never showed symptoms of hydrophobia, though it is now over four years since he was treated, but is fast growing to manhood.

During the four years that have elapsed since M. Pasteur inoculated his first patient, no fewer than seven thousand persons have been treated in the Paris Institution alone, of whom seventy-three have died, that is to say, about one per cent., while before he commenced his inoculation treatment, from fifteen to twenty per cent. invariably succumbed.

Pasteur has now made the interesting discovery that the nearer the part bitten is to the brain, the shorter is the period of incubation, and the more virulent the attack of the disease produced. While the ordinary mortality in such cases is eighty per cent., M. Pasteur by his treatment has reduced it to four per cent. Surely these facts speak for themselves!

I will now give a short description of the *modus operandi* of the inoculation itself as I saw it.

The large outer hall of the Institution by eleven o'clock contained eighty-nine persons composed of all classes, all nationalities, and all ages, who had come to be inoculated (free of charge), having previously had the misfortune to have been bitten by some rabid animal. On the right hand of the hall is a regular office, in which every case, with all particulars, is most carefully registered.

The cases are divided into three distinct groups:—

1st. Patients bitten by dogs supposed to be mad.
2nd. „ „ „ certified to be mad.
3rd. „ „ „ proved to have been mad by subsequent inoculation.

After the patient has furnished every possible particular, he crosses the passage to a small room on the left, where the inoculation is performed. There sits the operator, who is assisted by a doctor, a nurse, and a clerk, furnished with full particulars, and the number of each case.

The process is a remarkably simple one. A small hypodermic syringe, filled with the preparation, is injected under the skin, the point of the instrument being no bigger than a wool needle; the operation is as trifling as it is painless, and occupies about five seconds. It is repeated on fourteen successive days; the dose being made slightly stronger each time.

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So quickly is the inoculation accomplished, and with such system, that the eighty-nine patients on this occasion were all attended to in forty minutes, and had all left the hall in less than an hour, although several cases of bad bites required surgical dressing before being sent away.

That waiting-room had indeed presented a curious spectacle, as may be judged from the fact that, among the anxious-faced group, I had noticed a little English girl (the first to be sent over by the Lord Mayor's Mansion House Fund), a French soldier, a Belgian fisherman, a German governess, a stately Arab in his flowing burnouse, together with some fifteen children, two or three of whom were almost babies.

While I was in the hall, an Anglo-Indian gentleman arrived. As he was unable to speak French, M. Pasteur called upon my brother to act as interpreter.

The poor man explained he had been badly bitten by a rabid animal in India a month ago. The local doctor amputated his mutilated finger as quickly as possible, notwithstanding which, a large abscess formed on the back of his hand, extending to the wrist; whereupon the doctor persuaded him to quit India at once, and put himself under treatment at the Institute Pasteur.

He landed at Marseilles, and came straight to Paris, where he only arrived the previous evening. Besides having an abscess on the hand, the whole of his arm was enormously swollen, and most painful. The description the poor man gave of his mental and physical sufferings during the voyage home was pitiable, his one hope being that he might arrive in time, although from the nature of his wound he felt there must be very great danger.

The range of incubating periods, in persons known to have been bitten by really rabid animals, according to M. Pasteur, are as follows:—

20	per cent.	manifest the disease	in	30 days.
50	„	„	„	60 days.
70	„	„	„	90 days.
90	„	„	„	120 days.

The longest incubation period as yet authentically known is one solitary case, where the symptoms did not appear till fifteen months after the person was bitten, thus showing the incubating period of rabies may be from thirty days to fifteen months, a very much longer period than is usual in other germ diseases,

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such as scarlet-fever, whooping-cough, typhus, typhoid, cholera, measles, or small-pox.

It may be as well for me to add that, in spite of assertions to the contrary, Dr. Ruffer, one of M. Pasteur's chief assistants, mentioned at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Leeds (August 16, 1889), that there was no proof whatever that any kind of disease had ever been given to a patient through being subjected to inoculation. So safe was it considered, that not only all the assistants, but even the mere servants employed in the Pasteur Institution had been subjected to the inoculation treatment, in order to avoid the risk that might occur from their being bitten by any of the rabid animals about the establishment.

I may here mention that the kennels and hutches are all arranged on the most modern principles, beautifully clean, and splendidly kept. In the case of the kennels occupied by the rabid dogs, the walls are all ironwork, and the doors, of which there are always two and sometimes three, draw up with pulleys from above, in order to avoid any possible danger to human life.

After the death of any rabid animal, it is cremated in a proper cremating furnace, that the germs which have done so much harm during life, may do no further damage after death.

It is quite wrong to suppose that the "Dog-days" are the most favourable to canine madness. Rabies occurs among dogs in the Arctic regions, as well as in the torrid zones—indeed sixty-five of Kane's sledge-dogs died of rabies—and at M. Pasteur's Institution the largest number of patients are treated in the cold month of February, and the smallest number in the hot month of August, entirely disproving our notion of the dog-days of summer.

The term "mad dog" is a misnomer, since the word "mad" is now used to denote insanity, which is a non-febrile disease, while rabies is a febrile disease, the delirium of which is analogous to the delirium present in all bad kinds of fever, having the peculiarity that it assumes the form of irritability of temper, and hence the victims manifest it by biting, while lunatics do not bite at all, or at least very rarely.

Some dogs howl, others have a curious sharp and incessant bark; most are dejected and sullen at first, and all are more or less violent in the later stages of the disease.

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Most dogs, as well as human beings, have a horror of water in every form, either the sight, sound, or feeling of it throwing them into convulsions. This fear of water never manifests itself in the rabbit.

Some dogs die of paralysis without dread of water; but with an inability to swallow it—the mere effort to do so always bringing on a spasm of the gullet.

Paralysis is in general the last act in the drama of rabies.

Paralysis stands in an inverse ratio to that of the dread of water, in relation to the rabbit, dog, and man. In man, paralysis is rare; in the dog occasional, and common in the rabbit—which is exactly the reverse order of things in the case of the fear of water.

So beneficial has vaccination against anthrax proved, that in France the insurance companies insist on all cattle and sheep being vaccinated before they will undertake their insurance; this seems quite reasonable, considering that formerly ten per cent. of all sheep died of the disease, and now less than one per cent. lose their lives; whilst amongst cattle the mortality has decreased in much the same ratio. Last year 269,599 sheep and 34,464 cattle were vaccinated in France alone.

M. Pasteur's object at the present moment is to find some means of procuring virus to use in inoculation, without having to employ rabbits for its production.

For anthrax he has already found a way of procuring virus of the right strength when wanted, without sacrificing animal life; but in the case of rabies all attempt to save the poor rabbit has as yet been futile. Such, however, are the marvellous powers of science, that it is not likely to be long ere some mode of procuring a rabic virus will be discovered.

The reason a Pasteur Institute could not be started in London was the impossibility of sacrificing one rabbit daily for inoculation, consequently a fund was raised to send our poor to Paris to be treated by M. Pasteur—eleven cases being sent by these means in the first month. He makes no charge to any one, but requires the patient to stay somewhere in Paris for a fortnight, and appear daily at his Institution for inoculation, where the virus of the different strength required is always kept ready in a special chamber, and placed in small glass cups before use, sealed over at the top with paper to prevent any particle of dust from entering. The strength, and date are written on the paper, through which the point of the syringe enters.

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At the time of the operation there are about a dozen of these cups in use, and it is quite marvellous to see the dexterity with which the well-cleaned syringe is plunged into the right virus, for each particular patient.

Any mistake of course might cause a most serious accident; but none such ever occurs.

M. Pasteur has treated hundreds of English generously, and yet in this country more abuse is poured upon his head than gratitude—by those who have not thoroughly understood the subject.

Notwithstanding, anti-vivisectionists turn up their eyes in disgust and wring their hands in horror, at the idea of a Pasteur Institution being started in London, preferring to see their fellow-beings lose their lives rather than that one rabbit should die to save ten or fifteen living persons; other countries think differently, there being already nineteen anti-rabic Institutions in working order, while two more are in preparation. Russia heads the list with six; Italy follows with five; while others are to be found in Constantinople, Bucharest, Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Havannah, Chicago and Malta.

M. Pasteur, the originator of all this system, is a man of some seventy years, short in stature, with grey hair, and a short beard encircling a kind and genial face, warm-hearted to a degree, and possessing all the charm of French manner. He does very little personal work or research now-a-days, but carefully superintends everything done under his roof, a large portion of the work being accomplished from his own personal instructions.

M. le docteur Roux at present delivers the lectures and superintends generally under M. Pasteur, relieving his chief in every possible way from overwork.

The day we were there, Dr. Roux himself did the operations, and afterwards kindly showed us over the place. Although quite a young man, he seems to be M. Pasteur's right hand.

The army of anti-vivisectionists (amongst whom are generally to be found the long-haired class of men, and the short-haired class of women!) are the true cruelists, inasmuch as they impede experimental research, the quickest and surest way of discovering the secrets of life, which enable us to solve the dark problems of disease.

I only wish a few of these prejudiced beings, who flourish on our English soil, would go over to Paris, and see for themselves

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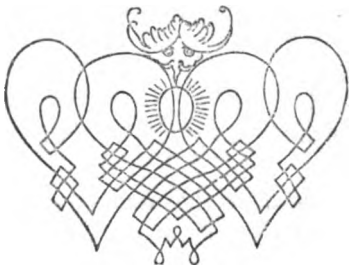
this wonderful Institution and its workings, or gain a few minutes' conversation with its originator, when I feel sure all their cries would be silenced, and they would see how much more cruelty is done in our own country under the head of sport, or in the brutal treatment of dumb animals in our streets, than is ever perpetrated in the field of science, for the safety of human lives—no animal being ever touched except under the influence of chloroform, no animal being ever sacrificed except in the interests of science, and that naturally means the interests of all animal life as well.

ETHEL B. TWEEDIE.



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Licymnia.

HOR. Od. ii. 12.

SAVAGE Numantia's years of war,
Obdurate Hannibal. Sicily sea,
Curdled to crimson with Punic gore,
These be no themes for my lyre and me.

Lapithæ brawling, Hylæus in revel.
Tumult of giants by Hercules quelled.
Lustihead earthborn that thought to level
Adamant castles by Saturn held.

Leave them, Mæcenas, 'twere better to tramp,
Timing your facts to thebeat of prose,
Following Cæsar from camp to camp,
Dressing the pageant of manacled foes.

Me the Muse summons to make thy maid,
Pretty Licymnia, duly renowned,
How her song flowed, how her love-looks played;
How she and you were in troth-plight bound,

How it beseemed her to dance and sport,
Paying the forfeit or taking the prize,
Linking with lasses in Dian's court,
Watched by the town with its numberless eyes.

Would you for wealth, by the Persian stored,
Would you for tribute that Phrygians bear,
Would you for Araby's fabulous hoard,
Give up a lock of Licymnia's hair?

When to hot kisses she turns at her leisure,
Whispers a No, which her face belies,
Glad to be robbed of what you will treasure
Apt to forestall you with gay surprise.

OFELLA.

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A Turkish Landgrabber.*

IT is just nine years—it seems only yesterday—since I first saw his tall athletic figure, his piercing eyes, like jewels set in bronze glittering in the sunlight, glancing full at me from the sun-tanned face—a noble face with proud aquiline features framed in grey locks which peeped forth like a silver rim, from under the crimson fez which he wore and which seemed to be part of himself, to have grown to him, so inseparable was it from the head which it covered. Stepan Boda, such was my friend's name, lived in a good-sized farm, his own property, in the outskirts of Antivari, a little town reduced to ruin in the last war and then ceded to Montenegro. But the Angel of War had been kind to Stepan, and had not overshadowed his house; there were nothing but signs of peace. It stood in a homely farm-yard, where I loved to saunter in the caressing rays of the sun, full of those sounds and objects sweet to the soul of a country-bred man. There was a great stack of dried maize-stocks against which I used to nestle and sketch, and under which the fowls would congregate in clucking harmony to scratch up treasures from the earth; and I used to watch them lazily for more hours than I like to confess, giving sudden digs with an air of dubious expectancy, exploring the result with looks of pleased surprise, darting pecks at their discoveries in victorious satisfaction, until I almost felt my soul transmigrating into them, and myself their sympathetic companion with no ogreish suspicion of the future meals they would provide. Then a fierce old watch-dog, who abominated strangers and who at first regarded me with keen suspicion, would come and poke his friendly nose under my indolently dropped hand, and

* The chief incidents of this attempt at "landgrabbing" are related in as nearly as possible the same terms as they were to the writer by the principal actor in them. It will be observed that they took place some forty years ago, and it should be added that of recent years no similar occurrences, so far as the writer is aware, have taken place in Turkey.

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press his head upwards for a caress, whilst the tip of his tail, slowly wagging, made tiny regular beats on the ground and set fragments of straw in little puffs of dust dancing in the sunlight, so many atoms of gold shining through ruddy mist until, his suspicions aroused by some sight or sound without the range of my dull human sense, he would dart away and round the other side of the house, furiously awaking the echoes with his deep bass bark. Straightway I would forget him and watch with sleepy approbation the gambolling of the calves in the meadow beyond, where their mothers lay reflectively chewing the cud, from time to time lazily whisking tails against aggressive flies, or giving a faint grumbling low of disapproval at the outrageous activity of their offspring despite the hot summer sun; or would let my eyes wander slowly along the deep-eaved wall with the ladder leaning up against it where the olive-press was, and further on to the wooden stair-way leading up from the yard to the loft, until they rested finally on the grey olive trees through which from afar off shone patches of the blue Adriatic. A sleepy, happy, lotus-eating kind of being I was at such times, the monotonous murmur of the summer insects in the scented air and lazy chirping of birds, and distant tinkling of sheep-bells, lulling me to greater repose, with only a distant consciousness that I ought to be sketching and not idle to make the repose all the more delicious.

"Heugh!" I am woken up one afternoon, as indeed I was on many, from some such delicious excursion into the Land of Forgetfulness, by the curious throat whistle of my friend Boda, the sound with which Albanian shepherds call the attention of their sheep. I watched him from under half-closed eyelids—his tall commanding figure, his noble features, and his curious, feeble, tottering gait. I had frequently wondered at the contrast presented by this gait—the gait of a broken-down old man—to the rest of his demeanour and apparent strength, but had never forgotten politeness so far as to show my curiosity.

"Well, Sir," said Boda (I may here mention that we conversed either in Italian, which is spoken all down that coast, or Turkish, in both of which tongues I was pretty proficient), "I hope the cock did not annoy you again last night, and that Maria is learning how to attend upon you."

"Maria," I answered, "is most attentive. I could not ask to be better waited upon. The cock" (I should here mention that the fowl-house was underneath my bed-room) "began to crow

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at about half-past one in the morning and continued until day-break when I arose."

"I shall slay the cock," said Boda impressively.

"Can I help you to catch him?" I asked.

"No, he is a tame bird and will come at my call," he replied, tottering away to put his decision into execution; "you shall have him for supper. I am coming back—I wish to speak to you."

Whilst he is slaying the cock, I will state for my readers' information that the rest of the household consisted of Boda's wife, an energetic grey-haired woman, with bright, piercing eyes, completely devoted to her husband; and Maria, a woman of say between forty-five and fifty, active, and having the remains of what had evidently been remarkable beauty, but very nervous and shy, who helped in the cooking and cleaning, and the small amount of waiting that I required. She spoke to me as little as possible, indeed she scarcely ever spoke to any one, though quiet and firm affection seemed to dwell in the little household. In a few minutes Boda returned.

"He will trouble you no more unless he gives you evil dreams to-night," said he, smiling. "It is a pity; he was a fine bird, and I loved him, but you know the Turkish proverb, 'The untimely crowing cock has his head cut off.' Well! Well! he must have died some time or other. And now permit me to ask you, my Effendi,—will you pardon me if I change some of the furniture in your room? You shall be incommoded as little as possible, and——"

"The furniture is yours, my dear Boda," I interrupted, "pray make no ceremony; I have my camp equipment with me, and could really do without furniture as long as you leave me the room."

"I am ashamed to ask you this," said Boda; "it is utterly against my desire. The fact is"—here he blushed and stammered,—"the fact is, that my eldest son has asked for his portion, and to-morrow I must divide my goods, and give him his share."

I began to think that I was still dozing, and that my dreams had taken the shape of the "Prodigal Son," with Boda acting the part of the father. I watched Arslan, the dog, gathering himself together for a mighty bark, in the expectation that he would act like the ordinary dream animal and turn into something else, or that instead of barking he would speak. But he gave vent to so uncompromising a wide-awake bark that the cows, startled,

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slowly got up and looked round to see what was the matter, and a cat, creeping cautiously along the eaves on its way to the loft, stopped, wagged its tail, stealthily seated itself, and smiled down defiance.

"But what do you do that for?" I enquired. "Surely you are not bound to split up your property during your lifetime unless you desire?"

Boda looked at me with quiet surprise. "Of course my son has a right to his portion," he said; "it is the same in your country."

My contradiction of this statement was met by Boda with polite disbelief, and an evident impression that I was sadly ignorant.

"It is the same," said Boda, extending his remark, "in all countries."

I must say that I looked forward to the partition with much interest, and my curiosity was rewarded by my being the witness of an unexpected and to me, at the time, inexplicable scene. The two sons of Boda arrived with their wives on the morrow, both fine-looking young men, and apparently a little ashamed of their position. It did not require five minutes for me to perceive that it was the wife of the eldest son who was at the bottom of it all, and who was egging him on. This lady quickly let down her yashmak (I have forgotten to say that the Boda family was Catholic, but the Albanian Catholic ladies are quite as particular about their yashmaks as their Mussulman country-women), and, with great shrillness of voice and volubility of tongue, set about claiming half of everything of value in the house—everything. There were two brass candlesticks in my room: she took one; there was a large mirror: she said she must have half; it could be divided into frame and glass—the frame she would leave to the father, the glass she would take. This caused a most excited discussion, at the end of which she relinquished her claim on condition of receiving ample compensation in some other form. There were two iron bedsteads in the house, one used by old Boda and one by me; she wanted mine. After more wrangling, old Boda went and whispered in her ear, but she was not to be lulled into such weakness as a whisper.

"Then give the Effendi your own," she bawled; "he is not my guest, and can't lie on my bed."

Gradually her husband—the other son stood quite aloof, and accepted shamefacedly what had been allotted as his portion—got dragged into the quarrelling, at first half-heartedly, but

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finally to quite as thorough an extent as his wife could wish. The climax was reached when the discussion turned upon the kitchen utensils. So far as I could make out, young Boda and his wife claimed them all: their claim was indignantly repulsed. Old Boda at last began to grow really angry; he turned a deaf ear to his daughter-in-law, and bitterly reproached his son with his undutiful behaviour. The latter answered scornfully, and tempers were running dangerously high, when suddenly, to my intense surprise, Maria—the quiet Maria, who hardly ever addressed a word to any one, and who till that moment had seemed to stand an indifferent spectator of the scene—stepped forward with eyes and face aflame, and addressed to the younger Boda an apostrophe of startling energy and violence. She upbraided him and scolded at him with increasing fury, whilst all of us, as well as himself, stood looking at her in silent wonder, until her rage seemed to outdo her power of speech and she came to a full stop. Then she gathered herself together as if for a final effort, and deliberately spat in his face. For a moment surprise continued to hold every one still, and then young Boda, with a kind of angry growl, advanced upon her with arm upraised, as if to strike her to the ground. At once, with dramatic rapidity, the scene changed. Old Boda, seeming for an instant to regain his strength, was at one stride between the man and the woman, faced his son, and raised his arm as if he too were about to strike. His wife and other son rushed forward to prevent the unnatural collision, whilst Maria, white as a sheet, her eyes still aflame, clenched her hands and seemed to be preparing to make a spring, like some wild animal, upon the young man the moment the first blow was struck, and the other two women cowered in a corner, frightened at the result which the rapacity of one of them had produced. But young Boda had half crouched down, and stretched out his hand as if to deprecate the blow which his father seemed ready to deal him. Thus for a moment they all stood; and never to my dying day shall I forget the extraordinarily dramatic picture they formed.

"Strike her not," said old Boda at last, in a commanding tone; "whoever strikes her, strikes me."

"Quite right," said his wife.

I can remember no more of what passed about the partition, I could pay it no more attention; I kept on going over this scene in my mind, and endeavouring to explain it. I am ashamed to say that I arrived at conclusions concerning the relations

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between old Boda and Maria not flattering to either of them, and only remained puzzled by the attitude of his wife. This I at last put down to "customs of the country," and felt satisfied.

A few days later, Boda approached me with the subject upon which I had always been so curious.

"Have you," he asked, "never considered it curious that a man of my build should be so crippled in his walk?"

"Well," I replied, "yes, I have."

"Ah!" [said Boda. "Well, my Effendi, after what you witnessed here the other day, I should like to tell you the story, if it will not tire you."

"Not at all," I answered; "I should of all things like to hear it."

My story (said Boda, after a short pause and with an evident effort to begin) is a sad one, and I fear it will not amuse you. About thirty years ago, I was a young man; I feared nobody; I was rich and influential; I wanted nothing. I was strong and active, no one could wrestle with me. At the time I am speaking of I had been married about three years; both my sons were already born. Now it happened that at about that time a new Mütessarif* had come to Antivari, who was, even for their way, more greedy and rapacious than usual. I was in the Council of Notables, and had more than once endeavoured to stop some cruel injustice being done to the poor and powerless. Thus it came to be that the Mütessarif conceived a great enmity and dislike for me, and no doubt promised himself that he would be revenged. Now turning over in his mind how he could best strike me, it must have occurred to him that he would begin by ruining me; and one day he sent me a message, saying that he required a piece of my land, and would pay me fair and full price for it. You will understand, my Effendi, that for a Mütessarif a fair and full price is not the hundredth part of the real value of the property; moreover, even that price which he binds himself to pay, he never pays. The piece of land which he chose of mine was about the third of my property, and the richest which I had. I accordingly sent back word to say that I required no money, that my land was not more than I could work, and that I respectfully declined his kind offer. I heard that the Mütessarif was incensed at what he called my insolence, and that he made a vow that if the dog (meaning me) would not give up peaceably what was required of him, it should

* District governor.

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be wrested from him by force. Not a day then passed that the Mütessarif did not send me up a messenger to urge me to sell my land; he even increased his price, though, as he never would have paid anything, that made but little difference. I, however, remained unmoved, and determined that not one arschin of ground should he have. He even took to openly threatening me when he by chance met me; but I laughed at his threats, for I was powerful, and had many friends who, if he had tried to use force, would have stood together and supported me. At last he seemed to grow tired before my obstinacy, and for some time I heard nothing from him; I began to hope that he had been conquered by my many refusals, and would thenceforward leave me in peace. But one day I again saw a messenger coming to me from the Mütessarif, and though I felt angry at his persistence, I could not but laugh within myself at the fresh refusal he would receive, and the rage he would be in. To my surprise the messenger brought nothing but words of peace and friendship. The Mütessarif, he said, was sorry that unfriendliness should have grown between us on account of a piece of land; he valued my good-will more than a few deunums, which God would provide for him elsewhere; he begged me to forget all that had passed, and to mark our reconciliation by coming that day to dine with him, bringing my wife also that she might receive hospitality in his harem. Now I knew the Mütessarif to be an evil man, and I conceived suspicions that under these smooth words there lurked some base treachery; therefore, after careful consideration, I replied, also with honeyed words, saying that I was just gathering in my wine harvest, and that I begged he would have me excused. In less than an hour the messenger returned; the Mütessarif, he said, was grieved at my refusal, it seemed that I was of an unforgiving heart and determined to be at enmity with him; moreover a refusal to such an invitation looked as if I doubted his, the Mütessarif's, honour and feared that his hospitality covered evil designs; he could not, said the messenger, doubt my courage, which was widely famed abroad, but nevertheless, in order to reassure me, he gave me his word of honour that no harm should come to me or mine, and he begged therefore that I would no longer refuse, but would, with my wife, honour his invitation. I still suspected him, but the allusion to my courage was too much for me, and I gave way. "Take many salutes to the Mütessarif from me," I said; "tell him that I fear nothing; that I will leave my work for to-day and

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will be with him in an hour, and my wife shall come with me to pass on and pay her respects to the hannum." Then I turned and went to prepare myself. My wife was much frightened, and tried hard to dissuade me. But I would not listen to her; I bade her hold her peace, and not bother me with her woman's fears, but make herself ready to come with me. And so I walked forth with her from my home and went to the Konak. As we passed through the gates, and my wife left my side to turn to the door of the harem, I saw the Mütessarif seated under a big tree which was there, smoking a *narghilé*. He rose when he saw me, and advanced smiling towards me as if graciously to receive me. And even as I was bowing to make my first salaam to him, I was seized suddenly from behind and thrown on my back, and so was held by two men whilst a third bound my hands and feet. So suddenly was this done, and so completely was I taken by surprise that I had no time to resist. Within a minute after I had passed the gate I was lying a helpless log on the ground. I had heard my wife give a shriek, and could see from where I lay that she had been roughly stopped by two men, and forced to stay where she was. Then I heard the gates shut.

"Bring him here," said the Mütessarif. And they dragged me to him.

"Now, you dog," cried the Mütessarif, "will you give me that land or not?" I heard my wife crying to me not to be obstinate, but to bow before the will of the Mütessarif, and so obtain mercy, and go in peace and safety.

"Silence, woman!" I called to her. "You make me fear that you are the mother of cowards. Cease your crying, for I will not let my courage ooze through your eyes." But she stopped me again with her wailing. "Yield, Stepan, yield," she sobbed; "they will kill you; I shall have you no more, and your children will be fatherless. Yield! am not I and your children better than all your land?"

Then I paid her no more attention, and looking at the Mütessarif, I said, "This, Effendi, is no doubt a joke you are playing upon me, but you have frightened my wife too much. Tell these fellows to unbind me, and let me go, for we have had enough of this play."

The Mütessarif was smoking his *narghilé*, and evilly smiling to himself as he heard my wife's mourning. "Will you give me the land?" he said.

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"No," I said; "I have told you I will not. But do you forget your message to me—your word of honour that if I came to you now no harm should come to me or mine?"

"Empty words," he answered, disdainfully; "what have such dogs as you to do with honour? If I want to kill an obstinate beast, do not I hold him out a tempting morsel in one hand and plunge my knife into him with the other? Is there any necessity that I should feel my honour hurt because he believes in the pleasant meal, and knows not of the knife? Honour!" said he, laughing bitterly, "what an insolent knave this is, to be sure! Will you give up your land, fellow?" he concluded, furiously.

For an instant my heart fell, as I heard my dear young wife weeping and moaning to herself; but when I saw the Mütessarif smiling evilly again at her sobs, and smoking quietly the while, my rage knew no bounds. "No!" I shouted, "I would sooner die first! Do your worst, hound, and may the curse of God be upon you and your children for ever!"

"Then go on," said the Mütessarif, in a quiet voice, and settling himself back to smoke more comfortably.

At these words two men, who till then had been hidden behind the tree, came forth dragging between them two upright posts, with a horizontal plank fixed between them about three feet from the ground, in the centre of which were scooped two semicircular notches. They brought this up to me, then raising my feet from the ground, they bared them, whilst I did not struggle, for I saw that it was useless, and scorned to show fear, and bound my ankles tightly into the notches, my feet projecting over the other side. Then they went behind the tree again, and brought forth each a bundle of long heavy sticks, every stick as thick as three fingers. They each selected a stick, and went and stood on each side of me behind the posts.

"Will you give me the land?" said the Mütessarif.

"No," I replied through my set teeth.

"Then go on," said the Mütessarif in the same voice as before.

I saw the sticks go up and descend with all the force the men could command upon the soles of my feet. The pain was such that it seemed to me as if a mountain of agony had risen up from each foot, and was reaching up to the blue sky above me. At each blow the mountains sprang up higher, until they seemed to fill all space; they seemed to crush me under their weight, and their bases were lakes of living fire. I heard my wife

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shrieking, but it seemed as if the shrieks were an immeasurable distance off. My ears were full of confused sound, and the sky seemed to come down and meet my eyes; I saw the branches of the tree between me and it, but they seemed to be part of my brain, and the leaves tortured me by their shivering. Yet the men had only struck me five times. Then there was a pause, and I heard the voice of the Mütessarif, mingled with my wife's screams, coming to me as if from far away, "Will you give me the land?"

"No," I panted, but my voice was as the voice of another, I knew it not.

"Then go on." I thought it was the voice of the devil wafted to me from hell.

My legs seemed to have grown to two huge pillars upon which those fearful burning mountains were set; the burning mountains seemed to be so full of raging fire that they were stretched beyond the strength of their sides; when the blows recommenced the mountains burst and fell in rivers of fiery torment down the pillars, but new mountains sprung up at once and took their place: heavy crushing mountains of ice at first, but changing at once to the fires of hell again. The sky grew black, the leaves shook my brain with agony, my head burst, and I knew no more. My wife has told me the rest. After twenty strokes the Mütessarif stopped them and addressed the same question as before—"Will you give me the land?" But this time he got no answer. He asked louder, but I made no sign nor sound. Then he rose and came and looked at me, puffing smoke in my face; after which he went and sat down again comfortably by his *narghilé* and said, "Go on." One hundred blows they struck me on each foot; they had to continually take fresh sticks, for the force of the blows soon shivered them to pieces. At the end, my feet were shapeless lumps of mutilated bleeding flesh, my legs swollen to twice their natural size, the nails had fallen from my toes and lay in pools of blood upon the ground. When the Mütessarif gave the final signal for them to stop, he had my wife brought up to me and told her brutally that she might walk back with me now, that the dinner was finished and he had no more to say; then he rose and sauntered off into the Konak. She told me that even my executioners seemed to take some pity on her then, for they procured a litter and carriers for her, and bid her hasten to take me away lest the Mütessarif should change his mind.

For six months afterwards I lay near death; many times they

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thought that my legs would have to be cut off; but in the end my strength triumphed and I recovered my health. But two things I lost. I have never since been able to walk except with the tottering gait of a feeble old man. I have walked like that (said Boda, sighing) for thirty years. And I lost my spirit; it was broken. My friends came in and offered revenge, but I would not listen to them; only I had made up my mind obstinately that I would never give up my land, and it is mine still."

Here Boda paused, and thinking that his story was finished, I said, "What a horrible story, my poor friend! I feel myself that I would like to take vengeance for you on that cruel devil of a Mütessarif. What became of him? Surely such an act was not allowed to pass unpunished?"

"Wait, my Effendi!" replied Boda. "I have more to say." He paused for a moment, evidently under the effect of strong emotion; then he continued:

I had a younger brother called Agostin, a splendid young fellow, beloved by every one, but by me as if he were another self. When I got well again, he came to me and said, "Stepan, you must revenge yourself; no Skipetar can remain under such insult and offence as you have suffered at the hands of that dog of a Mütessarif unavenged. I would have shot him myself long ago, but whilst there was hope that you would live, I would not step in your place and take that pleasure away from you. Now you are well, you must lie in wait for him and shoot him. Fear no consequences; I and many other lusty friends are here to protect you." But, as I told you, my spirit was broken, and though before I would never have refused a *vendetta*, I could not now bring myself to contemplate doing as my brother urged me. I knew he thought me a coward; but he was generous, and knowing the suffering I had been through, he never reproached me with my want of courage, though he did not cease to endeavour to persuade me. At last, seeing that he could not rouse my spirit, he told me he should kill the Mütessarif himself. I strove hard to dissuade him, but for all answer he swore the *vendetta* against the Mütessarif, and with a laugh bid me hold my peace. The time of Agostin's wedding was then drawing nigh; he was engaged to a lovely girl, the only child of a widow in Antivari. It is not the custom amongst us, as you know, to

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see courtship or love before marriage; the match is arranged by the parents of the young couple, and the bridegroom buys his wife at the price of a cow or two, or other valuables. But Agostin was an exception; he had fallen in love with the girl and longed for the day of wedding her. She could bring him no property; but he had his portion of land and his dwelling, and desired her only. He grew happier and happier as the day came closer, and I was glad not only for that, but because he seemed to have forgotten the *vendetta*, and I hoped that his marriage would make him change his mind, for I feared the Mütessarif in spite of my resolution to keep my land, and foresaw some evil to my dear Agostin, should he endeavour to execute his oath. On the eve of his wedding-day he came and sat with me for a long time; he spoke of his happiness, and of how he loved his bride, and of his impatience at the length of the hours which separated her from him, and of how he would have her mother to dwell with them. "And you, my poor Stepan," he said affectionately; "I know you cannot leap and dance like the others." I saw his face darken as he remembered why, and the fear came over my heart again. "But," he continued, "you must nevertheless be one of my bride's escort, and be a witness of my carrying her across my threshold. I cannot do without you at the happiest occasion of my life." I promised I would come, and we kissed each other lovingly, and then he went out from my house, singing a Turkish love-song, as happy as any man the sun shone upon.

The next day I went to the house of the bride to join in the escort which was to accompany her to my brother's house. You know that our custom is that the bride, veiled head to foot and mounted on a horse, should be taken by her own friends and those of the bridegroom to the bridegroom's house; there he lifts her from the horse, carries her into his house, bids her welcome, and unveils her. Afterwards is the marriage-feast. So the procession started; on my account it advanced at a slow pace; but it was none the less merry and joyous for that. At the head was an *improvvisatore*, playing wild and happy music on his clarionet, and the men were dancing and leaping round the bride's horse, firing their pistols into the air and shouting her praises aloud for all passers-by to hear, whilst the summer sun shone down upon us to gladden our hearts. When we neared my brother's house, and I saw the door wide open, and I thought of my brother waiting inside in rich happiness, his heart beating as he heard the bridal noise drawing close, I felt my own

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heart beat in sympathy with his, and I was happier than I ever thought I could have been after the wreck of me by the bastinado; I loved my brother so dearly. I looked for him when we were quite close, but he did not show himself. When we stopped at the door, the firing and the playing ceased, and we waited for him to appear. "Come out, thou sluggard, Agostin!" called out one, "art thou afraid of our firing at thee?" Then there was a laugh, and another shouted, "Nay, he is shy, and is hiding from the eyes of his wife," and they laughed again. Still Agostin came not. "We must go in and drag him forth," called a third, and indeed, as Agostin gave no answer, two or three of his most intimate friends entered the house, and I tottered after them. But before I had reached the door they came out again with surprised faces; he was not there. The clarionet played joyfully again, and the firing of the pistols recommenced in order to call him. For more than an hour we waited, and the wedding-guests began to ask me impatiently what we were to do, when two mounted Zaptiehs suddenly rode up to the house.

"What's all this?" said one. "Go away all of you, whilst we seal up the house."

"You are mistaken," I said, with a great fear at my heart; "this is Agostin Boda's house, and his wedding-day, and we are waiting for him to come and take his bride."

"There will be no wedding to-day," said the Zaptieh, not roughly; he seemed a good fellow enough and sorry, "Agostin Boda is in prison at the Konak."

"In the name of God, what for?" I cried.

"He has killed the Mütessarif, and is in prison," said the Zaptieh; "it is no use your waiting here; you had better all go away."

The wedding-party had commenced rapidly to break up in dismay, when I heard a sobbing sigh and a heavy fall. We had forgotten the bride; she had fallen from the horse in a dead faint. Poor child! it was a sad unveiling; instead of the loving bridegroom proudly unveiling her, whilst she blushed and smiled and thrilled under his touch, it was I, with heavy fear and bitter sadness at my heart, who, hastily enough indeed, tore the veil from her to give her water and restore her, and saw her there with her face deathly white, and the long lines of tears wet upon her face. When she came to herself again she got up and, sobbing the while as if her heart would break, she disposed her

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dress to look as little bridal as possible. Then she said to me through her tears, "Stepan Boda, take me home." So I seated her on her horse and we set our faces homewards. We passed over the ground which only two hours before we had trodden with joyful hearts, surrounded by the merry noisy wedding-party; now we were alone, I tottering painfully and leaning heavily on her horse for support, she riding by my side, her face hidden in her hands, shaking with sobs. Well! my Effendi, I tried hard to see my brother in prison, but they would not let me; so I have never been able to find out for certain by what evil chance it happened that he met his opportunity for vengeance on his wedding-morning. From what the Zaptiehs, whom my friends and I questioned continually afterwards, let drop, I believe that he had seen the Mütessarif pass his house apparently alone, that he had seized his rifle on the spot and shot him dead there and then. But there was an escort, which my brother had not seen because it was hidden by a rise in the ground, only a hundred paces or so behind, so that he was taken red-handed. I say I believe that to be true, though nothing is certain, because Agostin was a hot-headed youth, and would not have waited to consider, if he thought he saw his chance.

"And what became of him?" I asked.

"God knows only," replied Stepan; "from that time to this I have never seen him, nor even been able to obtain any news of his fate. He may be living still; he may have died then. The Turkish authorities here would never tell me anything or give me any clue. I even went to Stamboul, and after much time and great difficulty my whole story and Agostin's were laid before the Padischah. They told me that the Padischah was furious, and declared that the Mütessarif richly deserved to be killed, and that Agostin had done no more than was right. They bid me return to Antivari happy, for the Padischah would give the order that Agostin should at once be restored to me. And I did return happy with the hope in my heart. But either the Padischah forgot me, for I am humble, or else the order was given and they could not restore me Agostin and were ashamed to tell me. It is nearly thirty years since I saw him walking away from my house in the light of the setting sun, joyfully singing his Turkish love-song, his heart full of his beloved and the morrow which would give her to him. I long clung to the hope that one day I should see him return to us, but now that hope has quite died away. Only the priest says that I shall

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meet him again in the Afterwards, and I try to content myself with the thought of our joy, his and mine, and hers who was to have been his wife, at meeting."

Stepan's voice trembled as he concluded his story, and the big tears stood in his eyes. Far away behind the blue Adriatic the setting sun was sinking, and the plain below us was glowing in the mellow golden light, the warm shadows growing longer and longer as if they were striving to carry a message of hope for the morrow to the East. From a distant Khan the wild music of an *improvvisatore's* clarionet faintly reached my ears; it seemed like the echo of Stepan's story, and I fancied I could almost see the happy wedding-party dancing their way to Agostin's house, and then the lonely, mournful couple, the sorrowful and enfeebled man and the broken-hearted weeping woman, returning from it. I felt a sob rising to my throat and my voice was thick as I asked my last question.

"And what of the bride?" I said.

"Very shortly after what should have been her wedding-day her mother died," replied Stepan, "and she was left alone, ill with grief. I sent my wife to her to tell her to come to us and make our home hers; she came, and we have loved her always, and love her as a most dear sister. Poor child! she never could become happy again, but like me she has faith in the Afterwards. You know her," added Stepan after a slight pause and with a queer sad smile on his face—"she is Maria."

And then I understood the scene I had witnessed at the partition of the Boda property.

VINCENT CAILLARD.

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Rabelais.

In the debt which the nineteenth century owes to the sixteenth there are some outstanding accounts which do not seem as yet to have been precisely stated. And assuredly one of the largest of these is that under the name of Francis Rabelais. He is one of a trio of men who, born within a year or two of each other, not only moulded their own century, but live in every pulse of ours. With two of these we have no great difficulty as to the appraisement. Luther stands in our minds for Protestantism and all that it contains. Ignatius Loyola represents the genius of Catholicism and the reassertion of the principle of authority in religion. But the third of our trio, the Frenchman, can we fit him into a formula as easily as the German and the Spaniard? And yet he is to be reckoned with. He is one of the creators of the modern spirit, and his force, so far from being spent, is a tide steadily rising. Any one who considers the present free-trade in literature and ideas, the way in which the inner life and thought of different peoples is mingling and inter-penetrating, and who then studies the influence which Rabelais has exerted on one of the most important of these peoples and literatures, will recognize in him a power for good or ill not inferior to that of the commanding spirits whose names we have placed beside his own. No man, it is safe to affirm, is more distinctly responsible for the France of to-day. Not only may we say, with Châteaubriand, that he is the father of French literature, but that he is, in a way, the father of the French character. For the makers of France who have come after him, both the thinkers and the actors, have all worked with the consciousness of this man behind them. It is not the extent to which succeeding writers have quoted him or drawn on his materials. It is that he created for his countrymen an atmosphere, a medium through which they saw things. At a critical period in the history of

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civilization, when men's views and feelings on the most vital subjects were in a state of fusion, waiting for fresh moulds in which to run, Rabelais struck in and made one. It was not Calvin's or Luther's or Loyola's. That it was so far away from theirs has made all the difference to the modern world. We propose in this sketch to try and find out what kind of a mould it was—in other words, to trace out some of the bearings of Rabelais' influence on the life of to-day.

What is known of his career is an oft-told story and need not detain us here. How he was born at Chinon in Touraine somewhere about 1490; how, entering the monastery of Fontenoy-le-Comte at an early age, he spent fifteen years there amassing the learning which made him one of the prodigies of his time; how he finally left the monastery, disgusted with the monkish system, and took to wandering; how, in the service of the Cardinal de Bellay, he made successive visits to Rome, studied and practised medicine at Montpellier, Lyons, and elsewhere, moved in the society of the most eminent men of his time, was protected by Francis I. and Henry II. from the fury of his ecclesiastical adversaries; how he obtained by the favour of his patrons various pieces of ecclesiastical preferment, and died in peace in 1553:—is not all this written at large in many histories?

The origin of his great work is, perhaps, not so well known. The five books containing the "famous history of Gargantua and Pantagruel" which are his legacy to the world, arose out of an ordinary Middle-Age giant story which Rabelais wrote or rather re-edited, as a "pot boiler," for a Lyons bookseller. It was entitled "The great and inestimable Chronicle of the enormous Giant Gargantua." Though a collection of puerile stories, without merit, it had immense vogue, there being, to quote Rabelais himself, "more sold in two months than of Bibles in nine years." This remarkable success appears to have determined him to write a continuation. It was when he took pen in hand to really create something of his own that his genius declared itself, and the giant story became henceforth a bare outline, into the filling up of which he poured, in successive volumes, the inestimable treasures of his learning, of his imagination, his philosophy, and humour.

It is to-day almost universally admitted that the history of Pantagruel which forms Book 2 of the Rabelaisian series is really the first in the order of production. The "Gargantua," which now stands first, has for its title "The inestimable Life of

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the Giant Gargantua, the father of Pantagruel, a Book full of Pantagruelism:" a description which supposes already a knowledge of Pantagruel in the reader. These two first books contain many incidents of the original giant story.

The remaining three were published at long intervals, the fifth appearing after his death. The authenticity, indeed, of this latter has been the occasion of much controversy; but it is now generally accepted by criticism as being substantially the work of our author.

The leading personages in the story are Grandgousier, Gargantua, and Pantagruel, respectively grandfather, father, and son, all giants and all kings, Panurge, a clever rascal whom Pantagruel picks up in Paris, and the jovial monk, Friar Jean, who represents the better side of monachism. Innumerable other personages crowd the vast canvas, some allegorical, others thinly veiled caricatures of persons living at the time.

He tells us himself that he wrote at haphazard during meal-times, and that one of his primary objects was to cheer by his merry stories the invalids whom his medical practice brought him in contact with. No one, probably, was further than himself from imagining, when he began the work, the scope it would take, and the influence it would exert in the world.

It is time now to study more closely that scope and that influence. But it is here precisely that our difficulties begin. Rabelais is, *par excellence*, the stone of stumbling for hasty generalisers. How tempting, for instance, for the phrase-monger to sum him up as representing the pagan side of the Renaissance! The definition will do provided you keep your eye turned steadily away from one whole half of the man. He has been compared with Lucian; and it is easy, if we want to, to multiply resemblances between them. Like the great second-century writer, Rabelais had absorbed all the learning of his time. Like him he made the object of his raillery not only the established religion, but also the philosophies most in vogue. And the dubious attitude of Lucian towards Christianity, the new religion which was replacing the official paganism of the empire, might be compared with Rabelais' relation to the reformed faith. But we should utterly mistake the author of Pantagruel if we simply made him a second edition of the old world Pyrrhonist who wrote the "Hermotimus" and "Dialogues of the Gods." A still greater blunder would be to take him, as some of the older commentators have done, altogether *au sérieux:* to regard him as

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"a man with a mission," who had set himself definitely to destroy certain things in the world, and to build up others, whose "Contes gras" and wild buffooneries concealed grave meanings which it behoved the critic to search out and expound. It is, in fact, no use approaching him with hypotheses or endeavouring to fit him into definitions. He is his own definition: Rabelais is Rabelais. He has put his whole self into his work, and that self is a marvellously mixed one. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are both there. "He will be the enigma of posterity," wrote Pierre Boulanger of him after his death, and the prediction has been verified. A book could be filled with the contradictory opinions formed of him by the ablest men from Montaigne downwards. Victor Hugo's line is hardly an exaggeration:

"Rabelais qui nul ne comprit."

Instead, then, of beginning by labelling him with a phrase, let us rather study some of his many sides and allow our theory of him, if theory there must be, to grow, instead of being made.

First, what does he count for in the purely intellectual side of the sixteenth-century movement?

There is one thing in which all who have studied him are agreed and that is the encyclopædic character of his attainments. When Panurge was first encountered by Pantagruel he replied to his enquiries in thirteen different languages. They were all of them tongues with which the author was conversant. He was a master of Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, German. The Greek and Latin literatures were at his fingers' ends. He was profoundly versed in law and in philosophy. Though he despised astrology and the black arts, no man was more familiar with their lore. He was acknowledged as one of the first authorities of his day in medicine and in botany. In his quotations and allusions, whether it be a question of the Hebrew casuists, or of some obscure commentator on Aristotle, of Arab doctors, of Neoplatonist speculation, or of the disputed questions of the Schools, he is never caught tripping. The enormous range of his learning is only equalled by its exactness. And this strikes us the more when we remember the state of letters in France in the earlier part of his career. She was at least fifty years behind Italy in the Renaissance. While Italy had Greek professors in the time of Petrarch and Boccaccio, the University of Paris was still in the bog of Scholasticism. Greek and Hebrew were ignored; Homer,

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Pindar and Thucydides were almost unknown names. Before his career was over Rabelais saw an immense change in this respect. "The world," says he, "is full of learned men, of ample libraries, of excellent teachers, so that I hardly think in the times of Plato or of Cicero there was greater commodity of study than one sees now." But this state of things was largely his victory.

Perhaps one of the most striking signs of his presence in the sixteenth century as an intellectual force is the mark he has left on the French language. He may be said to have presided at the birth of his native tongue as an instrument of literature. Up to his day the learned world everywhere regarded Latin as the only respectable medium of ideas. Rabelais showed to Europe what could be done with his native French. But he dealt with it not as its servant, but as its master. In order that its previously somewhat thin stream might carry the deeply laden bark of his learning and imagination he found he must both broaden and deepen it. And he plies his task like one of those steam navvies which now-a-days cut through isthmuses and hew out ship-canals. We doubt if a writer could be named in any literature who wrought such structural changes and introduced such quantities of new elements into a language as did he. The Rabelaisian vocabulary is unique. It contains spoil from all the great literary languages, as well as from all the dialects of his own. A glossary of Rabelais contains 952 Latin and 547 Greek words introduced by him. To make him easily comprehensible to the nineteenth century he needs three distinct orders of commentator: first, a classic, for his innumerable allusions to antiquity; secondly, a competent mediævalist; and thirdly, an intelligent provincial, for the local references and patois.

A writer of the first rank, who appears in literature at a time when his native language is a finished instrument, enjoys the advantage of its richness and adaptability to all the shades of his thought. But he pays for his privilege. He is the servant of his language, and not its master. There are times when he will envy in this respect the position of a Rabelais, standing like a giant forger as the molten stream of the new tongue flows hissing past him, and moulding it as he lists.

Coming from the language to the matter of his works, it is impossible to pass their threshold without noticing the extraordinary license he permits himself, a license frequently amounting to an obscenity which repels and disgusts. "You

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may wash him," says Thackeray somewhere, "and scrub him to your heart's content, but you will never get him clean." It is true. His work is certainly not *virginibus puerisque.* A Bowdlerised Rabelais would be no Rabelais at all. That he had any idea himself of outraging decency or morality in this is not in the least probable. It was the manner of his age. It was a time which saw no irregularity in a Margaret of Navarre writing books of mystical devotion and the Heptameron. Hutten's 'Litteræ Obscurorum Virorum,' the book which has been called the egg out of which Luther hatched the Reformation, contains stories as gross as any which Panurge recounts. The fiercest opponents of Rabelais in his own day did not fasten on these things as the objectionable matter. Had he not attacked the Sorbonne and the Papacy, his Catholic readers would have found here no ground of offence. Calvin only began to denounce him when his earlier leanings to Protestantism had disappeared.

It seems to us an outrage on the religious sentiment for Friar Jean to cry "Venite Apotemus" as a jovial invitation to the wine cup, travestying thus the *Venite Adoremus* of the Breviary, and a monstrous blasphemy to put into a rollicking apology for drinking, the word of Christ upon the Cross: "Sitio—I thirst."

But his readers of the sixteenth century would find nothing in this particularly shocking. The mystery plays of the Middle Ages, produced under the direct sanction of the Church, went far beyond this. What should we say, for instance, to the following passage, which we find in the mystery of "The Three Kings"? The angel Gabriel, after Christ has died upon the cross, wakes up God the Father, who is fast asleep, in these terms:—

> "Père éternel, vous avez tort
> Et devriez avoir vergogne;
> Votre fils bien-aimé est mort
> Et vous ronflez comme un ivrogne!"

To which the Father replies:—

> "Il est mort!
> Le diable m'emporte si je le savais!"

It was an age of giants, of rude, boisterous strength in all departments. But our canons of good taste, our ideas of the becoming, were as foreign to it as universal suffrage or the electric light.

To reach the summit to which the Rabelaisian pathway leads

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means, then, a good deal of wading through the mire. We have, as Saint-Beuve says, to take long leaps if we would avoid the muddy places. But when there, the outlook is marvellously extensive, and across some of the richest tracts of country. Let us take a glance or two.

No question touches the modern world more closely than that of education. We are eager for light not only in schools and colleges, but also as to private culture. We have lists drawn out of "The hundred best books," and we read eagerly what distinguished men have to say on "Books that have influenced me."

Our author had his ideas on education, which the nineteenth century may still have something to learn from. He had for one thing a sense quite remarkable for his age of how not to do it. His account of the early training of Gargantua, his description of the library of Saint Victor, and, above all, the celebrated oration of Master Janotus, Dr. of the Sorbonne, apropos of the bells of Notre Dame, covered with merciless ridicule the old scholastic method, and may be said to have been its death-blow. On the other hand, let us see what he regarded as the true idea of a liberal education. We get a good specimen of it in the letter of Gargantua to his son Pantagruel, in Book 2: "I desire that you learn the languages perfectly. First the Greek, as Quintilian advises, and then the Latin. After that, Hebrew, for the Holy Scripture, as well as Chaldee and Arabic. In Greek, form your style on Plato; in Latin, on Cicero. Of the liberal arts, as geometry, arithmetic and music, I gave you some taste while you were young, five or six years ago. Follow them up and especially astronomy. Let astrology alone, as vain and useless. Of civil law I want you to learn by heart the best texts, and to compare them with philosophy. I want you also to give yourself specially to the study of the facts of nature, so that there be no sea, river, fountain, of which you do not know the fishes, and that you may know also the birds of the air, all trees . . . . all the metals and precious stones. Study carefully the medical works of the Greeks, Romans, and Arabs, without despising the Talmudists and Cabalists; and by frequent anatomical practice acquire knowledge of that other world, viz. man. And for a certain time each day study the Holy Scriptures, first, in Greek, the New Testament and epistles of the Apostles, and then, in Hebrew, the Old Testament." This programme represents, we imagine, pretty accurately the line of study pursued by Rabelais himself in the fifteen years he spent

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as a Cordelier at Fontenoy. Lest, however, we should suppose that our philosopher regarded a limitless course of reading as comprehending the whole of education, we may turn to his history of Gargantua in Book 1, and study the plan laid down for him by his tutor Ponocrates. We find there seven pages out of ten taken up with a description of his gymnastic exercises, and the general training and care of the body. It is singular that his countrymen have in this respect so egregiously failed to catch the spirit of their master. The French youth at school and college knows next to nothing of out-door sports as we understand them. Education with him is a constant drive of the brain. What exercise he gets is grudgingly allowed in just sufficient quantity to keep his body going. If in this respect they had taken to heart the lessons of their mentor, and had taught their young people, as Gargantua was taught, to swim, to run, to ride, to hunt, to handle arms, and to live in the open, we should not now be hearing so many complaints of their physical degeneracy. But Rabelais has not finished when he has drilled body and brain. At the end of the letter from Gargantua, from which we have already quoted, we have his view of the moral side of the question. "But since, as Solomon says, wisdom enters not into an evil mind, and knowledge without conscience is only the ruin of the soul; therefore serve, love, and fear God, and in Him place all thy thoughts and all thy hope; and be joined to Him by faith which works by love. . . . Give not thy heart to vanity, for this life is transitory, but the Word of God abideth for ever. Be serviceable to thy neighbours, and love them as thyself. Revere thy teachers, flee the company of men whom you do not wish to resemble, and receive not the grace of God in vain."

After three centuries of theory and experiment in education it is to be doubted if we have got hold of anything better than this.

If these were his intellectual ideals, what were his political and social ones? In politics it is not surprising to find him a royalist, when we remember that it was to Francis I. and his successor Henry II. that he owed his security in the midst of the fierce hatreds which his writings produced. But his loyalty was a very different thing from the prostrate homage which a Boileau or a Molière offered to Louis XIV. It never prevented him from speaking out all his mind, and his mind at times was in anything but a respectful mood. In the 30th chapter of Book 2

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Epistemon visits the lower regions and brings back marvellous news. He finds that the great ones of the earth have in that quarter their positions reversed. Alexander the Great gains his living by mending old clothes and Nero by playing the fiddle. The philosophers, on the contrary, are in great honour. Cyrus, who was in dire distress, begged a crown piece of Epictetus; "but the other scoundrelly kings down there, such as Darius, Alexander, and others, stole it from him during the night." In his second Book he gives us his opinion of kings who are conquerors and nothing else. "They are men who know nothing and care for nothing, except to do harm to their poor subjects and to trouble the whole world by war, for their sole and detestable pleasure."

His ideal of government was evidently that which Lord Beaconsfield more than once hinted at—that of a sage and capable monarch who sums up in himself, and gives expression to, the collective opinion and feeling of his people. His three gaints, Grandgousier, Gargantua, and Pantagruel, are all model kings, wise, affable, peaceful, detesting war for its own sake, but capable when attacked of defending themselves and their subjects.

Could anything be more admirable as a picture of the attitude of a true governor under difficult circumstances than that of Grandgousier when attacked by the fire-eating Picrochole? Though conscious of vastly superior strength, yet, hating the ravages of war, he sends embassy after embassy to his hostile neighbour in order to bring him to reason and to keep the peace. He drops sentences here worthy to be written in letters of gold in the cabinets of kings: "We call that brigandage and wickedness which the Saracens and barbarians of former days called prowess." "The imitation of the Alexanders, the Hercules, the Hannibals, the Scipios, the Cæsars, and such like we regard as contrary to the profession of the Gospel, by which we are commanded to keep, rule and administer each one his country and territory and not hostilely to invade those of others."

The same excellent temper governs Pantagruel, who in Book 3 gives us his ideas on the proper way of treating a conquered country. "The true method," says he, "is not, as has been the maxim of certain tyrannical spirits, to their damn and dishonour," (the allusion here is to Machiavel) "to pillage, force, anger, ruin, and rule them with a rod of iron; but, on the contrary, as with an infant newly born, to nurse, cradle and cherish them. . . . . As a

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person recovering from a long illness they should be nourished, spared and built up. Good treatments, gracious gifts. . . . . laws which suit the special habitudes of the country:—here are the philtres and the charms of love by means of which one will peacefully retain what one has with difficulty conquered." It would be well for modern Europe if it had assimilated these maxims.

It is impossible in fact to study Rabelais anywhere in his views on government and political policy without recognizing a spirit truly generous and humane, a man who hated oppression, and who believed that power was a trust to be employed in making one's fellow-men happier and better.

At the same time his instincts were aristocratic. He believed in an aristos of position and ability. On the subject of a representative government he makes Pantagruel express himself thus. It is in his adjudication on the famous case of Baisecul *v.* Homvesne. "In all companies there are more fools than wise men, and it is the majority usually that carries the day." The sentence itself is a quotation from Livy, but it would have been beautifully appropriate in the mouth of Thomas Carlyle. The Curé of Meudon and the Sage of Chelsea were very much at one, methinks, on the subject of the democracy.

The aristocratic feeling runs through his dainty conception of the Abbey of Thelema, the main lines of which Mrs. Besant has so pleasantly reproduced. Intended in the first place as a set-off against the ordinary monastic idea, to which it is in almost every respect a contradiction, that in it which chiefly impresses us is something which probably never presented itself directly to the mind of the author. The gay and elegant society which he there imagines is a society built upon the labours and sacrifices of the many. These dames and cavaliers occupy themselves at no time in tasks that are useful. They live on revenues which are not the fruit of their industry. They are patterns of chivalry, of politeness, of grace. They are *bon compagnons*, accomplished, altogether charming; but the nineteenth-century man cannot easily get out of his head the condition of the helots who, perforce, must carry on their weary shoulders the burden of this privileged existence. It is a "far cry" from the Abbey of Thelema to the Phalanstery of Fourier. Both these social theorists house their community in a palace. *Fais ce que voudras* is over the lintel of the two alike. But the

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sixteenth-century scholar opens his doors only to the privileged few, while the reformer of the nineteenth includes in his scheme every human being.

Perhaps the one other thing which will most strike a modern observer in his study of the Utopia of Thelema is the position assigned in it to woman.

In the description of the gorgeous costumes in which they array themselves, we are told that the style of dress for each day for both sexes is to be of the ladies' ordering. *Car le tout estoit fait selon l'arbitre des dames.* This piece of gallantry on the part of Rabelais is the more remarkable as it is so entirely contrary to his usual style of thinking on this subject. The want of respect for woman is indeed a radical defect of his work. He is false here to the Renaissance spirit. In Italy it had idolised woman. Dante and Petrarch consecrated to her their loftiest poetry, while Raphael and Michel Angelo made her features shine with a mystic, celestial beauty. In the sphere of Protestantism Luther in his public teaching and in his own home treated woman with serious and Christian respect: a sentiment echoed by Erasmus in his treatise on Christian marriage. Rabelais' heresy in this particular must be ascribed to his early associations and to his monkish training. We never hear of his mother, and she probably had died before exercising any influence over him. To the monkish orders, with their vows of celibacy and chastity, woman represented the greatest of temptations, the shortest road, in fact, to the bottomless pit. And when, as in the time of Rabelais, these strict rules had produced a reaction in favour of unbridled license, the conception of woman remained the same. The demoralised monk in pursuit of sensual enjoyment thought of his partner only as an instrument of his pleasures, and, when conscience pricked him, as the occasion of his downfall.

To one who, like Rabelais, had passed through such a training it would have been like jumping off his own shadow to have thought of woman as a teacher and an inspirer, as one who could be intellectually or spiritually a helper to man. Hence all through his work, knowledge, virtue, nobleness of character, are embodied in his men. Woman is the butt of his ridicule, the object of his "Contes gras." It is a capital fault, the influence of which has been disastrous on his countrymen. Had France possessed from the beginning of her literature, instead of the Rabelaisian idea, the image of a noble womanhood, helping man

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towards his loftiest ideals, the history of her literature and of her people might have been different.

The attitude of Rabelais towards the great religious questions of his day is an interesting study. We see clearly that his differences with the leaders in the mighty strife that was then being waged were not so much an affair of doctrines as of temperament. And his temperament was one which, while sufficiently comprehensible to the nineteenth century, was absolutely unintelligible to the sixteenth. The chiefs of the Reformation, as well as the Catholic doctors of the Sorbonne, alike regarded him as a deadly enemy. Neither party could understand a man who refused to take sides, who, while merciless to the abuses and weak points of Romanist theory and practice, was equally unsparing to the party of Geneva. Both, in their fierce resentment and despair of making the man out, took refuge in what seemed to them the only remaining hypothesis, viz. that he was an atheist and an enemy of all religion.

No conclusion could be more absurd. It would be difficult to point to any works of our own time in the department of imaginative literature so saturated as are those of Rabelais with religious principle, so definitely recognising the presence of the living God in human affairs. In Books 1 and 2 there is manifestly a strong bias towards Protestantism. Gargantua, when being educated as a youth under the old Sorbonne masters, who are described as ridiculous old addlepates, gets nothing in the way of religious teaching except endless masses and paternosters.

When, however, he comes under the tutorship of the wise Ponocrates, he has the Bible in Hebrew and Greek daily read and expounded to him. Here was a double heresy in the view of Catholics. Ponocrates is a layman, and he brings his pupil directly, without any priestly mediation, into contact with the Scriptures! In the philippic against the monks in chapter 40 of Gargantua we find, as an illustration of their uselessness, that "they do not teach or indoctrinate the world as does a good evangelical doctor and teacher." Quotations, in fact, of this kind might be multiplied to any extent. In the fourth and fifth Books he wages open war against the papal pretensions. The description of the Isle of Papemanies, whose people believe the Pope to be God upon earth, and whose fanatical bishop, Homenaz, would "deliver to fire and sword all kings, emperors, dukes, princes, and damn their souls to the hottest cauldron in hell, if they should transgress one iota of his commands," and who goes

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into rhapsodies over the virtues of the false Decretals, is throughout a withering satire on Ultramontanism. And if the Papacy itself receives these hard blows, its great supports, the monkish orders, fare no better. Not Luther, nor Erasmus, nor Ulrich von Hutten was more merciless. Throughout the whole of his works they are the butt of his raillery. Sick people he recommends to become monks for three months. If they do not then become fat as dormice, nothing will help them. In the celebrated fortieth chapter of Book I, he smites them with sledgehammer blows. "They neither plough, these monks, like the peasant, nor guard the country, like the warrior, nor tend the sick, like the doctor. They repeat a tremendous number of paternosters and Ave Marias, without any idea of understanding them. And this I call mocking God, not prayer."

To abuse the Pope, to trounce the monks, to pour ridicule on the Sorbonne and all its works, while at the same time testifying everywhere, as he does, to a hearty belief in God, to a reverence for Scripture and especially for the New Testament and the writings of St. Paul, all this one would think would be enough to stamp him as a good Protestant. And yet he was no Protestant. Between him and the Reformation leaders was a great gulf fixed. Calvin and he were at open war. In his fourth Book he denounces the "demoniacal Calvin" "the impostor of Geneva;" while, on his side, the Reformer expressed himself with equal bitterness.

It was impossible for two men so profoundly different in temper to appreciate or even understand each other. Calvin was a man who knew nothing of compromises, who believed that truth, purity, salvation, were on the side he fought for, and that on the other were only superstition, errors, and corruption.

It is the heroic temper which makes history; but the equilibrium of things seems to demand also spirits of a different mould. Rabelais had in him nothing of the partisan. He was gifted with the embarrassing faculty of seeing two sides of a question. For one thing, the austerity of Geneva revolted his joyous temper; and for another, he had no desire to share the fate of his friend Etienne Dolet and get burned as a heretic. But that is not all. When we talk of the Reformation we must never forget the great Reform movement which took place in Catholicism itself in the sixteenth century.

In fact from the beginning of the Renaissance, up to and beyond Luther's time, the abuses of Rome had been as fiercely

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attacked by Catholics who lived and died within her pale as by the leaders of Protestantism. That party of Reform had Dante as its poet, Erasmus for its scholar, Gerson for its theologian and mystic, Michel Angelo for its artist, and Catherine of Sienna for its saint. The Cardinals who surrounded Paul III., such as Contarini and Caraffa, had elaborated a doctrine of justification by faith which it is difficult to distinguish from that of Luther, and which was preached with passionate fervour throughout the length and breadth of Italy. Rabelais defies classification; but, if he is to be put anywhere in the matter of ecclesiastical relations, it is by the side of this party. His contention, so far as he entered into controversy, was not so much against the Catholic Church as against Ultramontanism. He was in this respect an ancestor of Bossuet and one of the founders of Gallicanism.

But we should not understand Rabelais or his influence if we discussed him simply in relation to controversies of this kind. It is as a great humanist, with an outlook and a philosophy of life all his own, that he counts as so unique a force in literature and in the evolution of modern life. No man, at least no modern man, has been so startlingly frank. He has no concealments, no reserves. He has no closet in which to lock up his skeletons. He lets all his nature speak. There are aspects and functions of life on its animal side which cultivated men regard as inferior, requiring a veil and silence. In Rabelais they find a voice which never stammers or drops a word, a voice as clear and ringing as that in which he discusses the loftiest themes. Herbert Spencer tells us that a primary condition of success in life is to be a good animal. This condition Rabelais possessed in an unusual degree. The animal in him was strong and masterful. All through his pages rings the note of a rude physical force which has no notion of being repressed or put down. His characteristic may in fact be said to be an enormous appetite in all directions. His intellect was voracious and so was his stomach. To feed his mind the whole world of knowledge was not too much. But he wanted a larder and a wine-cellar on the same scale as the library. To the ascetic doctrine he replied by a "no" so mighty that its echoes have been ringing through literature ever since.

His ultimate views of life may perhaps be described as a fusion of the Greek idea with Christianity. To understand him we need certainly to take note of the pagan side of the Re-

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naissance. In Italy especially, with which Rabelais was so well acquainted, it had produced as its first effect a profound scepticism and an utter license of manners. Not only had Scholasticism been cast aside, but practically Christianity also. Aristophanes and Anacreon, rather than Paul and the Fathers, supplied the Italy of the latter half of the fifteenth century with its views of life. It was beyond the Alps, with Reuchlin, Melancthon and Luther, that the revival of letters resulted in a purified Christianity.

The peculiarity of Rabelais' position is that he drank deeply of the two streams and that his temperament tended to assimilate them both. His was a nature gifted with a "rire enorme," to use Victor Hugo's phrase, and his whole conception of the universe had to fit in to that. He could not understand Christianity as the Reformers understood it, simply because he had no capacity for the serious or the awful. That side of religion which appealed to his sense of justice, to his sympathy, to his generosity, he freely accepted. The rest passed over him. God was to him a benevolent and gracious Providence, to whom he owed the blessings he enjoyed. He bowed reverently before Christ as the expression of suffering and self-sacrificing love.

But he must have room for his laugh. What could Geneva do with a man who treated hell, in the manner of Lucian, as a place where the actors play parts as ridiculous as those of a Christmas pantomime?

His summing up of life is that all is vanity, but that the mistake is to groan about it. Life is a burlesque. We are all fools and the solemn fool is the biggest of all. Pantagruelism is a "certaine gayeté d'esprit conficte en mepris des choses fortuites." The sentence he puts into the mouth of his ideal character Pantagruel expresses perhaps better than any other his habitual attitude of mind: "For all the goods which the sky covers and that earth contains. . . . are not worthy to move our affections or to trouble our mind and spirit."

This bold eclecticism of culture, this easy mixture of inspiration from Palestine and from Greece is the special note of Rabelais, and it is the note of the modern world.

F. BRIERLEY.

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Jools on London.*

JOOLS has been amongst us once more, and once more he has torn the mask from the face of perfidious Albion. Too long have a generous but misguided public in France been deceived by the imaginative pictures of a Taine, the amiable criticisms of a not wholly disinterested O'Rell. So Jools has determined to cross the Channel, and, sacred name of a penny-a-liner, "Delenda est Carthago!" It is not in this case our former guest and acquaintance, Monsieur Jools de Chacabac, whose experiences and opinions were so graphically recorded by Mr. Jeames Plush; but one Jules Degrégny, a writer whose opportunities of judgment would seem to have been as exceptional, whose observation is as accurate, and whose freedom from prejudice is no less striking than that of his more famous compatriot.

The book is apparently serious, and not, as after a perusal of the first few pages we might be inclined to think, an elaborate joke. For, besides many other internal evidences, who with any sense of humour would, in these much travelled days, devote half-a-dozen pages at the outset to a grave consideration of the precautions to be taken to secure the necessary comforts on a Channel packet, and to combating the terrors of sea-sickness? Moreover, there is a self-complacency about Jools which runs through the whole volume, and reveals him in the character of a patriot who has undertaken an arduous and responsible duty; and it is not without a quiet vain-gloriousness that in his concluding pages he sums up the chimæras he has slain. Chauvinism, he admits in his preface, he esteems a noble passion; 'tis a *frank* admission, which his subsequent observations most amply corroborate. He crossed the Channel, he states in the same place, with his head full of the charming things his fellow-

* Londres, Croquis Réalistes, par Jules Degrégny. Paris: Librairie Moderne.

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countrymen had written about England: far otherwise was his own experience. There are English, he says—and it is one of his few concessions—English one is bound to like; Englishmen of broad minds and loyal hearts, Englishmen who have done service to France—these will not resent his criticism.

The first page of the text well illustrates the spirit in which this remarkable volume is written. We French, he says, do not care to leave our own country. "France is of all lands the most highly favoured. Say what they may at Berlin, our country shelters the most amiable, the most courteous, the most highly civilized of peoples. Our very peasants are more agreeable company than many who are personages in great foreign cities. Why then should we leave our country, though it be but for a week or two?" Why, indeed! Hard to bear are the trials of the French patriot who is forced to travel now-a-days; he must be for ever stopping his ears (should he happen to understand any language but his own), in order not to hear the everlasting voice of envy—gnashing the teeth in hopeless jealousy of his great country!

Poor Jools' sufferings were unusually severe in his arduous and adventurous journey; his constitution, we are led to infer, was far from robust, for the speed of our trains exhausted a delicate frame, which, as he admits elsewhere, he could never trust to a boat upon the Thames without the certainty of fever, and the short distance traversed between Dover and London proved more tiring than a journey of four hours' duration would have been on his own country's railways.

But the fatal step is taken; he has left "this Paris, so loyal, so generous, so hospitable, which welcomes all foreign talent with so much enthusiasm," to arrive in the city of hypocrisy and vanity, where the loathing of the French genius and tongue has penetrated into the very bowels of the libraries, and classified Gil Blas among "*Spanish Authores.*" Do not hurry on your journey, is his advice, you will get there soon enough. A halt may be made at Amiens, or again at Calais, where, with the dread of impending doom upon you, you may cast a last lingering look upon the two railway stations, in order to retain a lasting impression of the superiority of these things in France over what awaits you on the other side of the Channel. In any case be sure to arrive at Calais well before the last train, that you may be able to secure a seat on board without having to *boxer* for it with the unmannerly islanders. Then on with the

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cadre-nez, and don't take cold; breathe rapidly to promote circulation, and look to your half-bottle of champagne and flask of brandy, taking care not to use them up too rashly before the worst spasm of the terrible hour be upon you. Jools does not suffer much from sea-sickness himself, he says, but he has evidently studied the question. At Dover he recommends a day or two's halt, that the traveller may learn to harden himself to the difficulties of English life. We will pass over his melancholy experiences at Dover — the dirty linen, and the absence of napkins in the humble hostel he selected, for his limited purse was scared from the imposing portals of the "Lord Warden."

A digression upon our army, suggested by a visit to Dover Castle, over which, strange to say, he was allowed to stroll unmolested, is not unamusing. In the course of it we learn that the Tower of London is still considered, though erroneously, to be the supreme defence of London and the Thames. Jools has assisted at parades and drills with the intelligent interest natural to the scion of a great military nation, and has never failed to observe the men in the ranks breaking into explosions of laughter at the word of command, and winking grimaces at the crowd; neither sergeant nor officers protest, but what would you have, seeing that the troops are purchased by the Government for one livre sterling down, and ten sous a day pocket-money? The officers, he goes on to relate, though they no longer purchase their rank ostensibly, receive it by favour; a favour which has its reciprocal money equivalent, artfully concealed though it be under the cloak of an examination. His observations in this strain on matters military we warmly recommend to the attention of the War Office, seeing that they come from so competent a critic, for doubtless "Jools was a grannydear in his company of the Nashnal Gard, and as brayve as a lion."

The speed of the trains, as we have before mentioned, was a source of great terror and fatigue to Jools, who enlarges upon the number of accidents resulting therefrom, accidents so common that the daily papers have ceased to describe them, and confine themselves to a bald statement of the fact. The view from the carriage windows depressed him; he could not see here the happy peasant life, the bright villages of the pleasant land of France. From Dover to London all was parcelled out into great frowning feudal estates; it was a land

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where one felt instinctively that men were no freer and no happier than the brutes. Of course he had heard of a London fog, and of course his worst anticipations were realized ; already at Rochester the air began to thicken, and as he approached the suburbs his lungs hesitated to absorb the air at all, so foul it grew ; indeed, for many a day after his arrival in London, his breath caught in his throat, his nose and chest were choked by the acrid and stinking atmosphere. His first recorded impression of London shows Jools to be an observant traveller. "How bad," he says, "must the teeth of this nation be, for what strikes one in every chemist's window are the number of preparations for relieving toothache, and in Leicester Square I noticed with profound astonishment, a vast edifice bearing the remarkable superscription, 'Dental Hospital'!"

The delightful thing about this book is the naïve manner in which Jools meets his inevitable doom ; all is so appropriate, so right, so much better than one even dares to anticipate. It will be remembered that the well-known Mr. Jeames Plush has placed on record that "Munseer Jules, of course, went and lodged in Lester Square, . . . which, as he was informed in the printed suckular presented to him by a very greasy but polite comishner at the Custumus Stares, was in the scenter of the town. . . . So he took a three-pair back in a French hotel, the Hotel de l'Ail, kep by M. Gigotot, Cranbourne Street, Lester Squarr, London." Of course then we learn from Jools II. that the real central point of London is Leicester Square, called by the English the French quarter, probably because it is a little less repellent than the rest of the City, and agreeably to anticipation he recommends the traveller to select an hotel in this desirable neighbourhood ; but do not go in search of an hotel in a cab, or the astute driver will soon run you up an account of 5 or 6 "schellings." Under these circumstances we are at once able to credit his statement that even in pretentious hotels you must look well to your sheets, the lower one you will generally find to have been used before ; the proprietor, when you send for him, will protest that it is a mistake, and that he will have it remedied, but all he will do is to have another dirty sheet ironed, and slip it into the bed. There are, he graciously concedes, hotels in London where one may be well lodged and fed, such as those in Northumberland Avenue, whose gloom he elsewhere bewails ; but then you must be prepared to pay 60 francs a day. So the hotels of the French quarter have it on the whole,

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—those or the "*family-house*," if you have a stoical stomach that can resist the ravages of the English cuisine.

The first fraud exposed is the world-famed English bath. Poor Jools had to traverse vast distances in cabs before he could find means of plunging in water, for the houses are all deficient in bath-rooms, and even the "family-houses" are so badly off for *tubs*, that this word would seem to be English only in name. Dirt, is in fact, we had almost said the national vice, to follow Jools more closely we should say one of the national vices; neither in hotels nor in the "family-house" must you be too squeamish on that point. The condition of the servant class is one of the principal causes, for these are so idle and spoilt, that after 5 o'clock, when they have their tea, not one of them would think of getting up to answer the bell. This deplorable state of things is almost beyond remedy, for they have quite the whip-hand of their employers, being generally the accomplices of their masters' or mistresses' amours, in a country so morally degraded that people are not shocked or surprised to see a young "miss" at the theatre sending notes to individuals she does not know, and offering rendezvous to those who have never solicited them.

After certain strictures, perhaps not wholly undeserved, upon the unæsthetic appearance of our provision shops, and notably on the dirty state of our butchers' establishments, there follows this curious sentence: "It is true that in the other shops one is waited on by assistants in chimney-pot hats. This remarkable habit may perhaps flatter the eyes of their clients, but it affords the tourist a precious source of inextinguishable mirth." The universal dirt was apparently prevalent in the society with which Jools habitually mixed, the world, we presume, of the "*family-house;*" for the "*jeune miss*," he tells us, always comes to table in fresh muslin gowns; but, should she chance to cross her legs in the drawing-room afterwards, the observant eye detects a dirty petticoat below. The men are also whited sepulchres. Their collars and cuffs are beyond reproach, their clothes still show the tailor's fold, they wear a flower in their button-hole and rich rings on their fingers,—but their nails are very black, and if their necktie should slip from its place it reveals a shirt that should long have been with the washerwoman. The great nation, he would have us know, are less particular about externals, but they more often renew the garments which come into contact with the skin.

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The London policeman is another fraud which Jools feels it his duty to expose. He is decorative, and that is all. He will insist on accompanying the stranger who enquires his way for any distance to secure the *pourboire;* but, should there be a row in the street, he is careful to look the other way. True it is, that in the city of pick-pockets Jools was never robbed himself, even though one day, bracing his courage up, he walked alone from one end to the other of Wardour Street, that well-known haunt of desperadoes. He is inclined to attribute his immunity from the treatment to which an Englishman resents that a foreigner should not be subjected, partially to the fact that his clothes had not just come from the tailor, and that he wore neither watch-chain, rings nor scarf-pin. If, he adds, I owe my security to my modest toilette, I recommend my fellow-countrymen to adopt a similar one.

How much there is to unlearn! The Roast beef of old England is a fraud, a hopeless greasy fraud; one tries to fall back upon the mutton, but that is no less repugnant to the palate accustomed to the dainties of the Palais Royal; the fish is neither fresh nor abundant, except the salmon, and that, though preferable to the meat, Jools found both tasteless and indigestible. And then the prices of Nicholl and Monico! But that he forgave them, because the linen was clean. In the restaurants of the Strand there are no napkins, and the phlegmatic islanders suck their fingers instead; in the restaurants of the Haymarket (!) the napkin offered to the guest has been used at least once before; further a-field than this, hunger does not appear to have driven him from the sheltering arms of Leicester Square.

Above all, he says, avoid the daily papers! Although the prejudice of Englishmen, and the war that is waged against French enlightenment, preclude the taking in of any French papers in hotels and restaurants, he advises no one to plunge into the ponderous sheets of the *Times*, the *Daily News* and their contemporaries. Systemless and not up to date, they can only interest those who are curious to study how "puritanical Jesuitism" can disguise, under the simple appearance of a statement of fact, perfidious criticism of French diplomacy. The bulk of the contents is paid for by those who insert them, which accounts for the cheapness of the paper. Often only the telegrams are genuine matter, the articles being merely artfully concealed advertisements of Madame Tussaud's or the Crystal

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Palace. The illustrated papers are vastly inferior to the French ones. The comic papers are what the Englishman dearly loves; 'le Punch' is the least English and provincial, and is consequently less appreciated; the real quintessence of insular humour will be found in 'le Scraps,' 'le Scloper's Half Holiday,' and 'le Ching Ching's Own.'

The currency was a great puzzle to Jools, and he makes it a real grievance that French money is not accepted, the Government having even interfered with the substitution of French *sous* for English pence. The pretended difference of value is a mere pretext for this arbitrary measure, the real reason being the desire of the English aristocracy, which has absolute control of the Government, to diminish all points of contact with the Continent and discourage any relations with the freer nations of Europe. The same spirit which has thwarted the accomplishment of the Channel Tunnel, has prevented the introduction of foreign money. But to return to the English currency. The impossibility even for natives to appreciate the difference between the piece of "two schellings" and the piece of "2 schellings 6 pences" leads to perpetual altercations; and as you cannot reckon money on the decimal system, it becomes indeed a labour to verify your bill at the restaurant. The great nation count by "sous," the English by "pences;" a Frenchman must therefore always double the price to get an idea of the value: so inconsiderate of mannerless Albion.

But we cannot follow Jools through all his cruel experiences; suffice it to quote a few of his most remarkable conclusions and observations. His remarks upon the hypocrisy of our national modesty, that modesty compels us to pass over; nor is there anything particularly new in his exposure of the hollowness of English Puritanism. More original are his views upon the language, the difficulty and fatigue of pronouncing which he is inclined to consider the real cause of English taciturnity. What are you to do, he says, for instance, with a word like *Marble Arch*, which according to all we ever learned at school should of course be pronounced *merbl' ertch*, but which a close attention to the cry of the 'bus-conductor has convinced him can only be represented in letters by *m'rbl' 'rch*. And, while speaking of 'bus-conductors, it is pleasant to take small consolation in the fact that he has a good word for at least one London institution—the 'bus—and he has admired the agility with which ladies ascend to the knife-board without betraying

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"*la moindre partie de leur chaste personne.*" It is perhaps, he holds, this constant climbing up and down the narrow 'bus-stairs which brought in the fashion of tight and clinging skirts, which Frenchwomen have also ended by adopting.

Space would fail to enumerate his criticisms of our public buildings, their poverty, meanness or vulgarity, their absolute lack of interest, ancient or modern. He finds a want of movement and traffic in the streets, and opines that in all parts of the City, save the docks and those abandoned to the thieves, you may walk abroad far more at your ease than in Paris. He takes us round the parks, the churches, and the Houses of Parliament, to compare them, one after another, to their eminent disadvantage with similar institutions in his own country. Alas for the sums that we have squandered on Art! our National Gallery Jools considers "*d'une pauvreté navrante.*" The arrangement which was our especial pride, the hanging of all the pictures in the more important rooms on the line, that all may be equally well seen, shows that we do not even care to dissemble our poverty. You would think, he concludes, you were in a shop, and not in a gallery, for all the pictures of one hand are placed side by side like onions. The British Museum contains nothing of artistic interest except the Elgin marbles. Its arrangement, including ethnographical collections and stuffed animals, Jools considers excellent for the English, who only visit their museums to obtain warmth and shelter. Specializing museums are all very well in France, where they are used for study, but they would be quite out of place here.

All trials, however, have their term. The pleasant part of a journey to London is the return home. Arrived at Calais, Jools felt as if he had escaped from prison. He breathed the air of France. He tasted the joy of existence. The first douanier, he says, that you meet upon the quay at Calais seems to you like a guardian angel pointing to the gate of the Promised Land. Turning once more to the distant cliffs of Dover, he was tempted to exclaim, "*Que diable suis-je allé faire dans cette galère?*" *Que diable?* indeed! Well, the secret, concealed from us in the preface, where he said he went across the Channel prepared to find all *couleur de rose*, leaks out in the final pages. Here it is.

"It is enough for us to wish it, for us to be first in the world's market; we have only to cease from allowing our action to be paralysed by idle legends. I do not know whether I have

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succeeded in destroying some of these legends; but I have done my best to." That he admits was his principal object, and he then proceeds to enumerate the ghosts he has laid.

"I have often," says Mr. Plush, "listened to Jools and his friends inwaying against Hingland and boasting of their own immortial country . . . how they used to prove that France was the Light and the Scenter-pint, the Igsample and the Hadmiration of the whole world! . . . And they talked about the grandjer of France and the perfidyusness of England!"

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Falsely True.

"Oh, well for him whose will is strong."

I.

"HAVEN'T you had enough of pictures now, Kemp?" asked the younger of two men who were wandering about the Academy one warm afternoon in June.

"Wait a moment," replied his companion, a broad-shouldered, brown-faced man of five-and-thirty. "I was told to look specially at one of Floyd's in this room—'Moonlight' I think it was called. Yes, here it is. Have you seen it?"

"Yes, I've seen it," said Hugh Julian, rather shortly. "It was a good deal talked about at the beginning of the season."

The elder man retired a few steps to get a better view of the picture, and then stood still, studying it.

The painter had not chosen to represent the most vivid effects of moonlight—dense shadow against brilliant relief: on the contrary, only the faintest gleam of silver had touched the veil of blue-grey twilight, the first suggestion of moonlight at the close of a long autumn afternoon. A girl in a neutral-tinted dress was sitting in the foreground upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and the strongest light in the picture lay across her face and hair. It was a pale, wistful, little face, not in any way remarkable for beauty, and the abundant fair hair was so faint in colour, that at a first glance the moonlight alone seemed to make the silken halo round the girl's head. Her eyes were of a pale, misty blue, and to the big, warm-hearted man now gazing up at them they seemed to look back, and to plead piteously, as a spirit from another world, with another language than that of earth, might have looked and pleaded. The expression fascinated his attention. There was reproach in it as well as

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entreaty, and something too of despair, as though the pale gir sitting there knew all the while that the appeal was being made in vain.

"I suppose every one feels the same," he thought, "but somehow it seems to me as if she were asking something of me personally, and that I, not understanding, were withholding it from her."

A loud cheerful voice, addressing him, suddenly startled him from his meditations. "I can't be mistaken!" the voice said. "It *is* my old friend Mr. Kemp, is it not?"

He looked round hastily. A very fashionably-dressed, middle-aged lady, to whom one felt instinctively inclined to apply the term "iron-grey," was holding out a hard-looking, well-gloved hand for him to shake, and was making laudable attempts to force her hard features into a benignant smile. Kemp recognized her in a moment, and the recollection of some very unequivocal snubs administered by this same Lady Fielding in the days before he went to India, and was still a nobody, rushed into his mind. Forgetting that since then he had attained the reputation, if not the actual felicity, of being a millionaire, he allowed an unfeigned surprise to show itself in his face as he replied: "Oh, how do you do, Lady Fielding? How good of you to remember me!"

"Oh no, not at all!" said Lady Fielding, with flattering condescension. "I had heard of your return, and was meaning to send you a line. Let me introduce you to my youngest daughter. She was in the nursery when you went away, I suppose. Daisy, you have often heard me speak of my old friend Mr. Kemp?"

The young girl, who had been standing silent by her mother's side, passively acquiesced in this enormous mis-statement by a dutiful smile, as she came forward and held out her hand.

If Lady Fielding's original intention had been to make the rich coffee-planter take special notice of her daughter, she must have felt her heart thrill with triumph at the extraordinary good luck which had brought about a meeting under these particular circumstances and in this particular place. For, to Kemp's unmitigated amazement, Miss Fielding raised as she smiled the very face with its wistful eyes and masses of fair hair that he had been gazing at a moment ago on the wall in front of him!

"Do you think it a good portrait?" said the mother, smiling blandly.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Kemp. "I never saw anything

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so like in my life!" Then, as Miss Fielding's pale face began to colour with confusion under his stare, he added hastily, "I—I fancied it was quite an imaginary figure, you know—" and was relieved to see that his friend was approaching.

He was just going to introduce him, when Hugh raised his hat and addressed the ladies of his own accord, in his own imperturbable fashion. Kemp glanced at him rather sharply, wondering why he had not mentioned before that he knew the original of the picture which he professed only to have heard about. He was a very well-made young man, rather short than tall, and rather fair than dark, with unnoticeably irregular features, and ordinary grey eyes. "I can't help looking at him, because he is startlingly like any one else!" a lady once remarked, without realizing that the peculiarity lay not so much in the likeness itself as in the fact that she found it startling. He did not talk much, was always exquisitely dressed, and never by chance looked ill at ease or discomposed; yet, in spite of these negative qualities, the person who addressed him under the impression that the young man might as well be any other young man, soon felt uncomfortably conscious that he was making a mistake.

"Oh, it's Mr. Julian!" said Lady Fielding, with a quick change of voice as she recognized the addition to their party—to her, Hugh was merely "somebody's secretary," and a person to be snubbed—"a friend of yours, Mr. Kemp? Really? I didn't know—However, when are you coming to see us? Are you engaged this evening, or will you come to dinner?"

"I'm engaged to Mr. Julian," said Kemp, rather awkwardly. "We're going to dine somewhere and then go on to the theatre."

"Oh, no, no; you really can't let an informal arrangement like that stand in the way of an invitation from an old friend!" replied her ladyship, resuming her grim playfulness. "We shall expect you, then; we dine at half-past seven. I dare say Mr. Julian will join us too." This last remark was added, after a slight pause, with such calm impertinence of tone, that Kemp wondered his friend did not instantly and resentfully decline.

But, whatever Mr. Julian's private feelings may have been, he answered with exquisite politeness, "Thank you very much, I shall be delighted," without the slightest change of countenance.

"At half-past seven, then," repeated Lady Fielding, as she shook out her silk skirts and made a motion to her daughter.

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"We must hurry away now. You remember the house, Mr. Kemp? Come, Daisy!"

Miss Fielding, who had been looking down at the floor and playing with her parasol, started slightly, bowed to the two men, and turned away obediently. She had not opened her lips during the interview, and there was a sort of weary resignation in her whole bearing which filled Kemp's soft heart with a feeling of swift compassion.

"I wouldn't be that old woman's daughter for something!" he said to his friend when they were out of hearing.

"It can't be very pleasant," admitted Hugh. "But I suppose Miss Fielding is used to it."

"Do you know them well?" demanded Kemp rather abruptly. "Why didn't you tell me just now that Miss Fielding sat for the girl in 'Moonlight'?"

"I really didn't remember that you knew them, or think that the fact would interest you," said Hugh. "Do you consider it a good likeness of her?"

"Strikingly good. Don't you?"

"Fair. The features are like enough." For the first time since they had entered the room he turned to the picture, and looked hard at it, half closing his eyes. But, though some secret impulse made Kemp study his face the while, it betrayed no shadow of expression, except that of cool scrutiny. After a moment the younger man turned round and remarked, "I wonder whether you will mind bearing my humblest apologies to Lady Fielding this evening? I really have a tremendous lot to do at present, and want some time to myself to get through it all."

"Oh, but she expects you," said Kemp, rather awkwardly. "And I shall feel such a brute to have spoilt your evening, because I've thrown over my engagement to you."

"We can carry out that plan to-morrow," replied Julian easily. "Tell Lady Fielding that I was absolutely desolated, but that a business telegram compelled me to rush off to the other end of London. I'll send her a note in the morning to apologize for not turning up."

"I suppose you don't care to go, after that off-hand invitation?" said Kemp.

"I'm not keen about it," admitted Hugh briefly.

"I don't know that I myself particularly want to go," returned his friend. "The old woman's a tremendous bore. But doesn't

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Miss Fielding do anything to make the house more attractive? or don't you care about going, even to see her?"

"I'm not keen about it," repeated Hugh.

II.

Neither Lady Fielding nor her daughter looked surprised when Kemp delivered Hugh's polite message and apologies. The former, indeed, appeared to be decidedly relieved, and it was easy to see that Miss Daisy seldom permitted herself any freedom of expression or utterance which she was not certain would receive parental sanction. She was more than ever like the picture, now that her hat was removed; though her strangely fair hair was arranged with more regard for the prevailing fashion than it had been when she sat for her portrait. She was very silent, and Kemp thought the dinner the slowest and longest he had ever tried to sit through. There was another man present, with his wife; but they had evidently only been asked for the look of the thing, and seemed too much in awe of their hostess to talk.

However, after dinner Lady Fielding called her daughter to her side, and bade her "take Mr. Kemp round the conservatory"; and, though Kemp felt that the girl would rather not, he still hailed the suggestion as a relief.

"Can't we sit down and stay here a little while?" he ventured to ask, when they came suddenly upon two inviting-looking arm-chairs at the end of the little hot-house. He really saw no reason why he should not avail himself of a few of the good things in the net spread so plainly in his sight.

"Oh yes, if you like," said Daisy, colouring painfully, but seating herself on the nearest chair.

"You gave me quite a shock to-day," he began. "I had been looking at your face on the wall, and then turned round suddenly and saw it at my side!"

"Yes, you must have been surprised," she answered. Her voice was low and gentle, and, like her eyes, had a touch of wistfulness in it; but her manner, in spite of an evident effort, was tinged with indifference.

"How do you like being hung up there and gazed at all day long?" he asked. He had somehow conceived a deep pity and interest for this little pale, shrinking girl.

"I don't mind," said Daisy in the same tone. "I dare say a

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good many people don't see the likeness, and most of them don't know me; so it doesn't matter."

"Who first thought of the idea?" Kemp asked.

"Mr. Floyd himself. We met him somewhere, and he asked mamma whether he might paint me. She said yes, and so he did."

"Didn't you have anything to say in the matter?" said Kemp, smiling a little.

Daisy gave him a quick glance. "No," she said, "I didn't care."

"I'm afraid you're ungrateful!" said Kemp. "Most ladies would be flattered to be the centre of so much admiration."

"I didn't mean to be ungrateful!" replied the girl rather eagerly. "I mean,—I thought it very kind of him; but I don't think I care very much about that sort of thing."

"What do you care about?" Kemp couldn't help asking, rather boldly.

But Daisy hardly seemed to notice the boldness. It struck him that she regarded him as a comparatively old man in whom it would be quite safe to confide. She turned to him with a sudden movement of childish abandonment.

"*I don't know!*" she said impulsively; "I don't believe I care for anything."

A woman might have felt impatient at such a confession, and would very likely have expressed her opinion in terse emphatic language to the effect that Miss Fielding wanted "a good shaking," or "something to cry for." A man of the world would have concluded instantly that the child imagined that she cared for nothing, because she really cared very much for something which she could not get. But Kemp was not a woman, and had had very little experience of women, and the childish plaint found its way straight to his heart.

"But that's a very wrong state of things!" he said kindly. "What is the matter? What makes you so indifferent? You are too young to say that, you know; and much too young to feel it."

"But I *do* feel it," said the girl, turning away her head and speaking less distinctly.

He was silent for a moment, hardly liking to take advantage of her confidence to ask further questions. He could well imagine that Lady Fielding's daughter might not have a particularly happy life; but he could not expect her to admit the fact in so many words.

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"I used to have fancies of that sort," he said at last.

"Did you?" said Daisy quickly, looking at him with a more personal interest than she had yet displayed. "And did you lose them? Did they pass?"

"Of course they did!" cried Kemp, deeply touched at her pathetic eagerness. "You didn't fancy that you would be unhappy all your life because you feel miserable at—at eighteen; did you?"

She was silent; her sensitive little mouth quivered slightly.

"Did you?" he repeated as gently as possible.

"Sometimes," she answered at last, sadly enough.

"Indeed you won't," he assured her earnestly. "It will all pass, and you will wonder that you ever cared at all. Things *do* come right, even in real life."

It seemed to him that she started slightly at his words, and the look which she wore as their eyes met was so exactly that of the picture, that he almost fancied she would put her appeal into words and ask something of him. Instead, however, she said after a little pause, "Was Mr. Julian really obliged to go to the other end of London this evening?"

Kemp felt so confused and surprised at the sudden question that he stammered hopelessly over his answer; but Miss Fielding, though she could no longer doubt that the excuse was made up, did not make any further remark on it. She played with the feathers of her fan for a moment in a hesitating sort of manner, and then got up and said that they must go back to the drawing-room.

"I haven't said anything that you mind, have I?" he could not help asking as they walked back.

"Oh *no!*" she cried eagerly. "You've been very kind. I don't know how to thank you."

"You needn't thank me," said Kemp. "If you think me 'kind,' that's all I want."

III.

"Tell me how much you know about the Fieldings," he said to Hugh next evening as soon as he decently could. "I feel rather interested in them somehow. Miss Fielding, for instance; have you ever had much conversation with her?"

"I've hardly ever spoken to her since she came out," said Hugh. "I met them in the country last autumn, and saw something of them because we were staying in the same house.

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But Miss Fielding seemed a mere child then, and seldom opened her lips."

"Still if you were staying in the same house," said Kemp, rather irritated at this bald statement, "you must occasionally have had opportunities of judging what she was like. Had you never the curiosity to address a word to her?"

"Oh yes, of course I have spoken to her. I only meant to say that our acquaintance with one another is very slight. She always seemed very much in awe of her mother and her governess; but of course it was not supposed to be the thing for her to speak much to young men while she was in that transition period."

"Did you think her interesting?" asked Kemp.

"I don't know that I thought so," replied his friend with a considering air; "but she may be, all the same."

"Did you like her?" persisted the other rather sharply; for it had occasionally struck him that the young man wore his imperturbability as a kind of useful mask to conceal all emotions.

Hugh looked up in some surprise. "Yes, I liked her very much," he said; and Kemp felt just as wise as he had been before. "I liked her," he remarked after a pause, "better than any girl I have met since I came back to England. And I can't help pitying her for being tied to that awful old mother of hers. I am sure she is made miserable from morning to night—in fact she almost admitted as much to me; though of course she could not tell me that that was the reason."

"She never looks particularly cheerful," admitted Hugh. He became silent for some minutes after this remark, and Kemp thought that the matter had passed out of his head; but presently he looked up and said meditatively, "If you feel attracted, Kemp, it would be an act of Christian charity to go in and rescue her from that brute, Lord George Felton. Every one knows that Lady Fielding has been doing all she can to bring on the match, and they say that he shows no objection."

"And the girl herself?" asked Kemp.

Hugh was silent for a moment; then said, in the hesitating tone of a man who always speaks courteously of ladies, "I don't know much about Miss Fielding, but wouldn't you imagine that she would do what she was told to do?"

"Then what's the use of my taking any step in the matter?" said Kemp, a little nettled.

"You might tell her to marry you," said Hugh. "If you are

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emphatic enough, I dare say, since she must yield to some one, that she will yield to you."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Kemp, "considering how little you know of her, you seem very confident about predicting what she will do under given circumstances."

"Not confident," replied his friend. "I did not mean to make any impertinent suggestions. Very likely she would refuse."

In spite of some inward irritation at this way of stating the case, the idea of rescuing the poor child from an unhappy marriage was not displeasing to Kemp. When he thought it over it seemed natural enough that the dread of such an event should make Miss Fielding pale and timid. And somehow he fancied that if he could remove her into an atmosphere of tenderness and indulgence it would not be so very difficult to win her love. But about this last point he had some doubts as time passed on. It was very difficult to tell from Daisy's manner what she really felt. There were times when he was convinced that she did not regard him merely as one of the "catches" of the season for whom her mother spread so many nets; but there were other times when he was not so sure of this fact. For instance, when she saw him enter a crowded drawing-room in which they were both guests, she would look up with a slight start, and a strangely expectant expression in her eyes—sometimes with a swift blush. But by the time he reached her side she often seemed paler and more pre-occupied than ever; and though these, in turn, were not signs which absolutely forbade a flattering interpretation, he was completely nonplussed by the passive acquiescence, almost indifference, with which she received any but the most platonic attentions. In her mother's presence she treated him exactly as she treated Lord George Felton—with forced smiles and studied politeness; but when they were alone she was friendly, confidential—and no more.

What surprised him more than anything else was the surprise that she sometimes displayed when he tried to put himself upon a more intimate footing with her. It was as though she had said, "This from *you!* I didn't think *you* would have said or done such a thing!" And, as he could form no sort of conjecture why she should have such a feeling, he had to give up the puzzle in despair, and trust to a happy combination of circumstances to make matters clear between them.

One hot day in July found a large party of fashionably dressed people trying to make believe that they were enjoying one of

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Lady Fielding's annual water-parties, and amongst them were Kemp and his friend. The former was thoroughly out of temper for once; for Lady Fielding, perhaps distrustful of his extreme willingness to walk into all her traps, saw fit to encourage Lord George Felton exclusively on this particular day, and snubbed his rival unmercifully by way of a change. Daisy herself was looking flushed and excited, and her usual passive gentleness had given place to a sort of nervous restlessness.

"I declare I don't know what to make of her!" cried Kemp in despair to his friend.

Hugh, who had just been listening silently to a long string of complaints, raised his eyes from the water and threw a swift glance at Miss Fielding.

"I believe she'd just as soon marry Felton as not," added the other bitterly. "Don't you think she would?"

"It would be a pity if she married a scamp like that," said Hugh slowly.

"Not if she cared for him!" muttered Kemp sulkily.

The younger man looked straight in front of him at the clouds about the horizon. It struck Kemp for perhaps the hundredth time how strangely expressionless his fair, clever face was. "What *are* you thinking about?" he exclaimed, laughing in spite of himself. "You might just as well have a set of features made out of wood!"

"I've often been told that," replied Hugh, with a short laugh. "I was thinking, however, that if you want my candid opinion about the case, I'll give it—though I haven't the least right to have an opinion at all, as you know."

"Never mind. Give it," replied Kemp.

"I've said before that I believe Miss Fielding will do whatever she is made to do. Very well. Make her marry you."

"But I don't want to marry her against her will!" cried Kemp indignantly.

Hugh made no rejoinder, but again fixed his eyes on the clouds.

"Surely you don't imagine that that *is* what I want?" persisted the other, still more hotly.

"No," said Hugh, biting his lip. Then he threw another glance at Miss Fielding. "What I meant was that it probably *would* be her will as soon as you had made her do it."

"And her will, too, if Felton made her marry him?" asked Kemp breathlessly.

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"I've told you what I think," replied Hugh, rather abruptly, and he refused to answer another question on the subject.

At this moment Lord George, thinking that he had made his attentions sufficiently conspicuous, sauntered up to a group of people with Miss Fielding, and gradually detached himself from her. In a moment Kemp was at her side. "You haven't spoken to me all day!" he said reproachfully.

Daisy gave him a swift, surprised glance. She had lost her excited manner, and was looking rather depressed; in answer to his remark she only sighed.

"Has Felton been boring you?" Kemp asked daringly.

"A little," she replied, in a very low tone.

"I am going to row bow going home," he went on with nervous haste. "Do you care for sitting in the bows of a boat?"

"Yes," she answered indifferently, "I shall be very pleased."

"Let us come and get our seats, then," he said. They walked to the boat in silence. "Put this coat round you," he went on, handing her a light overcoat as she took her place.

Daisy accepted it in the same mechanical way and laid it on the cushions where she was going to sit. She seemed hardly to notice Kemp; but presently, feeling that there was a book in one of the coat-pockets, she drew it out. "Browning!" she said, and began to turn over the leaves at random.

Suddenly she looked up. "Did *you* underline that?" she asked quickly, pointing to a verse which was thickly scored under.

Kemp glanced over the page and read the lines from "A Pretty Woman"—

> "But for loving, why, you would not, Sweet,
> Though we prayed you,
> Paid you, brayed you
> In a mortar—for you could not, Sweet!"

"No, I certainly didn't!" he replied. "The book isn't mine—I don't read Browning. It belongs to Mr. Julian. Those must be his sentiments."

"Do you think that could be true of any one?" asked Daisy, not raising her eyes, and speaking in an almost imploring tone.

"I shouldn't *like* to think it could be," said Kemp, very low.

Daisy fell back upon the cushions, and hardly spoke another word during the homeward journey. She seemed to be intent upon the book, and kept her face hidden behind it all the time.

Afterwards, when he was alone, Kemp took up the Browning

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with the intention of reading the poem through. As he glanced at the page he started violently and grew pale. It had been fair and smooth when she had called him to look at it, but now it was blistered and blotted with tears.

IV.

Three nights later Kemp and his friend pushed their way into a crowded drawing-room, and, after a seemingly hopeless glance amongst the throngs of dancers, the latter observed in his calm, imperturbable way, "There's Miss Fielding, Kemp, by the window."

Kemp looked across. Daisy was standing almost opposite to them, listening to the devoted whispers of Lord George, with whom it was evident that she had just been dancing. Even at this distance she looked pale and weary, and the smile on her lips was a very sad one. She looked—unhappy girl!—as though she had been crying.

Kemp pushed his way to her side, almost seized her programme as soon as he had greeted her, and began scribbling his initials upon it with feverish impetuosity.

"He may leave one for me, mayn't he, Miss Fielding?" said Hugh, glancing over his friend's shoulder.

"Oh, yes!" said Daisy, in rather a strange tone, and, taking the card, she handed it to him.

Their glances did not meet, and the young man wrote his name against only one waltz, then bowed and walked away.

"Do you like my friend Julian?" said Kemp suddenly, wondering why he had never thought of asking her the question before.

"It doesn't much matter whether we like him or not," said the girl. "He doesn't like us." She still spoke strangely and looked unlike herself.

"Oh, that's nonsense!" returned Kemp, more emphatically than politely.

"It may be," said Daisy. "But it's truthful nonsense. Mamma doesn't like him," she added irrelevantly.

"And you always follow her in your likes and dislikes?" ventured Kemp, not without intention.

"Why shouldn't I?" said Daisy recklessly, almost defiantly. "Since weak people must submit to some one, what does it matter to whom they submit?"

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"Don't speak like that!" exclaimed Kemp entreatingly. "I am sure you don't feel that."

"I do feel it!" cried the child bitterly. "I feel that it doesn't matter what I want, since I haven't will enough to find out a way to get it."

Kemp felt unutterably puzzled and pained at her manner, her words, the strange despairing sadness of her face. They could not continue the discussion just then, however, so he made no answer. He did not want to dance with any one but her, and when their first dance was over he went and seated himself by Lady Fielding, and presently Daisy's partner brought her back to them.

"Daisy," said her mother, in a low voice, "come here. Did Mr. Julian ask you for a dance just now?"

"Yes, mamma," said the girl, colouring.

"Then I can't let you dance with him. If you can't get out of it in any other way, tell him plainly that I will not allow it." There was a hint of menace in the tone, though the elder lady tried to keep it calm. Daisy looked up imploringly. At this very moment Hugh made his way through the crowd and approached her, studying his programme all the while with a puzzled air.

"Miss Fielding," he said, in a deeply apologetic tone, "I've written some one's name so badly on my programme, that I can't possibly read it; it *looks* a little like yours. Would you think me very rude if I asked you to tell me whether I have the happiness to be your partner for this dance?"

There was the slightest possible pause before any one answered. Daisy stood like a statue, staring at her mother. Then Lady Fielding broke into a quick laugh. "I'm afraid not, Mr. Julian," she said, "for Daisy has just told me that she is engaged to some one else."

"How very stupid of me!" exclaimed Hugh. "I apologise most humbly. I see now that it is Miss Wilding to whom I am engaged. Please forgive me for troubling you."

He turned away. Kemp made a step forward. "Our dance, I think," he said to Daisy, considering that he might as well take advantage of this piece of by-play, as leave Miss Fielding partnerless. "Shall we go and sit out somewhere? You are looking tired."

The girl turned without a word; but when they got away from the room to a quiet little nook, where even the sound of

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the music hardly reached them, she threw herself into a chair with a face fuller of misery than was warranted even by the worst construction that could be put upon her behaviour.

"Oh, how *hateful* everything is!" she cried passionately.

"My dear Miss Fielding!" said Kemp, shocked at her distress.

Daisy turned her head aside to hide the blinding tears in her eyes.

"Surely you don't mind so much about what happened just now?" he went on. "Why, I can explain that to Mr. Julian in five seconds, if you will allow me."

"No—no," she said, in a smothered tone; "you can't—and—and—I don't wish you to try."

"But you needn't mind so much," said Kemp eagerly; "you were almost forced into refusing the dance—he gave you very little choice. If he could make a mistake like that——"

"He made no mistake!" cried Daisy bitterly. "He didn't believe I would dance with him—he thinks I'm not to be trusted. Every one is hard on weak people; they have to suffer all through their lives, and no one pities them. Whatever happens, they go first to the wall and are trampled upon. The strong ones snatch their happiness, and think that, because others are not brave enough to do the same, they don't feel their loss. They feel *every* thing! Their lives are *spent* in feeling miserable because they are not stronger; and no one is sorry—no one tries to help them!"

"Daisy!" cried Kemp, seizing her hands. "Don't speak so wildly. Don't—don't *suggest* that you are speaking of yourself! You know that I would die to help you!"

"Oh!" cried the child, bursting into tears; but the rest of her sentence was incoherent.

"*Can* I help you?" he breathed.

She looked up at him with a wild throb of hope. The moment had come. The mute request which had lain in her eyes ever since he had seen her first, woke to intensest life. Through her tears he tried to read the meaning of it, and then seized her and drew her closer. "Answer me! answer me!" he implored. "Can I help you, and how?"

"Oh, don't make me tell you!" exclaimed the poor child in a voice pregnant with anguish. "If you know—have pity—I——"

"You will take my love," he whispered. "You will let me save you from that brute Felton?"

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Daisy turned as pale as death, and made a convulsive effort to speak; then, finding that it was useless, she ceased to struggle, and dropped into his arms, shaken with passionate sobs.

V.

"Must you really go?" said Kemp ruefully enough, when his friend told him a fortnight later that he had accepted Lord Manton's offer and was going abroad with him, as his private secretary, for seven years. "Surely you don't care enough about it to make it worth your while. I wish you would give up the scheme."

"Oh nonsense! you'll get along well enough without me, now that you're going to be married," said the younger man. "You'll find seven years go like no time when you get to the 'happy ever after' stage."

"I shall miss you all the same," said Kemp in a rough voice.

"Well, that'll be uncommonly kind of you!" returned Hugh. "By the way, I took the liberty of getting my wedding present for you rather early, as I'm going away so soon. Come and tell me whether I've hit your taste." He led the way to the adjoining room. "There, I got Floyd's picture for you, as I couldn't think of anything else you would appreciate so much!"

From the wall, opposite them, Daisy's pale face and entreating eyes looked down at the two men.

"What made you run into such a piece of mad extravagance just for me?" cried Kemp, deeply touched.

"Pooh! it wasn't extravagance," said the other contemptuously. "It's rather rot to give it to you at all now; as I suppose Miss Fielding has never worn that expression since her engagement."

Kemp looked up at the picture in silence. That evening, when he had made his confession of love, Daisy had seemed too much agitated to answer him coherently; but when he called next morning she had been waiting to receive him, and had greeted him very prettily. Since then, their engagement had been publicly announced, and she had seemed happy and contented, if possibly rather pensive. But *had* he never caught that wistful, beseeching expression in her eyes since then?

"Haven't you ever seen her since?" he asked, turning away and addressing Hugh.

"No—I—I'm ashamed to say that I've been too frightfully

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busy to call," replied the other. "I wrote to Lady Fielding to explain and to apologize for my apparent rudeness. Perhaps you'll express the same at greater length, with my warmest congratulations to Miss Daisy, and—and give her this trifle, which I took the liberty of buying for her." As he spoke, he snapped rather nervously the clasp of a little morocco box which he pushed towards Kemp.

The elder man opened the lid and looked down silently for a moment at a slender gold bracelet, studded with pearls and moonstones, which somehow suggested the thought of Daisy, as vividly as her picture on the wall.

We have most of us felt at times in our lives that we are on the verge of a great discovery—as though some wild suspicion had leapt up and shrieked a momentous suggestion in our ears. Such a moment came to Kemp now; he dropped the little case on the table and turned wildly to his friend.

"*Hugh!*" he cried breathlessly, seizing him by the shoulder.

The two men looked into one another's eyes in silence.

Kemp's face was working with emotion; he seemed as though he would tear the truth from the other. But Hugh Julian did not let his features betray him: he neither flinched nor stirred, nor showed surprise at Kemp's movement.

"Good Heaven!" cried Kemp, drawing a long breath, and turning away at last. "I thought—You would think me a madman if I told you what I thought!"

"Never mind," said Hugh smiling. "We expect every one in love to be a little mad! Well, you'll remember me in every possible way to Miss Fielding, won't you, and say how sorry I was not to see her again before I went?"

"I'll tell her," said Kemp, who had not yet recovered himself. "I haven't half thanked you, old fellow. I—I—hang it!—I *can't*. I'd better go. I'll write—You'll see me again before you start, of course?"

"Of course," replied Hugh heartily. "Good-bye, old fellow; take care of yourself!"

They did not meet again, however. A few days later the picture and the bracelet were sent to Kemp, with a note from his friend to say that, owing to a sudden change in their plans, he would have to start sooner than he had expected.

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VI.

"I've still something to show you," said Kemp, as he led his little pale bride over their new home. "See what a devoted husband I'm going to be! I won't have you out of my sight for a moment!" He slipped his arm round her as he spoke, and opened the door of his dressing-room. They entered.

"My picture!" said Daisy, smiling as she looked up at it, hanging on the wall in front of her. "You never told me you had bought it."

"I didn't buy it. Julian gave it to me as a parting present. Wasn't it good of him? And he left an almost equally beautiful one for you. I kept it until now, because I thought I would like to write and tell him that we thought gratefully of him on our wedding-day."

Daisy drew herself from her husband's arm, and began to tremble violently. "What did he leave for me?" she asked in a low, frightened voice.

Kemp reached out his hand for the morocco case which lay on a little table below the picture. "But, my dear child, what is the matter?" he cried, for she had grown ashy white, and could hardly stand.

"*Parting* present!" she gasped. "Why *parting* present?"

"Didn't Lady Fielding tell you," said Kemp, with a sudden sickening pang, "that he had gone abroad with Lord Manton for six or seven years? I know he wrote to tell her about it."

"She wasn't *likely* to tell me!" said Daisy. "She always thought—she knew—— Gone!—Gone!—and not one word—not even Good-bye—only this. *Hugh!*" As the cry burst from her with an anguish which seemed to rend her very heart, the poor child turned wildly in her husband's arms, and then dropped like a stone at his feet.

In a moment the truth flashed into Kemp's mind. She had loved his friend!

Had he not been absolutely and selfishly blind, he might have known it long ago; but now, when it was too late, he had to face the miserable results of that blindness and of her fatal weakness of purpose. In trying to save her from one loveless marriage, he had dragged her into another. As he stooped over her now and lifted her up in his arms, he recalled the feeling which had come into his mind when first he had seen her face in

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the picture now hanging above them. He looked up,—from henceforth, he thought, he should never see anything but misery and reproach in that look. She *had* appealed to him, and he had not understood.

And Hugh? Good Heavens! had he too loved her? If so, what ghastly impulse had made him urge on his friend's courtship of the girl he loved? Had he *known* what Daisy felt the while? or had he thought, as that underlined verse of Browning seemed to imply, that she was incapable of really loving at all? Why had he never made a single attempt to win her? Was it possible that he had given her up, avoided her, because he believed that Kemp would make her happier than he himself could? Did he think her to be so unfitted for the wife of a poor hard-working man that he would not even suggest that she should share such a lot? Had he mistrusted her power of being true to himself in the face of her mother's opposition? And, if he had acted in this way for any of these reasons, did his action betoken a cold cynicism almost inconceivable in so young a man; or did it betoken a power of pure self-sacrifice which was ready to suffer and endure all things without a hope of reward?

To these questions and to the hundreds of others which beset him, Kemp never found an answer. Hugh had gone; he had made no sign, and his name was never mentioned again between the husband and wife: nor did he ever come back to disturb them.

And, as the years passed and Daisy's clinging nature turned more and more to Kemp for support, he brought himself to admit at last that perhaps, after all, his friend had acted for the best.

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Notes of the Month.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose authority is beyond question, assures us that our Note last month upon the position of Church matters at Oxford was very far from describing the actual situation. "St. Aloysius," he says, "is exactly where and what it has been for the last ten years. Its impact on the University is strangely slight and limited. It has been a daily subject of amazement that in a field so favourable, with hordes of young minds floating about vaguely in chaos, the influence of Rome should be so singularly confined. As to Anglicanism, far from its having been weakened by the withdrawal of its official position, it has gained immeasurably in force and authority since that withdrawal, above all, it has gained *men*. Those of us who, ten years ago, looked forward with dread to a probable period of 'denudation,' have been startled by the sudden swarm of younger Churchmen, who, after obtaining open Fellowship, are taking Orders. They are as surprised as Mark Pattison was at the vigour of the 'Catholic Reaction which has set in. Nor is Dr. Liddon absent; he is to be found at Christ Church just as much now as he has been for years; he is there for the chief part of all three terms. Nor has Mr. Gore's illness done more than reduce, for *one* brief term, his incessant activity. He and the Pusey House are felt more decidedly in Oxford every year. And, besides all the set of younger Fellows, why is no mention to be made of Dr. Paget, or of Canon Aubrey Moore?"

Dr. Liddon, in common with most men who occupy prominent stations in Church or State, is the recipient of a great number of anonymous letters. These are generally of what is termed an "improving" character, pointing out faults of omission or commission in the Doctor's public ministrations. An amusing instance of this officious tendency recently occurred. The academical hood belonging to the degree of D.D. at Oxford is a very heavy and cumbrous garment, compounded of scarlet cloth and black silk, and Dr. Liddon, whose action in the pulpit is very energetic, found that his hood pressed uncomfortably on his neck and shoulders, and materially increased the physical labour of preaching under the dome of St. Paul's on the hot Sunday afternoons of August. One day he unbuttoned the hood during his sermon, and let it fall off his shoulders; and, finding this a great relief, next time he preached he took the hood off as soon as he entered the pulpit, and resumed it when the sermon was

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finished. A few days later he received a letter signed "An attached member of the Church of England," reproving him for having introduced into the pulpit of St. Paul's the new-fangled rite of ceremonially doffing and donning part of his vesture. The action, no doubt, had some superstitious meaning, although the author of the letter candidly admitted his inability to guess what the particular error was, which the preacher intended to convey. With characteristic tenderness to the conscience of the weak brother, Dr. Liddon, during the remainder of his period of residence, laid aside his hood before entering the pulpit.

A scene has just been enacted in a far-away mountain valley, that has stirred many a heart throughout the length and breadth of Europe, and yet, so wide is the world and so manifold its interests, that probably not one Englishman in a thousand has so much as heard of the centenary celebration of the return of the 800 Waldenses to their native valleys, under the leadership of the brave Henri Arnaud, 200 years ago. Nevertheless, a quotation from the words of an eye-witness may perhaps be of interest to our readers.

"The celebration of the bi-centenary of the *Rentrée Glorieuse* had collected a crowd of visitors to Torre Pellice. All the Vaudois Pasteurs in Italy had assembled there; the Reformed churches throughout Europe had sent their representatives, Scotland and England included. The first great meeting took place on the mountain-side, above the village of Bobbio, under the magnificent old chestnut-trees beneath which Henri Arnaud and his followers took the celebrated oath known as the "serment de Sibaoud" that day (1st September), 200 years ago. The whole population of the valley streamed to the spot, and the inhabitants of Torre Pellice began their exodus at 3 A.M.

"A vast multitude had climbed the rocks and had assembled under the chestnut-trees—seated high upon the mountain-side. A platform had been erected for the speakers. Pasteur Prochet, the leading member of the Vaudois Church, a fine man with a powerful head and magnificent voice, presided, and, after a prayer and a hymn, admirably sung, delivered an address which for eloquence and the effect it produced I never heard equalled. The scene was altogether a most impressive and touching one—one never to be forgotten.

"On the following day there was the opening of the 'Maison Vaudoise,' a fine building at Torre Pellice, containing a large hall for the meeting of the Vaudois Synod, a museum, and rooms for educational purposes. The ceremony was a very interesting one. The King, who had liberally subscribed towards the erection of the buildings, sent his 'Prefetto' of Turin to represent him. An address was delivered by M. G. Mielle, the Vaudois Pasteur at Turin, which, besides being most eloquent, was admirable in other respects, and will, I am sure, have a great effect throughout all Italy. The next day was occupied by a

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meeting of the Synod, open to the public; and on Wednesday evening the 'Société de l'Histoire Vaudoise' held their meeting, which was crowded, and there was some good speaking."

Those who carefully compared the text of Mr. Gladstone's French speech in Paris with the translation in the *Daily News* are asking whether the suppression of his reference to the Christian Faith, and the substitution for it of the bare word "Truth," was merely a stupid blunder, or a deliberate attempt to obscure the strict orthodoxy of Mr. Gladstone's religious belief?

From the Canadian province of Alberta we heard lately that enormous prairie fires had been raging, caused by the timber on the eastern slopes of the Rockies having been fired by some miners, and the conflagration spreading to the plains. "Vast regions of grass country, about ninety miles from us," writes our informant, "are on fire; we are smothered in smoke, and only see the sun now and then like a red wafer; it is most dreary, like a November fog in London, only grey instead of yellow. All our lovely summer weather has been spoiled; there is no way of putting the fire out or hope of its stopping until the snow comes in October or November. We have had fires like this on every side of us at intervals since April, and the damage they do is incalculable."

The following episode of the recent strike is instructive, and not a little discouraging to those who believe in winning the hearts of their men by kindness and consideration. At one of the chief printing establishments in London, a house specially noted, we believe, for the care taken to promote the welfare of their "hands" by clubs, evening classes, recreations, &c., two "organizers" appeared one morning, and sent for several of the "machine hands" to tell them they must strike. The men, who were perfectly contented, asked what they were to demand; they were told vaguely to ask for more money. Thereupon they sought the manager, and surprised him with the sudden intelligence that they intended to strike. On being requested to formulate their demands, they were unable to do so, until they had again consulted the organizers outside. At length they returned, and named the sum to which they proposed the wages should be lifted. "Very well," said the manager, "that is a business-like request; we will consider it and give you an answer the day after to-morrow." But this would not do for the men. "It is 12 o'clock now, and we must have your answer by 2, or we shall not come in," was their rejoinder. Naturally, in a large firm employing hundreds of workpeople, so grave a decision with all its consequences could not be taken off-hand; but the men adhered to their unreasonable

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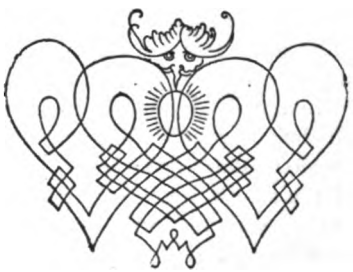
ultimatum, and then and there no less than sixty of them left the service of a house where many had worked for years and not a single note of discontent had been heard prior to the visit of the "strike organizers" that morning.

The relative merits of English and American Magazines have been under discussion in several newspapers of late. While exhibiting an amusing discrepancy of opinion as to what is the true standard of merit, the numerous correspondents who have expressed their views on the subject may be roughly divided into those who prefer Illustrated Magazines and those who do not; of course our sympathy is with the latter, though no doubt we are in the minority. It may, we think, be taken for granted that the mere fact of illustrations attracts a wider audience, and that American Magazines on this account have the pull over English. But we cannot admit that this gives them a claim to superiority; to mention only one point, in a Magazine illustrated on the American scale, involving preparation months before the date of issue, articles on current topics are practically impossible. Before undertaking to award the laurels, two classes should be compared—illustrated American with illustrated English, "plain" American with "plain" English periodicals. On this footing we should not fear the comparison, drawn either from literary and artistic merit or from circulation—circulation, that is to say, in this country, for, so long as Mr. Mudie exists, and so long as our postal rates are eight times as heavy as those of the United States, it will hardly be possible even for the 'English Illustrated' or the 'Magazine of Art' to reach the stupendous circulation of the 'Century' in its native home.



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Our Library List.

MEMORY'S HARKBACK—1808–1858, by F. E. GRETTON, B.D. (*Bentley*)—takes the reader far away from "the full tide of human existence" which surges round Charing Cross, and calls up vistas of college common rooms and cathedral cloisters; of leisurely rides through green lanes and over stretches of springy turf; or of long winter evenings spent in pleasant, kindly, old-fashioned talk. Mr. Gretton has passed his life as a country clergyman, and a wholesome country perfume seems to breathe through his pages. There is nothing very brilliant or very profound in the volume, and some of the stories related have seen service, yet the total impression produced is rendered perhaps by these very defects more harmonious and therefore more agreeable. We see, faithfully depicted, a state of society which is fast passing away, and which our children will probably be unable to realize. Dr. Gretton confesses himself frankly "*laudator temporis acti*," he thinks that steam has brought more loss than gain to the world; and, though he admits that education is more carefully conducted than it used to be, he fears that scholarship is being ruined by the free use of translations. "The Psalms of David," as compared with Tate and Brady's version, is hardly a happy illustration of a work "in the original."

THE LAND OF THE DRAGON, by WILLIAM SPENCER PERCIVAL (*Hurst & Blackett*), contains a lively account of the author's experiences as sportsman and tourist in the gorges of the Upper Yangtze, a river which, as of course our readers are aware, flows past Nankin, and enters the sea just to the north of Shanghai. Rapids have to be traversed which are only navigable during part of the year, and then at some peril, and at least one whirlpool. The most interesting to the reader of Mr. Percival's experiences seem to have been among the cave temples of Hu Peh, though several must have yielded to him more momentary excitement. The traveller in the by-ways of China must be prepared to use his fists almost as freely as his tongue, the receptions he meets with varying between friendly curiosity and personal violence. Mr. Percival seems hardly to have fixed in his own mind the view which he takes of the Chinese character and institutions. In his opening chapters he abuses them roundly; and in the last, Balaam like, he "blesses them altogether." He has resided sixteen years in the country,

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and is therefore no novice in his subject. A very vivid account is quoted from the *North China News* of an American who had served in the Taeping rebellion, and afterwards taken a Chinese wife and become naturalized in the country of his adoption; such cases are apparently not uncommon:—

> "I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race:
> Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
> Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NURSE, by E. D. (*Macmillan*), is a small volume making no pretentions to literary style, but possessing the merit of a faithful transcript from real life. The author's heart is evidently in her profession, and her narrative should prove interesting to those ladies who, in accordance with the admirable custom which has sprung up of late years, intend to devote themselves to the care of the sick. It is now universally recognized that in such ministrations affection will not supply the place of training, and that patients are both more restful and more likely to recover when under the care of a skilled stranger. The benefit, therefore, which "Sister Emma" and others like her confer on their fellow-creatures is among the most valuable and the least alloyed that one human being can bestow on another. Nuns in the service of humanity, their work is unaffected by creed, or climate, or race. "Sister Emma" herself, after preliminary training, took charge of a hospital in Zanzibar; obliged, after eighteen months, to return to England by failing health, she again set out for South Africa as Superintendent of Lady Burdett-Coutts' hospital for sick and wounded soldiers; and, thirdly, volunteered in March 1885, as "cooking sister" among the nurses sent out by the National Aid Society to Suez in the Egyptian War. The book closes with a brief account of an expedition by boat to Assouan to bring back soldiers wounded in the Nile campaign.

SANT' ILARIO, by F. MARION CRAWFORD (3 vols. *Macmillan*) is a continuation of 'Sarracinesca,' and the reader, unless his memory be unusually tenacious, feels at first some difficulty in getting his bearings among the various personages. Mr. Crawford has withdrawn the veil with which novelists generally shroud the married life of their heroes and heroines, showing us an estrangement, happily only temporary, between the beautiful Corona, whilom Duchess of Astrardente, and her second husband and heart's-love, Giovanni di Sant' Ilario. The fault lies wholly with the man, whose frantic jealousy is excited on very flimsy grounds, and who ought to have read his wife's character more correctly. Perhaps the main current of the book is the mutual love between Anastase Gouache, a French soldier-painter, and Faustina di Montivarchi, daughter of a Roman Prince. A dark plot is formed for

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depriving the Sarracinescas of their titles and most of their wealth. Whether it succeeds or not we leave readers to find out. There is the usual elaborate Italian setting, but Mr. Crawford makes less use than usual of historical personages mingling with the creations of his fancy, and conversing in a way which, whether characteristic or not, is very unlike their authentic recorded utterances. A forthcoming continuation is more than hinted at on the last page of the third volume.

THE FREAKS OF LADY FORTUNE. By MAY CROMMELIN (2 vols. *Hurst & Blackett*). Fortune, as we all know, is a fickle jade; but she does not riot in quite so unrestrained a fashion as this bright and lively story would represent. Guelda Seaton supports herself and her young brother by manual labour in a cottage in a wood; she is so radiantly fair that she smites with instantaneous ravishment a wandering Duke and his cousin with a face like St. Michael's; almost simultaneously she is recognized by an enormously rich Earl as his long-lost grandchild, is installed as his heiress, and shortly becomes a leader of London Society. Offers of marriage are showered upon her, but she refuses them all (including the Duke's) for the sake of the handsome cousin, variously styled Ronald and Roland Airlie. Meanwhile the Earl's disowned and supposed drowned eldest son turns up and obtains his father's recognition and pardon. The Earl dies intestate, whereupon the children of his second son are, in unexplained defiance of English law, left destitute. Guelda flies from her uncle's roof and endeavours to support herself as a singer at evening parties. Fortunately the uncle is discovered to be an impostor, Guelda marries her true love, the Duke beams a chastened approval, and we leave our heroine again at the top of Fortune's wheel.

WILD DARRIE, by DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY HERMAN (*Longmans*), first appeared, if we mistake not, as a Summer Number of the *Graphic*, and of its kind is an excellent piece of work. The outlines are "blocked in" broadly, as in a bold and rapid sketch, and the colours are laid on bright and strong with a view to immediate striking effect. The reader's interest is kept alive by a succession of "strong" situations, and it is not till the last page is turned that he begins to ask himself whether such a character as the heroine is psychologically possible. By that time he will probably be setting about finding another novel, so the question remains unanswered. Wild Darrie, a beautiful circus-rider, marries an honest yeoman, but elopes with a scoundrel. She is then falsely accused of a theft and sent to penal servitude; shortly after her liberation she accidentally meets her husband just as his daughter is about to be married to a gallant navy lieutenant. The marriage is postponed, and Darrie goes with her husband and child to

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America. The surprising adventures which befell her and her family there and on her return to England are best read in the book itself. Suffice it to say, that all the knots are not unravelled till the last page, and that the conclusion is in accordance with novelists' justice.

FROM THE GREEN BAG, by F. M. ALLEN (*Ward & Downey*), is another collection of those rollicking Irish stories whereby Mr. Allen, judging by the laudatory notices prefixed to the present volume, has taken the critics by storm. "Never—or, well, hardly ever," it appears, has a humorist so irresistibly comic, so innocently racy, so whimsically imaginative, bounded on to the stage of English or Irish literature. We confess that we cannot conscientiously echo these enthusiastic praises, but our sense of humour is probably defective, therefore we chronicle them and leave our readers to judge for themselves. The fun seems to consist in making St. Patrick, the Pope, Horatius Cocles, Cromwell, Ulysses, and other historical and quasi-historical characters, figure in wildly impossible "yarns," talking the language of Munster peasants, over-reaching each other with more or less cunning, and commenting on things in general with more or less shrewdness. Occasionally a remark is made which strikes even our Saxon obtuseness as mildly funny, and no doubt every page is redolent of the country of its birth. The book might safely be put into the hands of the most carefully educated girl. It could do her no harm—even if she read it.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

Church Restoration Principles.

I AM invited to write a paper on this subject as one of wide public interest. I doubt if it is so, to anything like the extent it used to be during the early half of Her Majesty's reign, from causes not material to the present question. But as a matter of fact, nearly everything that has been published about the restoration of English Churches in the last ten years has been either directly or indirectly aimed at one cathedral, which was discovered to be on the verge of ruin exactly at the time when it became one. There was a little about the tower of Peterborough a few years after, and lately about St. Michael's Coventry, all involving the same fundamental question, what particular old work or period a restoration (beyond mere repairs) should imitate. But those later disputes, of which I will say a little farther on, were mild and short compared with the ten years of storms that have raged over our oldest great church, of the English Protomartyr, St. Alban.* They began with the antiquarian attack on the Committee which had received unlimited power in 1877 to "restore, repair and refit it for cathedral and parochial services," for resolving to do what Sir G. Scott's family and friends well knew that he wanted, if the money could be found, viz. to restore the original or Early English and Decorated roofs which had been destroyed by John of Wheathampstead, one of the last abbots, as the cheapest way of rebuilding them, by the common device of cutting off the rotten ends of the "principals." Unluckily Scott died just before the question had

* To save constant repetition of the name I shall use "here" and "this" for the cathedral and city of St. Albans.

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to be decided, and his son's name carried little weight, while the malcontents were in various ways powerful, and their prejudices violent for keeping, or rather copying, the thing they had got used to beholding, ugly as some of them admitted it to be. But it was, in the usual phrase of the anti-restorationists, who prefer ruins to churches, and then exclaim against "Vandalism" —"interesting." No razor will cut such a block as that. Every possible thing was said about it at the time, and some of them are preserved in my handbook on the Cathedral, and I only use it now as a historical introduction of the questions of principle in such matters, which it is no use discussing in the abstract. Though the opposition included four earls and many other influential persons, and we were constantly told that all England was on their side, and certainly most of the newspapers were, thinking such opponents must win, they were beaten by 2 to 1 in a meeting called by themselves of the subscribers. Nothing is more delusive than the noise that a very few people can make in newspapers that help them.

The same spirit of cheap restoration in old times produced more mischief than any one would suppose. Here it was the natural consequence of the waste of their substance in riotous living for which this richest of the abbeys was proclaimed infamous even by the Pope's commissioners against Wheathampstead's successor;* and it led to the degradation and scamping of all the post-Norman work as it went upwards and more out of sight. I remember hearing Scott point that out in a lecture on the west front only; and I found it more and more true as I have had to work all through the building. I suppose we reached the climax of it over the Presbytery windows lately, where the wall consisted of a brick shell, filled not even with bad rubble, as most of the walls and piers of all ages were, but simply with clay. Therefore we need no longer wonder, as everybody did ever since I have been here, how such mean and miserable windows got in there, at the beginning of the best period of architecture, the geometrical Decorated, if the records are right. But as soon as they began to be removed, being utterly decayed also, the usual outcry was raised by men who take the Vandals to have been restorers of ruined buildings, about the "Vandalism of destroying those exquisite Early English windows to put in others of Lord Grimthorpe's invention." In a few years the architects will be declaring, as they lately began

* See Froude's 'Annals of an English Abbey' in his *Short Studies.*

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doing about the West front and its great window, which had "only been fit for a Dissenting chapel" for ten years, that they are too good to have been invented by me, but were really designed by some dead man who can no longer contradict them. Only they had better find one next time who had not left the contradiction behind him in a lecture published long *ante litem motam.* I mean the late Clerk of the Works, who never professed to design anything, or did so. Now that these windows are nearly all done, I hear that they are more admired than any other of the "inventions" were so soon.

Not only had Wheathampstead pulled down all the early gables and the roofs, but he had stuck in the vilest Perpendicular specimens of mere window-grating in the west, north, and south fronts, of which one had been already renewed, first in wood and then in stone, and the other two were tumbling to pieces, as were the whole fronts which contained them. So there, as in the presbytery, the main question of principle, as the antiquaries call it, arose, whether I was to rebuild copies of them or to do something which the early builders might have done if they had had the opportunity. The first principle of restoration that I avow, is that evidently bad things ought never to be copied. It is a question of degree how far they ought to be repaired, and no rule worth a farthing can be laid down for that. Nor for the meaning of the term "evidently bad." And yet there is very seldom any doubt about that with competent judges, not besotted by prejudices or cant phrases which serve for artistic judgment with pretenders who know nothing more of architecture. Until the anti-restoration clamour began I never heard the smallest doubt about the utter badness and baseness of all the windows I have been speaking of.

The next question of principle in such cases is, who is to decide what is to be built instead of the ruinous and bad thing? and that settles itself if the only financial master of the position knows what he is about and is not silly enough to abdicate his own powers. Where there is a conflict between two plans, as there was about this west front, the persons in authority must decide it. They all decided in favour of mine, and as nobody offered to pay for the other, there was practically nothing for the diocesan Court to do, unless it meant the church to fall merely because three opponents (of whom two had no *locus standi,* and therefore there was only one) would rather it did fall than that I should save it. The Chancellor treated him as he

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deserved. It has been no doing of mine, beyond refusing to let a few noisy and ignorant people have their own way and my money, that this work has been beset throughout with such an unparalleled flood of personality. On no occasion have I thrown the first stone—but only laid them, which seems worse. But I soon found that I and all who agreed with me would be overwhelmed and the public entirely deceived, if I did not, like Nehemiah, hold the trowel in one hand and the (feathered) sword in the other, against the Sanballats and Tobiahs, Arabians, Ammonites and Ashdodites, *i.e.* Antiquaries, Anti-restorationists, Architects and Archæologists; and I must add another A for Albanians, to their immortal disgrace, as most other people say. It is only a straw, but it shows the direction of the wind as well as larger weather-cocks, that not even the placing of a fine new "prayer-bell" in one of the turrets could be noticed in the local papers without the addition of a scurrilous little poem of manifestly architectural structure. The conspiracy naturally has its branches and architects here; and another similar straw out of a sheaf of them is the constant glorification for the last year or so of Mr. Gibbs, and his image-maker as a new Michael Angelo, and "his accomplished architect," who has had nothing to do yet that I can see—unless he is the Diocletian who ordered off the heads of some of these modern Albanian saints, which have happily come on again with variations; and so their necks will attest the miracle for ever.

The effect of long impunity has been nicely illustrated lately. I had allowed the slanderers to go on weekly for four months in their own and the local papers pouring out an ever-increasing torrent of what great statesmen find it necessary to designate by the proper and simple name. At last the *Guardian* thought fit to copy one of them; and that tempted the leader of the crew, an architect named Gough, of whom my only knowledge was that he had tried in vain to get me to support some scheme of his in Parliament, to write a letter there. Of that he soon had enough. But there came to his aid a brother giant, who confessed that he made himself as invisible as he could in the hope of escaping contradiction, "having understood that I do not answer anonymous letters," and stated with the utmost precision that "Lord Grimthorpe's faculty expressly provides that he shall make no alteration without consultation with a professional architect, and that (some) authorities ought to enforce that condition."

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I answered, that in all my experience of controversial mendacity, I never before encountered downright forgery for public use of a registered legal document. The faculty does not contain a single word of the kind. So this imitator of the librarian in "S. Ilario" (except that he has not yet shot himself) did not escape as much exposure as his anonymous caution had left possible. He has had five weeks to apologise or invent an excuse in, and has done neither.

There is just one architect, and he is a grandee among them, with a strong professional interest in getting my faculty upset, and therefore in convincing the world that I have broken it. I will call him B., and the unknown forger X. B. was one of Street's R.I.B.A. party, who came here to prove that there never was an E.E. or Decorated high roof. B. also has reason to remember that he had several other conflicts with me, and I remember no other architect who had. But X. oddly says that he had. And what is still more odd, he uses almost the same words as B. did years ago about my shameful suspicion of his excellent motives. Can either of them explain all this?

It makes the case worse that all these five months' inventions of all sorts of facts had the avowed object of influencing a pending suit in the Ecclesiastical Court. If it were in a civil Court every one of them would have been punishable for contempt; and so would their absurd memorial started with the insane hope of thereby moving the Court to take the only undone part of the Church out of my hands to give it to an intruding stranger, a year after I had begun restoring it in a way which nobody pretends to complain of. Beyond this I say not a word about that suit, especially after what the late Chancellor said of the "unseemly interference of the R.I.B.A." against the granting of my faculty. But it is time the public should understand the kind of people these are who ask for their support.

Nevertheless, it is a fair general question, whether unlimited powers ought to be given to any volunteer, to restore a church, which nobody denies to need it for safety, without security for his ability or trustworthiness, either financial or architectural. Nothing of the kind was done here. For the basis of the whole case, besides the undenied "dilapidation" of the church all over, recited in both faculties, was that the volunteer had already made a design for the most urgent part of the church, which had been preferred by the existing authorities (viz. the Bishop and all the remaining members of the Committee) to the rival

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one of their own previous architect, to whom I had sent mine with leave to suggest any improvements on it that he liked. I thought his all so bad that I refused to have anything to do with it, and nobody advocated it. So there was an end of the question of architectural capacity. Nor was there any objection on the other grounds, except an argumentative statement, which was only laughed at, that I might pull down any part of the church and not build it up again, as Deans and Chapters can, without any public remedy that I know of. It is odd that after all I was urged by several people here to pull down the building called the Slype; but I perversely restored it instead, from a dark and dirty hole, with a clay bottom, 4 feet below the transept floor, into a large and handsome porch, now used as the entrance to the church for visitors. That is also called Vandalism by the usual howlers, and they have published ever so many times that I have "destroyed the Slype."

It was impossible at the time of either faculty to know what would have to be done, or to ascertain it except as the work proceeded. If any one had had the least idea how ruinous the church was all over, I am sure no committee would have begun it, and I doubt very much if I should. A large new one could have been built for a quarter of the cost, when this should fall. The west front was found unsafe to touch, until a vast deal of unexpected work had been done behind it, including the rebuilding of 80 feet of wall which was too rotten even to bear new buttresses. And in the nave, which alone took the Committee and me eight years to finish, every window, and five falling pillars of 6 feet diameter, had to be almost rebuilt, on which no ordinary spectator guesses sixpence to have been spent, because the old work is so well imitated; which antiquaries call "falsification." The eight eastern bays of the south aisle, with all their vaulting, were preparing to fall, but were not too far gone to be saved by new buttresses; which nevertheless this crew of conspirators denounce more than anything, though good judges think them an architectural improvement, besides an absolute necessity, to the old flat wall which formerly had the cloisters for support; and the buttresses hide practically nothing of the old cloister-backs, which would soon have hidden themselves in ruin. And they are trifles compared with the clumsy monsters built by Scott farther west.

I wonder how many signers of this new memorial—the third or fourth of such things—know a word of all this, or have even

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seen what they condemn. I have several times had to show up one of them, a cathedral dignitary elsewhere, for doing so, and have twice driven him to confess that he had not seen, but believed, though he frequently passes within ten minutes' distance of this place.

I will not go through the other parts of the church which required still more complete rebuilding to save them from clearly impending ruin. I was not very likely to rebuild a transept front 100 feet high and 6 feet thick, with foundations I forget how deep and covering at least 1200 square feet, besides the north and west ones, unless I was sure that it was necessary. But all these protesters know better, and are sure that an "accomplished architect" could have done all my work for a third of what it has cost me. They generally do. No doubt I could have patched instead of rebuilding, and built as thin as they do; and slit old mullions down the middle and stuck new fronts on, as I was told I ought. Scott did it, rightly enough, as a choice of difficulties, to the Lady Chapel mullions, which have statuettes inside such as no money can get done now. I would not give £1000 for all the modern Gothic statuary I have ever seen, including the little that I was persuaded to try here myself, and all in the restored High Altar screen, which is not mine, and all that has been put into the porches at Westminster.

The two Dublin cathedrals were handed over to individual restorers quite as absolutely as this. I am not concerned with the results, and have not seen them. There was a large book of pictures published of the one done by Street, but not even the R.I.B.A. library had it when I inquired a few years ago. I only mention them by way of answer to the absurd contention that nobody is to be allowed to rescue a great church from ruin and fit it for use all over without a series of faculties once a year or so for every new bit of work that is found necessary, with perhaps a new lawsuit taking nine months over every fresh conception.

The question is not likely to recur anywhere else, but no fair inference can be drawn from this case without adverting to the notorious cause of the continued architectural fury about it, of which no secret has been made of late. I mean the fall of the accomplished architects into the pit they had prepared for me. Though my design for the west front had been preferred by the Committee to their own architect's, and the same thing had happened in several other places, I had never quite dispensed with them, though I had always kept the control by making a

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proper contract with the builder (the one given in my 'Book on Building,' which architects abhor); and I offered to let Mr. J. O. Scott act as such for the authorized design instead of his own. But I found, and heard from a man who never misled me that it had been settled at head-quarters, that he would only accept on the terms of his being master and I only paymaster; and everybody knows the result. No people are so certain to be furious as those who have conspired to commit murder and find that they have committed a lingering suicide instead. And they have gone on doing it ever since, having yet learned nothing, as some folks never do, but would make every mistake of their lives over again if they were re-started at 20 with the experience of 70. They do not seem to know how they are laughed at by most people, and their proceedings more politely "regretted" by others, who dissent from their criticisms, as a great majority of independent visitors do. A few very competent ones have taken the trouble to say so and to correct the mistakes of the others in their newspapers and elsewhere. They are immediately told by anonymous F.R.I.B.A.s, almost in these words, that they are fools and liars, and (literally) "toadies of Lord Grimthorpe, or most likely Lord G. himself."

It will not do for them to say that all the ten years' abuse of everything done here is only the work of inferior or anonymous members of their craft, and that the better are ashamed of it. It was not the doing of such members that their Council gave a special evening to a paper sent beforehand for their approval, abusing the west front. The author was nobody, as regards church architecture at least, and therefore the adoption of his paper was quite voluntary. He benevolently invited me to come and hear him, which I declined, but sent an answer, which they could not well refuse to print. You may search the whole mass of their Transactions, I believe—certainly all for many years past—without finding a single parallel case. Yet one would have thought that if there is any difference, the doings of those who are paid by the public were a fairer subject for that sort of criticism than those of a private person doing what the public had refused to undertake. Yet I remember one of their Presidents in his annual address declaring that whatever they might think individually of Mr. Street's design—for the worst great public building in the world—it was now the duty of the British public to accept it and be thankful. The British public see then what must be the value of criticism of either this or any

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other works from critics of that kind. Artistic epithets admit of no refutation by either facts or logic, and depend entirely on the qualifications of the critics. Anonymous ones are obviously worth nothing so far as they are mere opinions; and as the first condition for them is impartiality, the moment any set of critics is proved to have a motive their criticisms are worth less than nothing, especially when there is not the slightest evidence that the public agree with them.

Although in this case the antiquaries and architects concurred for different reasons, their real principles of restoration are diametrically opposite, and they soon fell out. Indeed, I cannot reckon as architects for this purpose men who merely take as much of their patrons' money as they can get for ordering a builder to copy everything he finds if it is too far gone to be patched up, and to patch it up if it is not, as Scott did here, and consequently I have had to do some of his work over again already. Architecture is the designing of the best building you can, and not deliberately copying what you know to be bad, and would not build yourself if the ground were clear. Such men, who are always puffing themselves as "artists," above all trades-menlike and trades-union views, are therefore mere impostors and (in their own elegant language) commercial "toadies" of the dealers in antiquarian cant, who talk their nonsense about good building instead of bad being "falsification of history," and the like. A Gothic church that has been mutilated by post-Gothic architecture which is itself decayed, as every bit of it was here, must be rebuilt somehow, or fall. A modern copy of a late and bad interpolation combines all the faults of incongruity and badness and novelty, and is quite as glaring a falsehood as if it were the best possible imitation—or even a bad imitation—of what would have been or was done in the Gothic times. Sometimes we know pretty well what was done originally, and I have copied substantially all the traceable good Gothic work here. Wheathampstead's abominable spoliations can be called good by "no man with a competent faculty of thinking," as Newton said of a certain theory of gravity. In the most important places there were no traces of the early Gothic work to copy; and then the only thing to do is to invent the best you can in that style, or to do what the E.E. and Decorated builders might have done if they had had the money. That is the positive principle of restoration that I avow, as the former one was the negative. Again the application of it to every case must

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be a matter of individual judgment. When I see the mean and lean, shallow, pretentious, "fussy," and pettifogging kind of work which our present architects spoil everything with—and I think they get worse—I have no hesitation in rejecting their judgment. I have got infinitely better advice all along from friends, of whom some know more of the architecture of the world than any architects, and from clerks of the works, builders, and foremen, who not only know ten times as much about the mechanics of building, but often make good suggestions besides in matters of taste, and from models, which we always try here when it is possible; as the old builders must have done, for they could not draw decently, and models are infinitely better where they can be used. I never knew an architect try one, and Street boasted of having made an armful of working drawings in the hour that a builder was waiting for them. It is no wonder that their works are what they are. Most architects snub builders if they advise anything.

He had, however, the merit of never concurring with the antiquarian pretenders except while he had personal motives for it, and they very soon quarrelled again. He plainly meant to force himself upon us as Scott's successor. He and another of the aforesaid party had just before been imprudently airing in their newspapers some private grievances against the Chancellor of York. Very soon afterwards the people who call themselves "Preservers (!) of ancient buildings" were abusing them for restoring the original high roof at Southwell, without a pretence that the existing low one was rotten like this. Scott was simply frightened out of his senses, though he hated the anti-restorationists as much as Street or I; and about the last paper he read at the R.I.B.A. was against them. Just as he condescended to design a sham Italian Foreign Office, rather than quarrel with Palmerston in 1859, so he yielded to their cant here, and actually tried to prevent me from putting windows into the eight dark bays of the aisles because there had been none in those "iniquity corners," as they were still called (see Froude), while there could be none on account of other monastic buildings standing against them. And the howlers have been lately reproducing this in their catalogue of my iniquities. I could tell other like things of them, but this is the best specimen of what clever men may fall to when they adopt "antiquarian principles of restoration." I once prevented Street from revolutionizing a mainly E.E. church, which did not need it the least,

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on what he called "Conservative restoration principles"—like his betters in much greater things.

I will now give two or three instances where the advocates of common-sense and real architecture were defeated: in one by their own folly in abdicating their power to an outside arbitrator—which the enemy tried here—and the others by the same local prejudices in favour of what they were used to that influenced the local opponents of our high roof and the new west window. Most of them have by this time changed their minds, and would be still more sorry to have the old rubbish back again. In 1883 the tower of Peterborough was evidently coming down if it was not taken down and rebuilt with new foundations, like the west and south fronts here. Of course omniscient antiquaries swore that it need not; but so far, nobody minded them. The upper part had been rebuilt (very poorly) in Decorated times; and they found it necessary to rebuild also the E. and W. arches, but not the N. and S.; and after the fashion of those days, instead of copying or rebuilding the Norman stones, they made two common-place pointed arches. As the whole had to come down, Mr. Pearson the architect, and the Dean, wanted to rebuild them as they were before the Decorated people made that mongrel mess of them; and with them concurred successive majorities of the Committee which had the power of the purse, by 3 to 1. But the Canons, mainly under the influence of one of them, resisted everything but pure and simple rebuilding of the latest state of things; though with beautiful consistency they have not replaced the four turrets which were later still, and have left the tower a mere stump. By the most childish impatience and mismanagement, though I told them their strength was to sit still, that powerful majority allowed themselves to be defeated and the tower spoilt by an accidental defect or blunder now perpetuated for ever.

The other recent case was still more absurd, because it involved a further waste of what is estimated at £20,000, and is sure to be a failure. Everybody who has an eye for proportions could see that the tower of St. Michael's Coventry was far too narrow for its height and for the general size of the church; and they were not coeval. If common-sense were not getting extinguished in these matters, everybody would have rejoiced that the time had come when the tower must be rebuilt, from its decay, and that proper proportions could be given to it. But no; nothing of the middle ages can possibly

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be improved on. And so the architect was not even allowed to thicken the walls in refacing them, and much less to enlarge the buttresses; and when it was done a committee of architects, who had nearly all agreed to that stupid restoration, further agreed that it would still not be safe to ring the bells in it; and so if they want them they must build a new campanile. The same thing occurred at Manchester Cathedral a few years before. They persisted in building a copy of a mean old tower, and are already ashamed of it and want another. One of the many faults of the rival design for this west front was that it copied every bit of the old construction, which was radically wrong and had caused the thing to ruin itself twice over, as we found when we took the cracked later shell off. So much for that principle of restoration.

There is an amusing side too to the antiquarian theory. On one hand we are always told that we must not dare to alter an existing structure; and on the other, that copying old work so that it may pass for new, if possible—and lead criticising antiquaries into exposing themselves to derision, as they often do here—is the basest of impostures and "shams," a thing they are specially fond of denouncing, though the best Gothic architecture is full of them. Well, they need very seldom be afraid of that. Modern architects, and builders left to themselves, take very good care that their work shall not be mistakable for old. Even when old designs are copied, nothing requires so much and constant watching, besides original ordering, as to get the work done in the old style. Most architects, if they profess to believe in it at all, refuse to take the smallest trouble to secure it. The cast-iron and gas-pipe character of nearly all restorations and new buildings goes on in spite of all that has been written against it by plenty of people besides me. I don't know that Scott was worse than other architects therein, but as he did the most and was their leader, he has the most mischief to be answerable for to posterity. Here I have succeeded pretty well, through having a family of builders who soon learnt to appreciate the importance of rough but solid execution, and of leaving things alone as soon as they are brought to the proper shape, as the old masons always did; and my successive clerks of the works have done so too; though I well remember the astonishment of the very well-known one (Chapple) whom I found here, when I first said to him, before I was master, "All that thing is spoilt by being what you call

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'finished.'" And when I asked old Mr. Longmire how he was going to work the 110 new shafts at the west front, he answered, "O, turn them, I suppose." I replied, "Do you? That may do for architects, but no turned shafts are going in here;" and being a very clever and observing man he soon saw that I was right.

There is a fact relating to it also worth special notice for those who want restoration or *bonâ-fide* imitation of Gothic, which is all I am discussing here. The earlier the style is, the ruder the work ought to be in execution, though by no means in design. It is hardly possible to get Norman stone-work imitated for that reason. Fortunately most of it here was composed of flints and large thin Roman bricks, which are very superior to ours. Nature has provided us with old flints, and I get "Roman bricks" made fairly well, at great cost (and even that is abused as a "sham"), though not so rough and picturesque as the old ones which came out of the walls of Verulamium. Consequently I can hardly tell myself from mere looking, which parts of our restored walls have been rebuilt and which only pointed, and other people make the wildest guesses. The new stone-work will necessarily tell its own tale for a time, but not for ever, as the architects' smooth stones and turned shafts do, in spite of all decay that leaves any of the surface. There is a remarkable piece of restoration here, of a beautiful Norman doorway of which we found a few pieces immured in the somewhat modern brick wall at the end of the Slype. It was enriched both with the geometrical or masonic * ornamentation which belongs to the Norman style alone, and with some unusually delicate carving for that style. I resolved to try whether I could get it continued so as to restore the whole doorway, and also add another "order" within to make it a better size for the new entrance to the S. transept. With considerable difficulty and the help of a very good master-carver (not an Englishman), I succeeded so well that very few visitors distinguish rightly between the new work and the old—and that all the architectural newspaper critics have preserved a dead silence about it. So far as I know, the door is quite unique. If you want to see the effect of executing Early English or Decorated work

* I do not use that word in its usual sense of belonging to that empty room with a secret lock called freemasonry, of which I am told that "St. Alban is the traditional founder in England," and we are indebted to that fact for the pulpit under the tower: a structure strongly confirming my definition, which I never found one of them deny.

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in the cast-iron style, you have only to look at the west windows of the S. transept, and of the retro-choir (or Ante-chapel) and Lady Chapel, which were restored externally by Scott. With the always monotonous Perpendicular it is not of so much consequence, though certainly of some.

I am not going to assert the merits of anything I have built. They will be judged by posterity for ages to come, and in the present day by competent judges who care no more for my opinion than the architects'; and they would have abused everything just as much if I had pleased the antiquaries instead of the anti-antiquaries and myself. Having given up the west front, and pending the completion of the presbytery, they have devoted themselves lately to the transepts and their enlarged turrets of the same shape as all the best Norman ones, and the great windows, as the latest and worst specimens of what they flatter me by calling "Grimthorpism" in various parts of England. Here they had the advantage of no rival designs of their own. The "Five Sisters," as the new lancets in the south transept are called after the larger ones at York, are specially abominable because they are arched over, 38 feet high (York are 53) just under the flat ceiling (a repetition of the original) exactly as they would have been if their outsides went no higher. The atrocity of that is too horrible to explain; at least they never have, but keep screaming at it as if no more were needed. The outsides do go higher, and the middle one rises up to 60 feet, the tallest Sister in England; and there they light the great room over the ceiling, containing 33,000 cubic feet, which the architects think it witty to call "the cock loft." Of course there is a narrow zone of blackened wall behind the glass at ceiling level, of which they publish a picture veraciously showing it as white. It is quite invisible outside. One of those who dare to call it "a happy audacity" of mine, was himself audacious enough to tell these architects that they ought to know of at least four past and present precedents of the same kind in some of our best churches, of which one has four half-windows blank, or an entire sham, to match others. Forthwith they turned upon him with all those epithets which I related before, and upon another writer who said practically the same. With one of their dicta I thoroughly agree, that not an architect now living would have thought of doing such a thing—or building mullions weighing 32 tons each. They prefer gas-pipe shafts.

Their denunciations of the great Round opposite are still more

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funny. "Why," they ask, "did he put that opposite to five tall lancets?" Well, I refer them to a better authority. When they meet Archbishop de Grey (if they ever do) they may ask him why he did so in his York transepts, the grandest in the world. They might have known at least that uniformity in the general character of corresponding great members of a church, and variety in details, make the best architecture and give the most pleasure, except to the tasteless admirers of monotonous Perpendicularity. But "the Round is too big and comes too near the walls." What does it want, but for its ornamental bands (100 feet long) to clear them, as they do? And how much more space do they think is left round the great Durham wheel-window, a little less than this (the space being narrower), Westminster ones rather bigger? I am glad Mr. Pearson is going to rebuild one of them, not copying the modern pattern, though I can give no opinion yet on his. One thing is quite certain, that this is the strongest round window ever built, and that the eye cannot divide it into a multitude of repeated sectors, which soon get to look monotonous. They must find some better faults than these.

As churches are not built or restored for architects, but for the public, who are always condemning their work, it is not immaterial that at least some men of what is called culture, not like the Philistines of the architectural press, differ from them, to put it mildly. An uncountable majority of my visitors do; indeed I don't know one that does not, and some persons, whose letters show their education, though unknown to me, have published their opinions, where they could, to that effect. Here are some Latin verses sent a few months ago, with initials which will be recognized as those of one of our most distinguished Latin scholars, on these very transepts. Many persons who have seen both wish to see the lines published. I wonder how many great—or small—scholars have written poems in praise of any product of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

GRIMTHORPE.

AFTER REVISITING ST. ALBAN'S CATHEDRAL.

Si fors Albani libeat tibi visere fanum,
  Sub mediâ turri sta, peregrine, precor.
In latere australi cernes ibi quinque Sorores;
  Parjete in opposito suspice deinde Rosam.
Sunt qui Germanas potius mirentur amentque,
  Quâ medium excepit longa fenestra jubar.

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Ast alii dicunt, "Rosa quam formosa, quot orbes
Inclusos in se maximus orbis habet!"
Nonus ibi numerus multum valet, unde fenestrâ
Arcanum quiddam forsan inesse putes.
Deinde sub ingenti lustras dum singula templo,
Nil nimis excultum, nil puerile vides;
Bellula nec cernes oculos captantia vulgi:
Albanus nugas se tolerare negat:
Albanus majestatem sibi postulat amplam,
Et solidâ firmam simplicitate domum.
Albane, Edmundi somnis manifestus adesto!
En novus est templi conditor ille tui.
Henricus subduxit opes, solvitque vetustas
Mænia, at Edmundus jam nova cuncta dedit.
Sæcla futura hominum solvent ibi vota per annos,
Nec metuent ædes ne labefacta ruat.

J. G. L.

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Dramatic Opinions.

By MRS. KENDAL.

Part III.

Every year we go on tour with our London Company. One year we took 'Impulse.' Another year we played 'Lady Clancarty.'

We always go to Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Birmingham; sometimes to Dublin. Bristol I have been to twice since I was a little girl. Travelling on Sunday is very hard work, but, like everything else, it has its compensating charms. You can make a great deal of money by touring about in the country. The public know that you will be there only for a week or a fortnight, and they naturally all come to see you, and if you take a London success, you do brilliantly, according to your popularity.

The work is more than amusing. It is the greatest teacher in the world, because you have a different sort of audience in nearly every town. What is successful at Bristol may be a failure at Bath. What is cheered to the echo in Liverpool may perhaps not be so successful in Manchester. It is very strange that audiences which are so closely connected, have such various opinions. Of course, Manchester is our great stronghold, because we were married there, and I think the people there have a sort of affection for us. So I cannot help speaking of Manchester first and foremost. Then, again, Glasgow is the town where my husband began his professional career, and there he is received with acclamation. I suppose seldom has such an uproar been heard as when he was discovered as Charles Surface in the 'School for Scandal,' on his return to Glasgow, as the leading man of the Haymarket Company. The applause was so long and so extraordinary that Mr. Buckstone had to come upon the stage and stop it. My

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husband had begun his career at £1 a week, and had left, having gained his position, and then he came back as the leading man of what was at the time considered the greatest company that ever travelled in the provinces.

A Scotch audience likes quite a different sort of play to what a Yorkshire or Lancashire audience would like. If you say in Scotland that you have a play "from the French," they appear a little shocked. Why this should be I do not know. It was in Edinburgh, I am sorry to say, that a gentleman wrote, saying he thought it was such a pity that such and such a piece from the French should be played. Why did not we play that beautiful English comedy of the 'Queen's Shilling'? which, I need hardly repeat, is from the French—'Le Fils de Famille.' If in Scotland you put anything up by Sheridan, or Sheridan Knowles, or Shakspeare, or any well-known author within their circle of reading, they know the piece just as well as you do. They are a most marvellously well-read people. They are most enthusiastic if you "get" them. They are a long while taking to you, but if you have them once, you have them always. Look, for instance, at that great actress, Lady Martin—Miss Helen Faucit—who perhaps is an example that all the profession can follow, in every possible attribute of womanhood. Long after she was married she used, I believe, to visit Glasgow and Edinburgh, where her popularity was something unique, and there she would play for a month. They used to follow her more and more each time. Her art overpowered everything. They never thought of asking whether she looked King René's daughter, who is described in the first scene as "budding sixteen, with a bloom upon her cheek that childhood had only just parted from; with coral lips, and not a wrinkle on her brow." She came upon the stage to play King René's daughter long after she was sixteen. And the great Scotch multitudes rose at her, and their only regret was, as it must be the regret of all who have any knowledge of her, that she left the stage.

In Ireland things are quite different; there *c'est pour le jour.* That is exactly the difference between the Scotch and the Irish. I remember playing in 'Pygmalion and Galatea' in Ireland, and when at the end of the first act Galatea is going to throw herself into the arms of Pygmalion, telling him that she loves him, and that she is his for ever, a woman in the pit rose up and said, "Whisht! darlint! whisht! Don't kiss him, his wife has just gone out."

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The Irish are delightful. Their enthusiasm is charming, but it is an enthusiasm that is awakened by the next comer the instant you have left. Poetical as the Irish are, there is a verse, written, I believe, by one of their countrymen, the sentiment of which does not seem to remain in the elements of their nature.

> "If the refrain of some song I sang you,
> Or the perfume of some flower or tree
> Steals across your senses, may it bring you
> Silent messages of love from me."

Now they do feel the refrain of the song; they do know the perfume of the flower and the tree, whilst you are there, and whilst you are singing the song, but it is "Sweet, not lasting." If another singer comes the following evening and sings that song again, they are equally delighted.

But I must say that I never received anything but the greatest kindness and warm-heartedness from Irish people, and their hospitality is world-renowned.

The Manchester audience is an extraordinary one. There are Russians, and Turks, and Germans, and French, and Greeks. It is quite cosmopolitan. If one part of the house does not take one line or sentiment, another does. It is the most pulsating, rapid, inspiring audience to act to, and I do not think there is any artist in the world who would not pay a tribute to the spontaneity and quickness of a Manchester audience. Give me the Theatre Royal, Manchester, and a house crammed to suffocation, and I feel I do my best. Somehow, I think it is because I feel they like me very much, that I am able to do my best. If an audience expects you at your best, and gives you an impetus to bring out the best in you, you wish to keep up their estimation of you, and you strive to do your very utmost.

Some actors are so sensitive that when they come on the stage, if they are not received well, down go their spirits, and they never rise again the whole evening. I know several instances of that, and on the contrary, if they are well received, up go their heart and spirits, and they really give the audience their best.

Birmingham is another place I love, and when, on Saturday nights, all the miners and work-people come from Wolverhampton and the surrounding districts, I think nothing is more exhilarating. They are so pleased with you and so delighted

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with everything you do—and then you are pleased that they are pleased. The audience there is purely English.

Brighton is London in November, and a very delightful week we have there, too. We get pretty much the same people as in London.

I have sometimes been asked to give the history of a play from the MS. to the stage. I may begin by saying that very few plays indeed have ever been acted before the public in the state in which they were originally brought into the theatre. They undergo a thousand changes. It often happens that a MS. is submitted which contains a very beautiful leading idea, but badly worked out. In such cases, the manager becomes, as it were, a collaborator with the author. Many plays are altered in this manner. The manager makes suggestions, and the actors do the same when they come to rehearse; receiving, of course, hints in their turn from the author; and so the work gets into shape.

Mr. Kendal and I get quantities of plays brought to us, and we make it a rule to read nearly every one of them. Of course, they are not all worthy of being placed before the public; but I am perfectly astonished at the amount of good there is to be found in the first plays of young playwriters —unknown young men and women. There is perhaps one scene that is remarkably good, or it may be some leading idea or character, but so badly surrounded that the play will not admit of production. I always in such cases write back to the author, "Go on; you have the germ. Do not spare paper and ink and trouble, and you will eventually find that the good fairy has touched you with her wand." I should think in the course of a year we have hundreds of plays submitted to us. My working table is covered with them, and I have some cupboards full besides. A great many are comediettas in one act, sent me by young ladies—sometimes translated from the French or German—pretty little things often, but too light and flimsy for use; containing, nevertheless, decided germs of talent. I think the *matinées* which have come into fashion are a very great boon. Of course, they are in some ways detrimental to art, but they have many advantages which more than counteract any harm they may do. I have seen some very bad plays produced at them, but I have also seen some very good ones. They afford an excellent means of making the work of a young author known.

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I may as well confess that I am not personally a good judge of a play, or of a part. I will tell you an instance of my gross stupidity, by reason of which I lost my husband and his partner a very large sum of money. I had sent to me some long time ago a play. I thought the idea was splendid, but I didn't like the way in which it was worked out. One scene I found, I may say, absurd, namely, that a man should sit down and forge his wife's name in her cheque-book, before her. I thought this was such a blemish in the play, and so ludicrous, and such a bad starting-point, that though the rest of the play was very clever, and the audience might forget that failing in it, still it would make a bad beginning, and would more or less ruin the rest of the play. I returned it to its author, and told him so. That play was produced at a *matinée*. It was an enormous success, and was eventually put into an evening bill, and made thousands. Let me here blushingly, and with the deepest contrition, say that that play was called 'Jim, the Penman.'

As a rule Mr. Kendal reads most of the plays sent to us. He is an excellent judge, and possesses the faculty of knowing exactly when there is money in a play. He is very difficult to please and very seldom wrong, his judgment is so cool. As I have freely confessed my own fatal blunder, I may excuse myself by saying that I do not believe I am the only person who has erred in such matters of judgment.

I am sometimes asked whether we have ever made a success with a play that has been refused elsewhere. I could not be positive on the point, but I think it is more than probable that we have. Sometimes, what is finally submitted to the public is only half what the author originally wrote. A striking instance of this is Mr. Smith's comedietta of 'Uncle's Will.' We practically took only half the piece, but I think we picked out all the plums. Nearly the same thing happened with regard to 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' When the play was produced, Mrs. Burnett said to me, "You have cut it about rather severely." I ventured to remark, that had I cut any flowers out of the play, I would humbly beg her pardon, but that I thought I had only knitted my cloth a bit finer, and by that means brought out its brighter gloss. That is, of course, only what habit gives you the power of doing—that, and the instinctive feeling of what will be more or less dramatic.

It is no easy task to "cut" well, as we call it—that is, to be able to make judicious omissions; to leave all the beauty and

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only take out the weeds; to separate the wheat from the chaff; or, taking another metaphor, to gather the stitches together, as we do with crewel-work.

Sometimes authors will leave plays with us for three or four weeks, or for as many months, and then, after a little while, they write and ask us whether we have read it, and what our opinion is. We often write a very detailed opinion, which sometimes is shown to other managers, and used as a lever. The number of plays we manage to read in a given time of course depends on whether we are busy at rehearsal, or have other things to do. As a rule, my husband and I, every night of our lives, read something or other, or I go through a book that perhaps will make into a play. When a manuscript has been accepted it is in due course put into rehearsal. As a rule the authors are present at the rehearsals, and are very nervous, which has rather a paralysing effect on the actors. Authors differ a good deal in the way they regard the interpreters of their work. It often happens that one finds one's part too long, and then one "cuts" it oneself; or it is too short, and then one asks the author to "write in" a speech, or to elaborate a scene, and generally such requests are granted readily enough. Some authors, however, boast of writing plays which they are pleased to term "actor-tight," meaning that the play is independent of the artists who interpret it; but I think that this way of looking at things is dying out, and that most authors will acknowledge that they owe something, at any rate, a little something, to the actors.

My brother Tom always stage-managed his own plays, and I have always believed that he was a very clever stage-manager; every action and every idea of his being followed by the actors and actresses of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, who believed in him, and of course, when people believe in you, you start fair.

I met Tom in his capacity as manager only once. That was when I played at the Gaiety in his comedy of 'Dreams.' I had a small part in that play, with Alfred Wigan and Mr. Clayton. And it then struck me that my brother was a very gifted stage-manager; but I do not know whether my opinion in this particular instance is worth recording. One is apt, perhaps, to think well of one's relations; however, I think his excellence is acknowledged by all who knew him personally, and who were connected with him professionally. I believe in his early life he had taken his plays from theatre to

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theatre; and it is believed that on the back of the MS. of his play called 'Society,' old Mr. Chippendale of the Haymarket had written the word "rot." Eventually Tom met Miss Marie Wilton, who, as all the world knows, gave him a first trial at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. He there made his name, and what money he left behind him. He was a particularly generous man. He had a certain sum per night for 'Society,' and a certain sum, which I believe was an increase on that, for 'Caste;' and for 'School' an increase again. When a number of years had rolled over and the management wished to revive these plays, my brother was written to and asked (as he had now become an established author) what his terms would be for a revival of his plays; he wrote back and said, the same as he had always received. And when 'Society' was revived some seven or ten years after he had made his reputation, he received the same small sum per night as he did before he was known. He was a most chivalric and generous-natured man.

Tom Robertson did not write all his plays for that management, but he felt himself more at home at the Prince of Wales's Theatre than anywhere else. Whenever he migrated to any other ground, he did not seem to flourish in the same way. I believe 'Dreams' was a success at the Gaiety, but in those days I did not know much of the pecuniary positions of theatres or their losses and gains. My chief impression of 'Dreams' is associated with the fact that I had the pleasure and honour of acting with Mr. Alfred Wigan, who was a great artist and the kindest creature, so full of encouragement, and so wishful to tell you everything that was to your advantage. We used to sing a little duet in the course of the play; when he had a bad cold, and could not take the high notes, I used to sing them for him; and when I had a bad cold, then he used to sing them for me. It is altogether a very delightful remembrance in my life. The first gold bracelet I ever received was given to me by Mrs. Alfred Wigan. Miss Ellen Farren, who played boy's parts, was also a very great favourite with Mr. Wigan. He used to take a great interest in her career; but, poor man! he died some short time after that, and we lost a great artist and a good friend. Nearly twenty years had then elapsed since the period I am speaking of, and then, before Miss Ellen Farren went to Australia, she wrote me a letter, in which she said she was bidding farewell to her Gaiety audience, and would I not do something for her?

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I recited a few verses, written by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, just stating the fact that many years ago two young women (girls in their teens) had appeared upon the Gaiety stage; that one of them had gone away; but that one had remained true to Gaiety and the public,—*i.e.* Miss Farren herself, and that, I thought, was a wonderful instance of how one could pass so many years of one's life upon a single stage. Miss Farren was at the wing whilst I recited these few lines about her. The audience were so carried away with enthusiasm, that they persisted in seeing her again and again.

To return to my brother. When he began to make his name I had not even come to London. The only "first night" I ever saw as a spectator at the Prince of Wales's was, I think, 'School.'

A very successful play of my brother's was 'David Garrick,' in which, I need hardly say, Mr. Sothern originally took the leading part. He made a very large sum of money by it, and I was very pleased the other day to hear that Mr. Wyndham had done the same. I hope it is true. Mr. Wyndham also bought another play lately, for a certain term of years, which my brother wrote for me when I was a girl, and which I once played in Hull for some five or six nights, a very delicate beautiful play, translated from Alfred de Musset's 'On ne badine pas avec l'amour.' I never have had the opportunity of playing it again, but Mr. Wyndham having bought nearly all my brother's plays to revive, made an arrangement with me to revive this too, and I am looking forward with great curiosity to hearing the result. It is, I think, one of the very best translations my brother ever did.

The public are always curious about money matters, and I am often asked whether playwriters make large fortunes. Good gracious me! I should think they did. It is difficult to be precise without mentioning names, which, of course, would never do; so I will tell, speaking generally, how money is made.

Authors charge different sums of money for their works. If they are original works, they will sometimes sell them for so much down and then so much a night; but I think authors holding high positions will take something like ten per cent., sometimes more, on the gross receipts.

A young fellow who gets his first piece acted, would probably get only £30 or £50 down, and there the manager who risks taking an unknown author gains the advantage. But directly a

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man has got his position, he charges, of course, what he considers he has a right to charge. There is no doubt you cannot open a theatre now unless you have a good play. Naturally these men, who know they draw the money, expect a part of the profits. I believe my brother had £1 a night for 'Society,' but I know no man who now occupies anything like the position my brother occupied who would allow his play to be played for that sum. It might be so with a comedietta, but with nothing else.

The salaries of actors have risen very greatly. I remember thinking that £10 a week, or £15 or £20 or £25, were enormous salaries, where now £60 and £80 would only adequately represent the same sort of talent, so extraordinarily have actors and actresses' salaries, as well as authors' fees, increased. Salaries were different even during the last year of the St. James's to what they were when the management of Messrs. Hare and Kendal commenced only nine seasons ago. The same actor who would then get, we will say, £7 a week, would probably now ask £20.

As a consequence, the public pays 10*s.* 6*d.* for a stall, which is a considerable increase on former prices. Then, too, by doing away with pits and charging 10*s.* 6*d.* for all the seats in the body of your theatre, you naturally can pay more to your artists.

In Birmingham and Manchester the pit comes right up to the orchestra, and I confess, though it may show poor taste, that I delight in playing to the pit. No one who is not in the profession could tell what an exhilarating effect the pit has. I love it. One gets such a quick response to the sentiments we arouse. In the stalls, people are impassive. It is the height of good breeding not to show one's feelings, and that is why actors and actresses, who do nothing but show their own feelings and other people's too, are such peculiar, strange people! Again I apologise for saying, or daring to state—actors and actresses are peculiar or strange!—please remember it's only one of my opinions! There is no doubt about it, the pit is a delightful institution. There is much virtue in a pit.

Applause, however, in London theatres has more or less gone out, except on a first night, when a popular artist gets a "reception"—as it is termed—in fact every artist gets a "reception" of some sort; and of course the verdict on the play is given by applause, which is more or less true in its ring, and in which I seldom have been mistaken. There may be a great deal of

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applause at the fall of the curtain on a first night, and many people round will say, "Oh, it's a success! It's a success!" But all the while there has been something wanting in the ring of that applause; while there is another applause that has got such a hearty ring in it, so spontaneous, so true, that it brings conviction with it, and you feel the play is a success, and that the applause is, as it were, from the very hearts of the people. That is what makes a first night in London such a trial and such a nervous ordeal to go through, but at the same time, if the result is good, such a gratifying thing.

In the provinces they do give more applause, I think. They applaud their favourite, or any popular actor who is in the company, whether it is at a judicious moment or whether it is not. It is the feeling that they have for the artist, and they applaud perhaps with more heartiness than discernment. But, oh, it is very nice! I like it to be lavish and indiscriminate. I like everything to be lavish and indiscriminate, especially applause!

Malicious people say that one sends one's friends in on the first night, and such things have been done, but I do not think the practice exists in any theatre that holds any position, nor do I believe that it has any weight in any way, because if they did applaud on the first night, the public would go on the second and third nights, and if the play is not good, it will not hold. Of course, in Paris, we know there is a *claque*, but I do not think a *claque* has ever been actually organized in this country.

In London there are what they call the "first-nighters" in the pit and upper boxes, and woe betide the time when the "first-nighters" do not come, because I believe in their criticism more than any other, and in their applause, and the reverse! I could not tell you who the "first-nighters" are, but I know that among them I have got some friends, and therefore I like them! They are people who attend every first night at every theatre. I myself have been to only three first nights as a spectator in the whole of my professional career, and when I go to the theatre, then I invariably ask for the stalls in the last row, that I may be near the pit and hear their verdict—so great is my belief in the pit and its verdict; I have seldom known it wrong.

The pleasure of acting depends of course to a certain extent on the part one happens to be playing; and one feels some authors to be more sympathetic than others. This was the case with my brother's plays, and I should say the same of Mr. Pinero's. I love to play in Mr. Pinero's pieces. One has

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to speak the parts exactly as they are written, down to the very conjunctions! If you put in a different word, the line seems to halt. Mr. Pinero writes, to my idea, charmingly. His language is so wonderfully sympathetic that one cannot speak a wrong word. The lines he gives women, especially, in his plays are so subtle and pretty. He seems to have a sort of insight into the undercurrent of a woman's mind. In the psychological study of a part like 'The Squire,' and in that play which he translated and adapted, 'Le Maître de Forges,' he gives you an opportunity, if you can convey it, of suggesting and underlying sentiment in all his words. This has often struck me during the last act of 'The Squire.' The poor heroine has to part with the man she adores; the only man she has ever loved. In all the crucial points of our lives the most commonplace remarks rise to our lips. Mr. Pinero has written a scene in which he makes this woman say, "Be a good fellow; go to bed early; go to church every Sunday," a mere foolish commonplace, and all the while the woman is laughing off her grief while the tears are running down her face, and she is suffering agonies. Now I have intense delight in playing that scene—it is so like what I have passed through myself; what I believe to be the inner and undercurrent of a woman's life and feelings. One's outer life is so different to what one really thinks and feels! To me, there is a sort of exquisite pain in playing that scene. I never can play it without crying.

That, by the bye, is my great drawback; I cry too much. I cry so much that I perhaps do not do my author justice; but that scene in 'The Squire' is so wonderfully poignant and pleasantly painful to act. Sometimes the audience see this scene only from a commonplace, funny point of view, sometimes they laugh, and sometimes—and, thank God! more generally—for women feel the truth of a woman trying to be funny under such circumstances—they cry!

When an artist gets an author who is *en rapport* with her feelings, who, she knows, trusts her sufficiently to allow her to play the part from her own point of view—more or less, of course, under his guidance—it is perfectly wonderful how much more she can do for that author and for his play than she can for an author who, giving nothing, expects a great deal out of stories which seldom are or can be human, and which when they are human are so embittered with Satanic satire, that nothing that is truly human can get in touch with the subtleties of the

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author's mind. I have met authors and authors, and I speak as I feel.

I have taken parts as they came in. I have never in my life been in a position to have a play written expressly for me, except the 'White Lie,' written by Mr. Grundy. I have never been anything else but an actress in a theatre who, when the author brought in a play, took what is called the leading part.

Of course success is often, to a considerable extent, due to personal qualities—personal appearance, we will say. But it must imply *some* talent. The public are not led only by beauty. Beauty will give an actress a favourable start, but I doubt if any woman, however beautiful, could draw an audience for long unless she had some other qualification. I should like to expatiate upon this point. I do not believe that beauty only would hold the public for over a month. There must be talent with it. There may be beauty, but there must be talent. Lots of people say that there are some beautiful women whom the public go to see only for their beauty. I do not believe that. The public is too discriminating and too quick, and although curiosity might lead them to go and look at a beautiful person, man or woman, whose beauty only might draw them there, it would not make them go more than once, however beautiful the person might be. In some instances extreme beauty has been detrimental to an actress. It positively makes people think that it is her beauty, and her beauty *only*, that is drawing the public, when really she ought to have the credit of its being her brains and her intellect as well. One may say of a certain actress that has been a drawback, because so many people who want to say something disagreeable, declare, "Oh, it is only her beauty," whilst in my humble opinion, were she not so beautiful, she would, by her talent alone, have held her audience. But her beauty is so overpoweringly exquisite, that people give her credit for nothing else.

I should say that the sympathy of an audience is more readily awakened by a woman than by a man. But it would not be just to infer from this that the greatest dramatic artists have been women. Neither that nor the reverse would be true. If I had to make a distinction, I should say that a woman brings more sympathy into a play, and a man more intelligence. If one were to make a list of the greatest actors and actresses, I think the honours would be pretty evenly divided between the sexes. A curious instance of the way in which keen interest

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may be aroused by the acting of men alone occurs in the play 'Diplomacy.' The whole piece is wonderfully clever, but the most wonderful thing about it was that its great scene was played only by three men.

A discussion arose when that play was first produced as to whether it could possibly be a success, as the great scene in it was with men only. But it was an enormous success, and that scene was one of the cleverest ever written. Whether a theatre would be a success where all the actors were men, I do not say. I do not think it would be interesting, any more than I think it would be interesting if a theatre's company were composed only of women. I have often thought that in contradistinction to the scene of the three men, I should like to see a scene with three women only, where they might discuss men. I would not leave the men out of the question entirely. I have often wondered whether a scene between three women could be made as powerful as the scene in 'Diplomacy.'

Of course, every dramatic artist forms a somewhat different ideal of art. Mine is that everything should be, as it were, spiritualised. For instance, when in 'Henry VIII.' Queen Katharine is dying, she is supposed to see a vision of angels. I believe the scene used to be so arranged that a lovely wreath of flowers or halo of glory was passed from hand to hand, until it came to the angel nearest to Katharine, and the angel held it over the dying Queen's head. Katharine wakes up with this lovely vision in her mind. My notion of such a death is, that it should be serenely happy; the Queen lying with a smile upon her lips, hearing the voices of angels calling her, showing us the last moments of a noble woman—a suffering, grand nature—lifted in the extreme moment of death's agony into such blissful visions of the future that she dies with a smile on her lips. There are artists who would wake up from that vision, tear their dress open, gasp, gurgle in their throat, and try to die with a death-rattle in it, showing the public the realistic and horrible agonies of death.

But this would not be my idea of good art. The only suitable occasions for representing the horrors of death on the stage would be when the man had been playing the villain, or the woman had been bad, so that there would be a moral in the fact that he or she suffers agonies even in quitting this life; but where the artist has to realize before the public a good and noble character, and has seen a vision of heaven, then I would

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try to bring before the minds of the audience a marvellously peaceful and beautiful death, as the one last glorious moment of a beautiful life; such would be my teaching through dramatic art. There are so many things taught on the stage. Let us sometimes teach the highest, or, at any rate, let our art be the striving after the highest. Even if we do not succeed, let us be humble votaries at that shrine.

I find that people are often surprised at the way in which actors remember their parts, but this is not so wonderful as it seems. The memory can be cultivated, like any other faculty, up to a certain pitch. Practice works wonders. If you have not played a part for years, the re-reading of it, three or four times only, will bring it back to you. We have so much to help our memory on the stage. We have what is called the "business" of the scene. The fact that you have to do certain things brings a certain line back to your memory. Often when you enter your house, and sit at the same place and at the same table, the memory of the past returns, "*C'est la même chose sur la scène.*" A little bit of business brings back a speech, the remembrance of a speech brings back a bit of business; the one helps the other. Still, though an exceptional memory is not absolutely necessary, it is an enormous help.

The most extraordinary instance of memory that I personally remember was that of old Mr. Buckstone, who used to come upon the stage at rehearsal, reading his part, and not knowing a word; but he would come on at night, and the clothes, and the situation, and the whole thing, brought the words back to him. I am speaking of the repetition of an old part. The fact of putting on the clothes, and dressing for the part, and speaking about it a little, brought it back. He was most delightful to act with, so sympathetic in the way that he never took advantage of anybody on the stage being wrong; he was always so helpful, always so willing. He was a little deaf, and he learnt his cues by the lips. That was one reason why he was very fond of the old faces around him, because he knew when they finished speaking, even if he could not hear them.

(*To be concluded.*)

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County Histories.

ALTHOUGH an immense number of books have been written which may fairly be classed under the title of "British Topography," it is a matter of regret that this number has not been largely exceeded, and the books more evenly divided between the different counties and localities of Great Britain. It is so intensely interesting to carry back one's eye to the condition and aspect, long years ago, of places with which one is familiar to-day, and to trace the records of families and individuals connected therewith, that it is melancholy to think upon the paucity of the information which, in many cases, it is possible to collect. In this respect, however, we have still much to be thankful for, and should feel grateful to those many individuals who, with more or less ability and perseverance, have contributed to the preservation of topographical records, and have enabled us, to some extent at least, to compare the present with the past condition of our homes and their surroundings.

Some idea of the quantity of books of this class, great and small, which actually exist, may be formed by a glance at the catalogue of the great topographical sale which took place at Sotheby's in 1885, when Mr. Leonard Laurie Hartley's books came under the hammer. Mr. Hartley had been an intimate friend of Mr. James Newman, the well-known bookseller and collector, whose great knowledge of books was brought to his aid in the formation of his library, of the extent of which some notion may be given by the subjoined list of books coming strictly under the head "Topographical." Excluding duplicates (of which there were a goodly number) I find the number as below. Books relating to—

Bedfordshire	4	Cheshire	20
Berks	26	Cornwall and Scilly Islands	23
Bucks	14	Cumberland	16
Cambridgeshire	50	Derbyshire	15

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Devon	31	Somersetshire	13
Dorset	11	Staffordshire	23
Durham	50	Suffolk	39
Essex	27	Surrey	37
Gloucestershire	31	Sussex	24
Hants and Isle of Wight	49	Warwickshire	20
Hereford	15	Westmoreland	3
Hertford	10	Wilts	27
Huntingdon	3	Worcestershire	13
Kent	64	Yorkshire	154
Lancashire	47	Wales	44
Leicestershire	14	Berwick-upon-Tweed	2
Lincolnshire	38	Scotland	86
Middlesex	150	Ireland	23
Monmouthshire	7	Isle of Man	9
Norfolk	44	Channel Islands	3
Northamptonshire	24	British Topography in general	138
Northumberland	38	Sepulchral monuments and epitaphs	31
Nottinghamshire	21		
Oxfordshire	49		
Rutlandshire	2	Total of Topographical books	*1608
Shropshire	26		

It must not be supposed that, in this large collection of topographical works, Mr. Hartley had by any means exhausted the supply. As a proof of the contrary, I may state that my own library at this moment contains nearly 1300 books of a similar character, of which less than 500 are books of which there were copies in the Hartley sale. In other words, I have some 800 books of this class which were not in Mr. Hartley's library, whilst the latter contained some 1100 which I do not possess, the greater part in each case being small local histories, or publications which seldom come into the market. This simple statement, however, will be sufficient to show how wide the field is before a collector who wishes to possess a complete library of British Topography.

I said that the Counties had met with unequal treatment. There are some which have excellent histories; others which have nothing which can fairly be called a history: some have

* In analysing this catalogue, I have counted as separate books one or more bound with others, but being in themselves distinct and complete books. I have also occasionally counted as separate books second or third editions when, and when only, they have contained substantial additions to, or variations from, the first edition. Under the different headings of "Natural History," "Foreign Topography," and the publications of the Abbotsford, Bannatyne, and Roxburgh Clubs, &c., there were some 500 lots in this sale which are not included in my list, as not being strictly allied to "British Topography."

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been the object of attention to various writers, who have supplemented each other and added useful information to that which had been already given: others have had only sufficient written about them to give rise to the wish that more attention had been paid to their history. Out of the 40 Counties of England, 26 only have tolerably complete histories. Of the remaining 14, Middlesex and Yorkshire have numerous books, some of them exceedingly interesting and minute, but none which embrace the whole of these populous and important counties. Cambridge has a most interesting history, by Edward Carter, a schoolmaster, who published it in 1753, and it was reprinted in 1819; but its general information is meagre, and its interest is principally derived from its minute account of the devastation worked in the Cambridgeshire churches by the zealous Protestant "reformers" who brake down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers" in their pursuit of "idolatrous" symbols and images. The original edition of this book is rare: I gave £6 15*s.* for a copy in 1885, and one was sold for £14 at Sir T. Thornhill's sale in the present year: there is reading enough in this single octavo volume, but it falls very far short of what a history of Cambridgeshire should be. The same may be said of Ashmole's 'Berks,' three octavo volumes, published in 1719, a history which is always in request, but which is for the most part confined to the copies of a large number of church and churchyard monuments, and a few genealogies.* Bucks has only the modern history of Lipscomb (1847). Hants (with all respect to Warner's valuable work, and some more recent attempts), with a large number of local publications, some very good, has no really complete and exhaustive history; Monmouthshire has only Mr. Williams' history, published in 1796; while the Counties of Bedford, Derby, Hereford, Huntingdon, Lincolnshire, Oxfordshire and Suffolk, have nothing which can be called a perfect history, and depend upon the various accounts of particular towns and districts, in which some of them are rich, but which naturally stop short of the full and detailed information which we expect to find in a County history. The deficiency is remarkable with regard to some of these counties, not only on account of their importance, but because so much topographical knowledge has been brought to bear upon particular localities, that the way to a general history of the whole

* A copy of Ashmole's 'Berks' (large paper) fetched £20 at Sir T. Thornhill's sale this year.

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county seems to have been already half travelled. Lincolnshire, for instance, possesses several histories of Stamford, four of the Isle of Axholme, an excellent book on "Wainfleet and the Wapentake of Candleshoe," and others on Louth, Scampton, Sleaford, Gainsburgh, Boston, Grantham and Horncastle, besides two or three small accounts of Lincoln itself. Yet beyond the incomplete books of Marrat and Saunders, and the superficial history of Allen, published in 1834, Lincolnshire has nothing which can be deemed worthy of the name of history, and the same may be said of the other counties which I have enumerated. Herefordshire, indeed, has its Duncumb, good, as far as it goes; and Oxfordshire and Suffolk only want the condensation into one volume of their local histories in order to give the world a good general history of each. But Bedford, Huntingdon, and even the large and important county of Derby, are singularly poor both in the quantity and quality of their topographical books.

In order to show at a glance the condition of the twenty-six better-chronicled counties, I have annexed a list of them, naming the histories which I consider best in each county, with the description of the book, date of its publication, and the price which I have given for my copy of each. As I inherited my Hasted's Kent' I have been unable to do this with regard to that excellent County history. A fairly bound and perfect copy of this book usually fetches from £30 to £40—at the Gosford sale a copy fetched £53, having "twenty additional views," and as my copy has 161 extra plates and views, it would probably fetch more; there are a number of other histories of Kent, to wit: Lambarde (3 editions), Kilburne, Philipott (2 editions), Harris, Seymour, Greenwood, Ireland, Henshall, and an octavo edition of Hasted in 12 volumes, published in 1797. But although there is merit in all these, the folio edition of Hasted is *the* History of Kent. A project has been set on foot of late years to publish a new edition, "corrected, enlarged and continued to the present time." The first part of this new edition, namely the 'Hundred of Blackheath,' appeared in 1886, at the price of £5 to subscribers; but I have not heard any more of the project since its appearance, and fear that it will never be completed.

Of course it is impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to give more than a glance at the books which I have included in the foregoing list. It will be seen that they differ

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	Name of Author.	Description of Books.	Date of Publication.	Price. £ s.	Large Paper.
Cheshire	Ormerod, G.	3 vols. folio	1816–19	33 0	L. P.
Cornwall	Polwhele, Rev. R.	7 vols. in 2, quarto	1803	13 10	
	Borlase, W.	2 vols. folio	1758	5 0	
	Gilbert, C. S.	2 vols. in 3, folio	1817–20	8 5	
Cumberland	Nicolson, J., and Burn, R.	2 vols. quarto	1777	12 12	L. P.
	Hutchinson, W.	2 vols. quarto	1794	3 0	
Devon	Polwhele, Rev. R.	3 vols. in 1, folio	1797	21 0	
	Pole, Sir W.	1 vol. quarto	1791	6 6	
Dorset	Hutchins, J.	2 vols. folio	1774	4 8	
Durham	Surtees, R.	4 vols. folio	1816	30 10	L. P.
	Raine, Rev. J.	1 vol. folio	1852	6 10	L. P.
	Hutchinson, W.	3 vols. quarto	1785	7 0	L. P.
Essex	Morant, Rev. P.	2 vols. folio	1768	40 0	L. P.
Gloucestershire	Atkyns, Sir R.	1 vol. folio	1712	38 0	
	Rudder, S.	1 vol. folio	1779	10 15	
Herts	Chauncy, Sir H.	1 vol. folio	1700	14 0	
	Clutterbuck, R.	3 vols. folio	1815	60 0	L. P.
Kent	Hasted, E.	4 vols. folio	1778	..	
Lancashire	Gregon, M.	1 vol. folio	1824	4 0	
	Baines, E.	4 vols. imp. quarto	1836	10 0	L. P.
Leicestershire	Nichols, J.	4 vols. in 8, folio	1795	235 0	L. P.
Norfolk	Blomefield, Rev. F.	5 vols. folio	1739	57 0	
Northamptonshire	Bridges, J., and Whalley, P.	2 vols. folio	1791	37 0	
	Baker, G.	5 vols. royal folio	1822	25 0	L. P.
Northumberland	Hodgson, Rev. R.	7 vols. octavo	1827	52 0	
	Wallis, J. (Natural History)	2 vols. quarto	1769	2 6	
Notts	Thoroton, R.	1 vol. folio	1677	18 18	
Rutland	Wright, J.	1 vol. folio	1684	2 0	
Shropshire	Eyton, Rev. R. W.	12 vols. in 11, octavo	1854	31 10	
Somersetshire	Collinson, Rev. J.	3 vols. quarto	1791	9 0	L. P.
	Phelps, Rev. W.	2 vols. quarto	1839	3 5	
Staffordshire	Shaw, Rev. S.	2 vols. folio	1798	41 0	L. P.
	Plot, R. (Natural History)	1 vol. folio	1686	21 0	L. P.
Surrey	Manning, Rev. O., and Bray, W.	3 vols. folio	1804	35 15	L. P.
	Aubrey, J.	5 vols. octavo	1719	15 10	L. P.
Sussex	Dallaway, J., and Cartwright, E.	3 vols. folio	1815–32	60 0	
	Horsefield, T. W.	2 vols. quarto	1835	3 5	L. P.
Warwickshire	Dugdale, W.	1 vol. folio	1656	10 0	
Westmoreland	Nicolson and Burn, *see* Cumberland	..	..	..	
Wilts	Hoare, Sir R. C., Ancient and Modern History	9 vols. folio	1812–1822–1843	155 0	L. P.
Worcester	Nash, Rev. T.	3 vols. in 2, folio	1781–99	40 0	L. P.

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greatly in size, importance and value. The price given, however, for any particular copy must not be taken as a certain guide to the intrinsic value of the book in the market. For instance, £37 seems an enormous price to have given for Bridges and Whalley's 'Northamptonshire,' which sold at the Aylesford sale for £8, and a half-bound copy for £9 9*s.* at the Hartley sale. But my copy, which I bought at the Gosford sale, bound in russia, contains 138 additional pictures, plates and maps, and the price therefore, although certainly high, is not quite so excessive as appears at first sight. Again, Dallaway and Cartwright's 'Sussex' may seem dear at £60; the book sold for £44 at the Stourhead, and £51 at the Gosford sale; but my copy is beautifully bound in morocco, and is worth the money I gave. Nichol's 'Leicestershire' also, and Hoare's 'Wilts,' which are the two highest-priced Topographical books in my library, are magnificently bound in morocco, quite perfect, to the best of my belief, and very fine large-paper copies of books which are rarely in the market in such condition. The first, indeed, is exceedingly difficult to procure perfect. Upcott rightly describes it as "a very laborious and valuable undertaking," and tells us that the fire which destroyed the printing office of the author in 1808 having consumed the whole impression of the work, a complete set is rarely to be found. Sir R. Colt Hoare's work is also one of the noblest of English County histories, and well worthy of the reputation of its learned author.

It will be noticed that the list contains the names of only four books published in the seventeenth century; namely, Dugdale, Thoroton, Plot and Wright, unless Chauncy be included, who published his history of Herts in 1700. Mr. Gough was not far wrong when he wrote that Dugdale's 'Warwickshire' "must stand at the head of all our County histories;" but Thoroton and Chauncy are both excellent, and there are other later publications which are quite "in the running." Taking the eighteenth-century authors in the alphabetical order of their counties, I should name Polwhele (Devon), Hutchins, Morant, Atkyns, Hasted, Blomefield, Bridges, Shaw and Nash, as in the first rank. The edition of Hutchins' 'Dorset' in my list is the wrong one, the second edition being the best, and worth at least double the money in the market. My copy of Shaw's 'Staffordshire' came from the Hartley Library, and is a very fine one, in boards, uncut. It contains an original letter from the author relating to

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the work; a Calendar of Writs of Elections and Returns for Staffordshire during the reign of Edward II.; also coloured maps, plates and shields of arms, and various additional arms, drawings and prints, besides 13 large water-colour drawings. The best of the authors who have published in the present century are Ormerod (Cheshire), Polwhele (Cornwall), Surtees, Clutterbuck, Baker, Hodgson, Eyton, Manning and Bray, and Dallaway and Cartwright. Cornwall has several other histories of more or less interest and importance, which I have not included in the list. Among these may be mentioned Mr. Davies Gilbert's 'Parochial History' (1838), and Messrs. Hitchins and Drew's 'History,' published in 1824. Richard Carew of Antonie also published a 'Survey of Cornwall' in 1602, which was re-published with additions and a "Life of the Author," in 1723 by Hugh Carew, and reprinted in quarto in 1769. I have copies of all three editions, and they are worth having, although of no great value in the market.

The rarest Cornish history, however, and by far the most expensive, though at the same time by a long way the worst and most imperfect of them all, is a book entitled "The Compleat History of Cornwall," by "William Hals, gent. deceas'd, a native of that county, perfect master of the Cornish, and very well vers'd in the British and Saxon, as well as the Learned Languages; and compos'd by him after fifty years' study," &c. &c. Mr. Hals must have been altogether an eccentric person. The publishers began with publishing the second part of his history, "not only because the proper necessaries for the First Part are not yet compleated, but as considerable additions are preparing by a very Great Hand." Accordingly, the second part was published before the first, which (whether owing to the failure of the very Great Hand to fulfil his engagement or not, I cannot tell) was never published at all. The Part which we have is written in a quaint and curious style, and contains some curious expressions, especially at one place, where Mr. Hals disputes other views than his own upon the etymology of a certain word, and declares that to those who differ from him, "I shall say 'Bow-wow,'" and if they adduce another argument, "I shall answer as before." This book—or part of a book—was published about 1750, and it is believed that there are not above half-a-dozen copies in existence. My copy was bought by Mr. Borlase for £70 at the Hartley sale, and it was by the merest chance that I looked in at Mr. Borlase's sale, and seeing the

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bidding slow, made one bid and got the book for £60. Lord Aylesford's copy, bound in russia, and stated in the catalogue to have been the copy "used by Davies Gilbert when compiling his Parochial History of Cornwall," sold for £150. It was a special copy; I have seen no other in the market.

Hertfordshire, besides Chauncy and Clutterbuck, has been chronicled by Salmon (1728) and Cussans (1870–81); but the two first-named books are by far the most important. Chauncy is quite one of the best of the older historians, and Clutterbuck's work is one of enormous labour and research. My large-paper copy, which is a very fine one, bound in russia extra, contains "1005 emblazoned coats of arms in the margins by T. Dowse," which of course add to its value. It was quite eclipsed, however, by a copy in the Hartley sale, rightly described in the catalogue as "unique"; it was in ten volumes (instead of three), royal folio, large paper, and contained portraits of the author, painted by Dowse; an exquisite and differently designed title, executed in water colour, for each of the ten volumes; also one thousand and fifty-three original landscapes, &c., and no less than fourteen hundred and thirty-three drawings of arms by Dowse and others." There were also upwards of 550 additional prints inserted in these volumes, which were bound in crimson morocco by Holloway, and fell to Messrs. Robson's bidding at £480.

Baker's 'Northamptonshire' is one of the finest of Topographical works. I have seen large-paper copies sold for £12 or £14; but mine is a remarkable copy, though only half-bound. It has a letter from the author to J. B. Nichols about the sale of the book, and 138 additional engravings, with other specialities, which increase its value.

Messrs. Hodgson and Eyton chronicle the records of Northumberland and Shropshire in octavo volumes, and both are excellent in their way; but it is a different and in some respects a less satisfactory way than that of the older historians, to whose simple plan commend me if the name of a place or genealogy of a family is to be speedily and accurately ascertained. There is another Northumberland history, by Hutchinson, called 'A View of Northumberland,' 2 vols. quarto, published in 1778, which is a good and useful book and fetches from £2 to £5 in the market, according to binding and condition. I gave £2 17*s.* for my copy. Shropshire has no history worth mention, save that of Mr. Eyton; whilst Surrey and Sussex have tempted the pens of

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numerous writers. As regards the first, nothing comes near Manning and Bray; but old Aubrey holds his own in the market, and a large-paper copy in good condition fetches a high price. Salmon (1736) and Allen (1830) have also written histories of Surrey, but of no great value. Sussex has an abundance of chroniclers. Dallaway and Cartwright's book is entitled 'A History of the *Western Division* of the County of Sussex,' but is so good that I have inserted it in my list, although it does not include the whole county. I have added Horsefield as, upon the whole, the best to refer to for the Eastern division.* Besides these there is Parry's 'Historical and Descriptive Account of the Coast of Sussex,' an interesting and amusing book, published in 1833, while Messrs. Shoberl and Lower have also contributed to the historical records of this county.

Of the 40 authors whose names I have mentioned in relation to the 26 well-chronicled counties, it will be seen that 27 published their books in folio, 10 in quarto, and 3 in octavo. Although the latter shape is by far the most comfortable and convenient to the reader, I confess to a partiality for the folio when one is dealing with County histories. These books are not of the sort which one naturally takes in one's hand, like a novel, whilst lounging back in an easy chair for half an hour's relaxation from other employment. They are essentially books of reference, to which a reader rarely goes for any length of time together, and the plates which a folio is able to contain are often an immense addition to the work, which you cannot have so well in a quarto, and not at all in an octavo volume. I have heard it again and again remarked of Dr. Harris's 'History of Kent' that "the plates are excellent and valuable, the letterpress worthless;" and without going so far as this, there can be no doubt that the value of many of our standard County histories is greatly increased by their plates and engravings.

I mentioned the fact that Middlesex and Yorkshire, although without any one history embracing the whole county in either case, were well supplied with records of particular localities. This is so much the case with Middlesex, that there is hardly any spot which has not had its chronicler. Upcott, whose book was published in 1819, gives a list of 29 Topographical works

* With regard to Horsefield's 'Sussex,' a good example can be ven of variation in price: I bought an excellent large-paper copy, bound in half-morocco, for £3 5*s.*; a similar copy, bound in russia, sold for £11 10*s.* at the Aylesford sale in 1888.

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relating to Middlesex, existing at that time, besides no less than 221 books upon London, 25 upon Westminster, 18 books of views of London and Westminster, and 9 relating to the "Environs of London." The Hartley Catalogue had, as I have shown, 150 of Middlesex and London, and my library contains above 80 which come under the same category. As regards Middlesex, the oldest book is Norden's 'Speculum Britanniæ,' published in 1593, a third edition of which was published in 1723, entitled 'An Historical and Chorographical Description of Middlesex and Hartfordshire;' and containing the author's address "To all courteous gentlemen, Inspectators and Practitioners in Geographic, in Christo salutem," signed John Norden, and dated "at my poore howse neere Fulham, 4 November 1596." It is a quarto volume, illustrated, as the title-page tells us, "with maps curiously engraved by Mr. Senex, and the arms of the principal persons interr'd in the County of Middlesex." I bought my copy at the Gatton sale at Christie's in May of the present year for only 10*s.*—a cheap bargain, for the Aylesford copy fetched £1 10*s.*, and Quaritch gave £7 for a copy in morocco at the Hardwicke sale in 1888. There is a small folio book entitled 'The Antiquities of Middlesex,' by John Bowack, which was published in 1705, and is a volume of some interest, but was unfortunately never finished. The first and second parts alone appeared, containing accounts of Chelsea, Kennington, Fulham, Hammersmith, Chiswick and Acton; but although the third part was announced, to contain Ealing and other places, it was never published. I gave £3 3*s.* for Mr. Hartley's copy in 1885, knowing it to be a scarce book, and have never seen a copy in the market since. With the exception of a quarto volume published by Luke Pope in 1795, I am not acquainted with any other book which calls itself a 'History of Middlesex,' and this volume is imperfect, and was never continued. London itself has been attacked by innumerable writers. The oldest account is 'Fitz-Stephen's Description of the City of London,' the said Fitz-Stephen having been a monk of Canterbury, and a servant of St. Thomas à Becket, whose murder he witnessed. The best book, however, on London, and one without which no library of British Topography could be deemed complete, is Stow's 'Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster, and the Borough of Southwark,' written at first in the year 1598 "by John Stow, citizen and native of London; corrected, improved, and very much enlarged in the year 1720, by John Strype, M.A., a native

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BOOKS ON LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

	Description of Book.	Date of Publication.	Price. £ s. d.	At what Sale.
Ackerman's 'Westminster Abbey'	2 vols. quarto	1812	3 12 0	Aylesford
Bayley's 'Tower of London'	2 vols. imp. quarto	1821–5	3 10 0 1 19 0	Hartley, L. P. Aylesford
Dart's 'Westminster Abbey'	2 vols. folio	1723–6	5 0 0 4 10 0	Hartley, L. P. Aylesford, L. P.
Delaune's 'Angliæ Metropolis'	1 vol. duodecimo.	1681	0 7 0	Hartley
Dugdale's 'St. Paul's Cathedral'	1 vol. folio	1716	5 0 0	Hartley, L. P.
Hatton's 'New View of London'	2 vols. octavo	1708	0 11 0	Aylesford
Howell's 'Londonopolis' *	1 vol. small folio	1657	2 6 0 0 18 0	Stourhead Aylesford
Hughson's (Dr. Pugh) 'London'	6 vols. octavo	1806	1 4 0	Stourhead
Hunter's 'History of London'	2 vols. folio	1811	3 3 0	Stourhead, L. P.
Maitland's 'History of London,' 1st edition	1 vol. folio	1739	1 14 0	Hartley, L. P.
Maitland's 'History of London,' 2nd edition.	2 vols. folio	1772	1 1 0	do. do.
Malcolm's 'Londinium Redivivum' †	4 vols. quarto	1803	2 10 0 1 2 0	Hartley Aylesford
Malcolm's 'Anecdotes of Manners and Customs of London in 18th Century'	1 vol. quarto	1808	0 11 0	Hartley
Malcolm's 'Anecdotes from Roman Invasion to year 1700'	1 vol. quarto	1811	0 3 0	do.
Neale & Bayley's 'Westminster Abbey'	2 vols. quarto	1818	5 15 0 4 7 6	Stourhead, L. P. Hodgson, L. P.
Newcourt's 'Repertorium Ecclesiasticum' (Parochial History)	2 vols. folio	1708	3 12 0 1 19 0	Hartley, L. P. Aylesford, L. P.
Northouck's 'New History of London'	1 vol. quarto	1773	0 12 0 1 12 0	Hartley Stourhead
Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster'	1 vol. quarto	1807	3 7 6 3 3 0	Gosford Carnegie
Wilkinson's 'Londina Illustrata'	2 vols. folio	1819	6 5 0 8 10 0	Hartley, L. P. Whatmore, L. P.

* Howell's book is scarce. There is a unique copy of this work at Haigh Hall, with a duplicate of the full-length portrait of the author, one proof having *no head*, and some extra plates inserted. The late Earl of Crawford gave a commission of £25 for this book at Miss Richardson Currer's sale, and got it for £9 15*s*.

† Malcolm's books at the Hartley sale were in boards. I bought the six volumes, bound in gilt russia, at the Stourhead sale for £5 5*s*.—an excellent copy.

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also of the same city." There have been several editions of this valuable work, but the best is the sixth edition, two folio volumes, published in 1754. I bought the Hartley copy for £23, bound in handsome red morocco, and a very fine book. The Gosford copy, in russia, fetched a similar price. It may be interesting to append a list of some of the principal books relating to London, together with the prices which they have fetched at various recent sales. (See p. 617.)

It is impossible to leave the books which concern the Metropolis, without mention of the 'Environs of London,' by the Rev. D. Lysons, author of 'Magna Britannia,' and Samuel Lysons, Keeper of the Records. This work, in four quarto volumes, was published 1791–6; a supplement was subsequently published, and a second and enlarged edition in 1811. A large-paper copy of this work, in half-green morocco, uncut, was sold for £12 15*s*. at the Hartley sale, but the book may be obtained at a much lower price. 'Magna Britannia' is worth from £15 to £20, large paper, according to the binding and condition.

Besides the books concerning London and Middlesex which I have enumerated, there are a number which deal with special towns and districts, many of which are exceedingly good. The price of these books has notably risen of late years, and there is generally a brisk competition for them when they happen to turn up in a sale.

Messrs. Faulkner and Robinson have contributed five volumes each to Middlesex Topography, and the works of the latter especially always fetch a good price. Then there are several chroniclers of Islington, and one or two other books which are above the average of such works. Most of these were represented in the Hartley sale, and I subjoin a list which will show the prices for which they sold, and may be useful to those who wish for historie of the particular localities with which they deal.

Yorkshire is not far behind Middlesex and London in the number of her topographical books. There were, as I have shown, 154 of such books in the Hartley sale. Of these I possess 55 out of a total number of 102 in my library, so that I have 47 Yorkshire books which Mr. Hartley had not, making a total of 201 books, besides 47 books mentioned by Upcott which are in neither library, so that we get a total of 248 Yorkshire books without going further.

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			Date.	Price at Hartley Sale. £	s.	d.	
FAULKNER, THOS.	Brentford	octavo	1845	1	9	0	L. P.
	Chelsea	do.	1810	2	14	0	L. P.
	Fulham	quarto	1813	1	3	0	L. P.
	Hammersmith	octavo	1839	0	19	0	
	Kensington	quarto	1820	1	14	0	L. P.
ROBINSON, WM.	Edmonton	octavo	1819	1	12	0	
	Enfield, 2 vols.	do.	1823	2	8	0	
	Hackney, 2 vols. in 1	do.	1842	2	12	0	
	Stoke Newington	do.	1820	1	8	0	
	Tottenham, 2 vols. in 1.	do.	1840	2	4	0	
Islington Books.	Cromwell, T.	octavo	1835	1	6	0	
	Lewis, S.	quarto	1842	1	7	0	
	Nelson, J.	do.	1823	1	7	0	
	Tomlins, T. E.	do.	1858	2	0	0	L. P.
ELLIS, Sir H.	Shoreditch	quarto	1798	3	6	0	
PARK, J. J.	Hampstead	do.	1818	3	3	0	L. P.

Some of these are excellent, and although I said that there was no history of the whole of Yorkshire, there are several semi-histories which go a long way towards supplying the deficiency. The North Riding, for instance, has Dr. Whitaker's 'History of Richmondshire,' beautifully illustrated, and in all respects an excellent book, a large-paper copy of which was sold in the Hartley sale for £40, for £29 in the Stourhead sale, and for £28 in the Gosford sale, of which last copy, bound in crimson morocco, I was the purchaser. There is also Graves' 'History of Cleveland,' which deals with the Wapentake of Langbargh; besides two Histories of Whitby, that by Charlton published in 1776, and by Young in 1817; Hinderwell's 'Scarborough' (1798), and a small octavo volume of 88 pages, being the 'History of Northallerton,' by Miss A. Crosfield, which I have rarely seen in the market, but which I bought in an odd lot of Yorkshire books in the third part of the Hartley sale in 1887. In the East Riding there are four Histories of Hull between which the collector may choose; that of Gent (1735), Hadley (1788), Pickell (1796), and Frost (1829). There are also two Histories of Beverley, Oliver's and Poulson's, both published in 1829, and therefore of course not to be found in Upcott. Besides these, there is Poulson's 'History and Antiquities of the Seigniory of Holderness,' of which I purchased for four guineas at the Hartley sale the author's proof copy, interleaved, and containing many notes and corrections. There are a large number of books

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connected with the Topography of the West Riding. The southern portion has been relieved from the reproach of having no history by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, Fellow of the Societies of Antiquaries of London and Newcastle, who published in 1828 his 'History and Topography of the Deanery of Doncaster in the Diocese and County of York,' two splendid folio volumes, prior to the publication of which Mr. Hunter had published in 1819 his 'Hallamshire,' being the history of Sheffield and adjoining parishes. The Deanery of Craven has been chronicled by Whitaker, and the same author has supplemented Thoresby's 'History of Leeds' by a volume which every Yorkshire collector should possess. Bradford, Halifax, Barnsley, Morley, Knaresboro', Harrogate, Ripon, and Selby have all their separate historians, and several of them more than one; whilst Boothroyd's 'Pontefract' is an interesting volume, containing a good account of the siege, and being better written and more amusing than many local narrations. The City of York has been celebrated by a number of authors, as indeed might have been expected, for few cities in Great Britain are more worthy of celebration, whether we regard the beauty of the place or its historical associations. The oldest history of York is that of James Torr, published in 1719; and far away the best is Drake's 'Eboracum,' which appeared in 1736, and is beyond all question one of the best of British Topographical works. There is also a somewhat rare but very interesting little work published by A. Ward, York, in 1785, the copies of which were sold for 9*s.* each at the Hartley sale, but which is a really good book in three duodecimo volumes.

Wilson and Spence (York) also published in 1788 two octavo volumes, and in 1818 Hargrove published three similar volumes. But I must not forget that excellent and indefatigable historian, T. G. Gent, of York, who between 1724–62 published a number of Topographical books, one of the earliest of which was his 'Ancient and Modern History of the Famous City of York.' The quaintness of Mr. Gent, both in ideas and style, is very remarkable, and imparts a great interest to his books, the most curious of which is his "most delectable, Scriptural, and pious History of the famous and magnificent Great Eastern Window (according to beautiful Portraitures) in St. Peter's Cathedral, York. Previous thereto is a remarkable account how the ancient churches were differently erected by two famous Kings; the present built by five excellent Archbishops, one extraordinary

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Bishop, with others, the names of Sepulchred Personages, and important affairs worthy remembrance. A Book which might be styl'd the History of Histories; succinctly treated of, in Three Parts." The "Three Parts" are described in paragraphs too long to find a place here, and after "a chronological account of some eminent Personages therein depicted, anciently remarkable for their Learning, Virtue and Piety," we are informed that the "Author was aged 70 in the year 1762, *i.e.* the year of the Publication of this Book." A large folded sheet of the Great Eastern Window should front the title of this volume, and there are above 600 woodcuts on the letterpress, some of them of a quaint and fantastic character. All Gent's works are worthy of perusal, not forgetting his "Compendious history of England, wherein is contained an account of its Rulers and Kings, from about the year of the Creation 2851, in the time of the prophet Samuel, to the year of Salvation 1741." I do not apologise for the quotation, since if the example of Mr. Gent's style should tempt any one to make further acquaintance with his books, I am sure that a great deal of mingled information and amusement will repay such a proceeding.

I ought not to leave Yorkshire without calling attention to 'Burton's Monasticon' (1758), from which the ancient Ecclesiastical History of Yorkshire may be gathered, and Richardson's splendid publication of two folio volumes of drawings of 'the Monastic Ruins of Yorkshire,' which have no fault but their size; too large for anything but a special table or desk, of which they are quite worthy.

With Yorkshire I must close my present sketch of British Topography, which could with ease be largely extended if I were to begin to describe the numerous minor histories of towns and districts of which there are so many worthy of mention. A whole article might be written upon my own county—Kent—which is especially rich in local histories; but I have already reached my limit. The subject is one of which the interest continually increases. As one goes on adding book to book, some fresh volume, ancient or modern, continually turns up, which one feels it necessary to secure, or it dawns upon us that we have got the wrong edition, which must be drafted, and replaced by the right one. I am free to confess that my own ardour in this matter was largely excited by the accident of buying a house in London with an excellent library, which I had insufficient books to fill without moving those which had already a comfort-

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able home in the country. It was further stimulated by the fact of a number of large libraries coming into the market, and it has never been without that stimulant for the last ten years. It is delightful to be able to indulge a taste which no one can call other than innocent, and which a man may indulge to the end of his days without coming to the end of the food with which it has to be supplied. It was recently observed to me by one of the persons engaged in the trade, that the supply had of late years been so great, that it must be nearly exhausted, and that it was impossible that it could continue to be what it had lately been. There are, however, such an enormous number of comparatively small libraries in the country, that even if there be no more very large collections, or at all events very few, to come, I do not think that the supply is likely to cease. Moreover, many rare local books are doubtless at this moment on their comfortable shelves in these smaller libraries; a fact which makes it necessary for a collector to scrutinise the catalogues whenever such libraries come into the market. A local history will often fetch a comparatively low price in a small sale, from the simple fact that there are probably fewer bidders present than at the sales of larger and better known libraries. For my own part, I have observed since I began to amuse myself by collecting Topographical books, that copies of the great majority of those which I have bought have since been sold at a price equal to, and often exceeding, that which I gave. I do not say this with the intention of making it appear that I have been either clever or lucky in the matter, but to show that this class of books maintain and have a tendency to improve their value, and consequently that the interest of the public in Topographical works is sufficient to encourage authors to further attempts at improving our knowledge of the past history of the districts as yet only partially chronicled, and, still more, of those which have hitherto been left unchronicled.

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The Origin and History of Murray's Handbooks for Travellers.

I HAVE no desire to intrude myself before the Public, and as regards the subject of Handbooks for Travellers I have never put forward any statement of my claims as author and originator of them. Having been requested, however, to give some account of the origin of Murray's Handbooks, I have consented to do so the more readily after reading an article recently contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the subject of Baedeker's Guides.

The writer of that article would appear to claim for Mr. Baedeker the credit of inventing this class of work, and he entirely ignores the existence of Murray and his Handbooks for Travellers, omitting all allusion to them. Now there are already in existence twenty-nine of my Handbooks—including the Handbooks to the Cathedrals—dealing with the British Islands alone; and if the compiler of a new Guide to Great Britain has in no case made use of this mass of material, he has exhibited a remarkable example of forbearance and abstinence.

No doubt the Editor of such a book would be called upon to travel over a considerable part of the country himself, and in dealing with a vast number of facts, and of matters liable to constant change, he could not fail to find much to correct and supplement in the work of his predecessors; but the claim of originating this species of Literature, and of having brought it to "the level of a fine art," which the writer in the *Pall Mall* broadly asserts on behalf of Messrs. Baedeker, would, I feel sure, be repudiated by them, since at the outset of their series they acknowledged once and again the obligations they were under to Murray; not only confessing that they made his Guides the basis and framework upon which their own were founded, but that in some instances they directly translated from his work.

In consequence of this challenge, however, I feel bound not to allow myself to be deprived of what credit attaches to

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me as the author, inventor, and originator of a class of works which, by the invariable testimony of Travellers, during more than half a century, have been of the greatest utility and comfort to them—which, in fact, may be said to have had no little influence in producing the result of "Travelling made easy."

Since so many thousands of persons have profited by these books, it may be of some interest to the Public to learn their rigin, and the cause which led me to prepare them. Having from my early youth been possessed by an ardent desire to travel, my very indulgent Father acceded to my request, on condition that I should prepare myself by mastering the language of the country I was to travel in. Accordingly in 1829, having brushed up my German, I first set foot on the Continent at Rotterdam, and my 'Handbook for Holland' gives the results of my personal observations and private studies of that wonderful country.

At that time such a thing as a Guide-book for Germany, France, or Spain did not exist. The only Guides deserving the name were: Ebel, for Switzerland; Boyce, for Belgium; and Mrs. Starke for Italy. Hers was a work of real utility, because, amidst a singular medley of classical lore, borrowed from Lemprière's Dictionary, interwoven with details regulating the charges in washing-bills at Sorrento and Naples, and an elaborate theory on the origin of *Devonshire Cream*, in which she proves that it was brought by Phœnician colonists from Asia Minor into the West of England, it contained much practical information gathered on the spot. But I set forth for the North of Europe unprovided with any guide, excepting a few manuscript notes about towns and inns, &c., in Holland, furnished me by my good friend Dr. Somerville, husband of the learned Mrs. Somerville. These were of the greatest use. Sorry was I when, on landing at Hamburg, I found myself destitute of such friendly aid. It was this that impressed on my mind the value of practical information gathered on the spot, and I set to work to collect for myself all the facts, information, statistics, &c., which an English tourist would be likely to require or find useful. I travelled thus, note-book in hand, and whether in the street, the *Eilwagen*, or the Picture Gallery, I noted down every fact as it occurred. These note-books (of which I possess many dozens) were emptied out on my return home, arranged in Routes, along with such other information as I could gather on

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History, Architecture, Geology, and other subjects suited to a traveller's need; and, finally, I submitted them to my Father. He had known nothing of my scheme, but thought my work worth publishing, and gave it the name of "Handbook," a title applied by him for the first time to an English book. But these Routes would have been of comparatively little value, except for the principle and plan upon which they were laid down. I had to consult the wants and convenience of travellers in the order and arrangement of my facts. Arriving at a city like Berlin, I had to find out what was really worth seeing there, to make a selection of such objects, and to tell how best to see them, avoiding the ordinary practice of local Guide-books, which, in inflated language, cram in everything that can possibly be said—not bewildering my readers by describing all that *might* be seen—and using the most condensed and simplest style in description of special objects. I made it my aim to point out things *peculiar* to the spot, or which might be better seen there than elsewhere. Having drawn up my Routes, and having had them roughly set in type, I proceeded to test them by lending them to friends about to travel, in order that they might be verified or criticised on the spot, I did not begin to publish until after several successive journeys and temporary residences in Continental cities, and after I had not only traversed beaten Routes, but explored various districts into which my countrymen had not yet penetrated.

I began my travels not only before a single railway had been begun, but while North Germany was yet ignorant of Macadam. The high road from Hamburg to Berlin, except the first 16 miles, which had been engineered and macadamised by an uncle of mine by way of example to the departments of Ponts et Chaussées, was a mere wheel track in the deep sand of Brandenburg. The postillion who drove the mis-called Schnell-post had to choose for himself a devious course amidst the multitude of ruts and big boulders of which the sand was full, and he consumed two days and a night on the dreary journey. In those days the carriage of that country (the *Stuhlwagen*) was literally a pliable basket on wheels, seated across, which bent in conformity with the ruts and stones it had to pass over.

On reaching Weimar, having been favoured with an introduction to Goethe, the great poet and philosopher of the time, I had the honour and pleasure of a personal interview with the hale old man, who received me in his studio—decorated with casts

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of the Elgin Marbles and other works of Greek art,—attired in a brown dressing-gown, beneath which shone the brilliant whiteness of a clean shirt; a refinement not usual among German philosophers. On this occasion I had the honour of presenting to Goethe the MS. of Byron's unpublished dedication of Werner to him. Later on—after a brief interview with Prince Metternich, to whom I was presented by Baron von Hammer in Vienna, an acquaintance renewed afterwards when the Prince was an exile in England—I set foot in Hungary, where I had the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with the enlightened patriot Count Szechenyi, who had just completed his grand design of steam navigation on the Danube. I was among the first to descend the Danube from Pesth to Orsova below Belgrade, near the spot where the river, having previously spread out to a width of five miles, is compelled to contract to 300 or 400 yards, in order to rush through a narrow gorge, or defile, split right through the range of the Carpathians, for its escape towards the Black Sea. In a timber barge I swept over the reefs and whirlpools in its bed, not yet fit for steamers to pass, admiring the wondrous precipices descending vertically to the water's edge, as far as to the Iron Gate. All this is described for the first time in my Handbook, as well as the "writing on the wall" left by the Romans under Trajan, in the shape of two rows of put-lock holes, continued for 12 miles along the face of the precipice, made for the wooden balcony road by which the invincible Romans had rendered this "impasse" passable and practicable for their armies. It is worthy of remark that from the days of Barbarian invasion which swept away the road, none other existed on this spot until 1834–5, when the Austrian Government blasted a highway through the limestone cliff along the left bank of the Danube. My explorations ended at the Turkish frontier of Wallachia, which was not to be overstepped in those days without the penalty of six weeks in quarantine. I had already passed the Hungarian military frontier, and its line of outposts like our coastguard, and had penetrated into Carinthia and Carniola, where I visited the almost unknown cave of Adelsberg, with its subterranean lakes and fish without eyes, and I descended the quicksilver mine of Idria, in which it is death to work more than six hours in a week underground. I have especial pleasure in remembering that the first description, in English, of the *Dolomite Mountains* of Tyrol, not a scientific one

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(Murchison and Sedgwick were before me), appeared in my 'South Germany,' first edition. I explored those scenes of grandeur in company with a geological friend in 1831–32. Thousands of my countrymen now follow my advice and my footsteps yearly.

On another occasion, while travelling through Bohemia, I paid a visit to Konigswart, the family seat of Prince Metternich, partly for its owner's sake, partly on account of a Natural History Collection deposited in it, which I found described in one of Goethe's miscellanous works. He became interested in it on account of its founder, one Huss, an intelligent, educated, and upright man, whose fate it was to be "The Headsman of Eger." It was an hereditary office, handed down to him from a long line of ancestors, but it came to pass that Eger was stripped of its criminal jurisdiction, so the headsman's occupation was gone. The Prince hearing of this, not only generously purchased the collection, but in order not to separate the owner from his treasures when transporting it to Konigswart, made him its custodian with a pension for life. I was shown round the Museum by Mr. Huss himself, a mild-looking old gentleman, and found that besides specimens illustrating the geology and natural history of Bohemia, it contained many historic relics of the Metternich family of great interest, among them a series of wine-glasses rising from two to four feet each, blown on the elevation in rank of a member of the family, that his health might be drunk out of it. Here were flails and scythes, the rude weapons of the Bohemian peasants used in the Hussite War; the rings of John Sobieski and Matt Corvinus, and Napoleon's washhand-basin brought from Elba. All these were pointed out to me by my guide; but I observed that he passed over a glass-case which attracted my attention, as containing three swords. I called him back, and was then informed that the central one was the dress-sword of Louis XVI., and the two broad blades which flanked it were the Eger executioner's official swords: one was made at Sohlingen and the other at Ratisbon, and they looked very sharp. Perceiving that I had not come to scoff at him and his profession, he became communicative, and reminded me that to die by the sword was a privilege of the noble Roman denied to the common herd of criminals.

The first of my Handbooks to the Continent, published 1836, included Holland, Belgium, and North Germany, and was

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followed at short intervals by South Germany, Switzerland—in which I was assisted by my good friend and fellow-traveller William Brockedon, the artist—and France. These were all written by me; but, as the series proceeded, I was fortunate enough to secure such able colleagues as Richard Ford for Spain, Sir Gardner Wilkinson for Egypt, Sir Francis Palgrave for North Italy, Dr. Porter for Palestine, Sir George Bowen for Greece, Sir Lambert Playfair for Algiers and the Mediterranean, Mr. George Dennis for Sicily, &c. In 1839 appeared the first of Baedeker's long series of Guides, that for Holland and Belgium, written in German. The Preface contained an acknowledgment of the compiler's obligation to "the most distinguished (*ausgezeichnetste*) Guide-book ever published, 'Murray's Handbook for Travellers,' which has served as the foundation of Baedeker's little book." * He began his Guide to Germany, published 1842, by again referring to Murray's Red Book as having "given him the idea of his own, though as his work progressed, he found he could retain only the frame of his original." No doubt, with my book ready made to hand, he was enabled to use the plan and arrangement, to correct, enlarge, and fill in with such information as he thought useful to Germans, as for instance by sedulously pointing out where the best *Bierstuben* were to be found. The acknowledgment

* I give a few extracts taken from one or two of Baedeker's Guides :—

"Aus Grundlage hat diesem Werkchen das ausgezeichnetste Reisehandbuch, welches je erschienen ist gedient 'Murray's Handbook for Travellers on the Continent.'"—Baedeker's 'Handbuchlein: Holland,' 1839.

"Die Brauchbarkeit der von dem Buchhändler *Murray* zu London herausgegebenen Reisehandbücher ist eine von den Engländern, dem unter allen vorzugsweise Reisenden Volke, so anerkannte Thatsache, dass man kaum einen derselben ohne das sogenannte 'rothe Buch' umherwandern sieht. Sie führte den Herausgeber des vorliegenden Handbuchs fruher Schon auf die Idee, zwei in Deutschland, trotz der Nachbarschaft, wenig gekannte Länder nach jenen Murray'schen Handbüchern für Reisende zu beschreiben und nach ähnlichem Plane eine bekannte Rheinreise zu bearbeiten."—Baedeker's 'Handbuch für Reisende durch Deutschland,' 1842.

My copy of this work contains the following inscription in Herr Baedeker's own writing :—

"An Herrn Murray richtet dieses Buch in dankbarer Anerkennung der grosse Hülfe welche bei Abfassung desselben die vortrefflichen Reisebüchern 'Northern and Southern Germany' gewährt haben mit der bitte um ferneres Wohlewollen der Herausgeber,

"K. BÄDEKER."

"*Coblenz*, Aug. 1841."

"Das vorliegende Buchlein erschien, auf das berühmte Murray'sche 'Handbook for Travellers on the Continent' gegründet zum erstenmale vor zehn Jahren."—Baedeker's 'Holland,' 1851.

"Die Grundlage bildet auch hier Murray's berühmtes Reisehandbuch."—Baedeker's 'Die Schweiz,' 1851.

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of obligation amounts to this: "in my first edition I copied, extracted, and even translated freely from Murray's books. As I proceeded I found I was able to do without them." Still fragments of translated passages long survived, and may be even now detected by such a blunder as the following. In one of the southern Swiss valleys Murray says "the slate rocks here are full of red *garnets*," rendered by B. "are overgrown with red pomegranates," a mistake which runs through many editions, but which I find corrected in that of 1873. Nineteen travellers out of twenty would have passed the garnets unnoticed; the accident of my having devoted some time to the study of geology caused me to notice the garnets, a not unusual occurrence in slate rocks. Throughout the Handbooks may be traced other results of my private reading, which stamp a special character on these books. My tastes, studies and predilections mark the originality of my writing, and it is impossible but that any one following and picking up my threads one after another should not betray himself as a copyist.

Messrs. Baedeker have long ago proved how easy it is with a book ready printed and published to produce another book on the same subject and identical in plan—availing themselves of its information, sending them out in *the same Red Cover*, yet not infringing the laws of copyright. I do not complain of them—they were *legally* entitled to do what they have done; but after they have dogged my footsteps from one country to another—through Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy (North and South), Greece, Syria, Egypt, England and Scotland—I was surprised to find one of their compilers sinking my name and existence altogether, and claiming for them the merit of originating this class of Handbooks.*

I will, therefore, in winding up my statement, content myself with this remark, that although Messrs. Baedeker have brought out some eighteen different Guide-books, every one of them has been preceded and anticipated by a Murray's Handbook for that particular country.

JOHN MURRAY.

* The late Dr. Porter complained to me seriously of the use made of his 'Syrian Handbook' by the German Baedeker, without any acknowledgment.

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A Sigh for Summer.

RETURN, rich Summer, bring thy balmy heat,
Thy long, long, lustrous days, so loth to close,
Thy mornings, which so musically rose
On sun-flushed woodland, hill, or sleeping street,
Tower-shadowed, where swift swallow-pinions meet
The dawn-glow; bring the noontide's charmed repose,
When grass-meads dimple not and warm woods doze,
Gold eves, pale nights with hushed sea-murmurs sweet:
Return, with sunlit mirth and holiday,
Long dreams by soft-toned waves and breakers hoar,
With brown-armed maids and mowers tossing hay;
Lone rambles over heather-purpled moor,
With reaper's sultry toil and cricketers' play,
Earth's rose-sprent robe and ocean's star-paved floor!

MAXWELL GRAY.

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Corporal Giacomo.

BY THE LATE MAJOR DE COSSON.

CHAPTER I.

PERHAPS there is no more romantic spot in the lovely island of Sicily than the picturesque little town of Taormina; perched, like a sea-gull's nest, high on a precipitous cliff, overlooking a dark-blue bay, behind which the grand outline of Mount Etna may be seen, rearing his snow-capped head through the clouds; and, if the giant be in good humour, slowly puffing out a column of silver vapour, as a placid Dutchman curls the smoke from his lips.

When, however, the volcano is angry, a red light glows at night, quivering in the sky above, and the ominous rumbling of the earth beneath their feet warns the townspeople of an ever-present danger. But so fertile are the burning slopes of the mountain, that nothing can scare the farmer away from fields which produce with little labour a rich harvest of oranges, olives, citron, mulberries, corn, grapes, almonds, and a hundred other fruits, all growing with a wild luxuriance that from time immemorial has tempted the invader to lay a covetous hand on this favoured island, and to drench its smiling vineyards with blood.

To the traveller, the marble fragments of the beautiful Grecian theatre overlooking the bay, built by a colony from Chalcis; the rugged remains of the Moorish castle of Saracenic times, and the frowning Norman towers bearing witness to the power and pride of a William Bras de Fer, a Guiscard, or a Barbarossa, all tell of different races that in turn have swayed the destinies of

NOTE.—It was in the year 1872 that the Author heard the principal incidents of this story on his way to Egypt; as the vessel steamed out of the bay of Messina, the last sound that reached his ears was the report of the gun which announced the execution of the brothers Strongoli.

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the land round Taormina; and in its inhabitants, especially among the fairer portion of them, traces still remain of the different nations from which they have sprung.

Thus the purely classical features of the Greek may be found in combination with the flashing black eye and dark complexion of the Moor, while a certain mobility and grace of bearing seems to recall memories of that proud Norman race whose mail-clad warriors for a time planted themselves firmly on this sunny shore.

In particular might these characteristics be traced in the person of Filomena, the daughter of an honest farmer who tilled his lands not far from the town of Taormina.

Though only sixteen years of age, the genial influence of a southern sun had ripened her beauty almost to the perfection of womanhood; and, when on Sundays and Festas she appeared with the brightest of blue shawls draped gracefully over her head, and the whitest of high-heeled satin shoes on her shapely, if somewhat large feet, dancing the national dance under the shadow of the great chestnut-trees in the piazzetta, after the manner of her country, to the merry sound of tambourines and castagnettes, she was universally admitted to be the belle of the district. And, as Festas in Sicily are almost as numerous as brigands, it is little wonder that Corporal Giacomo Colvello, of the King's Carabineers, fell madly in love with this young girl, whom he so frequently saw flitting gaily, like some bright exotic butterfly, among the wealth of scented flowers that bloom untended on the slopes of Father Etna.

Though Corporal Giacomo had little fortune save his sword, and the medals that glittered on his breast, still he was a suitor of whom the daughter of a peasant farmer—even though a beauty—had no cause to be ashamed; for he was a brave soldier, and, moreover, belonged to a corps the members of which are all picked men, and often have to exercise independent authority of much responsibility in the difficult duty of protecting the highways and byways of a country like Italy. Besides which they are generally fine tall fellows, and wear a particularly becoming uniform.

Corporal Giacomo was a modest man, but it must not be supposed that he was entirely unconscious of these personal advantages, when, on Sunday afternoons, with head erect and in the full splendour of cocked hat and plume, aiguillettes, and clanking sabre, he paced up and down the piazzetta, casting every

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now and then looks of truly military disdain on the idle groups of young civilians, in dark-brown corduroy coats and slouch hats, who were generally to be seen lounging round the door of the dark little den which dignified itself by the name of *Caffè*.

But Filomena was barely sixteen, and what girl of that age thinks seriously of marriage? So she only laughed at the attentions of the gallant Corporal, and mimicked his Piedmontese accent—her own dialect was not a whit less strange—until the brave soldier, who had served all through the Franco-Italian war against Austria, vowed in confidence to Maestro Simone Pappalardo, the barber, who shaved him every morning, that he would rather charge a battery of guns than venture to ask the wayward child to be his wife.

Maestro Pappalardo was a sympathetic soul, as became a man whose Christian name was Simon, and being, after the ancient custom of his guild, a phlebotomist as well as a barber; he pointed to a bottle of leeches suspended over his door, as an appropriate emblem of attachment, and said encouragingly,

"Stick to your suit, Signor Caporale, stick to it like a leech. Does not the great Hippocrates, of whose art I am a humble, though I trust not unworthy professor, say that while there is life there is hope? Has not Galen averred that woman is a creature of so complex and sensitive a nature, that her feelings vary with the changing of the seasons, and the motions of the planets? "Whisper your passion at the vernal equinox, serenade your love at the conjunction of Venus and the moon, press her to marry you when Mars is at the meridian; but *never* despair. A woman who is like adamant to-day may be like honey to-morrow; who knows? *Corpo di Bacco!*"

"Ah! that is how you all talk here in the South," said the honest Corporal, pulling his long moustachios thoughtfully. "But I come from the foot of the Alps, where our love is as deep and eternal as the snow on their summit. We have no volcanoes among us which flare up in a tremendous eruption and then go out again, *our* mountains, like our hearts, never change; and if I thought Filomena could give her love lightly, I would leave this place for ever, and—— But no, I do her wrong even to suspect it. If she does not care for me it is because I am so little worthy of her; and if she laughs at my honest passion, it is because she is yet too childlike and innocent to know how serious a thing is love."

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After delivering himself of which peroration, the Corporal critically surveyed the smoothness of his chin in the glass, and strolled sadly away.

CHAPTER II.

It happened that old Tommaso Ramaglia, Filomena's father, had bred on his farm a mule colt of such perfect proportions that Padrè Antonello, the parish priest, declared she was a fit mount for the Cardinal Archbishop himself, and all the neighbours agreed that it would be a sin to yoke her to the one-horned cow, which, together with a donkey of unknown age, usually formed the lopsided team that worked Tommaso's plough. So it was decided in a solemn family conclave that the Ramaglias, father, son, and daughter, should all make an expedition to the fair at Rendazzo to dispose of the mule; and in order that they might be there early, they arranged to sleep in the house of a friend at Motta Camastra, some ten miles on the way.

It still wanted two days to the fair, when Corporal Giacomo strolled out of the barber's shop in the manner related in the last chapter, and as he traversed the grass-grown path that leads to the Grecian theatre, he felt in a vague sort of way that his gloomy thoughts were but little in harmony with the extreme loveliness of the scene that surrounded him.

Far below the glistening waters of the gulf stretched in a broad expanse of green, purple, and azure, dotted here and there with the white sails of the great merchant-vessels speeding on their way to Naples or the Levant, while behind rose the delicate ruins of the Grecian theatre, shining with ivory whiteness against the deep blue of the autumn sky; many fair sister-columns lay fallen among the brightly coloured wild flowers and trailing weeds that clung to them lovingly, tenderly covering the havoc that time and tempest had wrought on their graceful proportion; the air was laden with the scent of orange-flowers, and the steep banks of the ravine, facing which the theatre stands, were clothed with a tangled mass of tropical plants, stunted palms, aloes and prickly pears, among which a few white goats were browsing, tranquilly balancing themselves with wanton hardihood on the most perilous ledges of rocks; in the distance Etna towered in majestic lines towards the heavens, a thin coronet of vapour hanging motionless over the old volcano's snow-capped head, while broad farmlands, golden with corn, or rich with the varied foliage of the vine, the orange, olive, mulberry, sumach

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and pistachio, sloped gently towards the shore, where Capo St. Andrea hung over the many tongued waters murmuring round its base, looking hazy and fairylike in the quivering atmosphere. But the object which lent the greatest beauty to the scene in Giacomo's eyes was the slender figure of a young girl, sitting on a low wall and singing softly to herself as she spun flax from an old-fashioned distaff.

When the Corporal's shadow fell across her, she looked up with a smile, but instantly lowered her long lashes again, while a faint blush mantled in the clear olive of her cheeks like the first rosy gleam of dawn on a summer morning.

These signs appeared to the honest Corporal not altogether unpropitious; and being, soldier-like, prompt to take up a position of strategical advantage, he seated himself by her side. He was not, however, quite prepared for the enfilading side-glance she shot at him from her enormous black eyes, or the almost imperceptible movement by which she shifted her position the least thing in the world further away; and these counter-tactics having, as it were, completely routed and vanquished him, he sat for some time in stupid silence, tapping his boot mechanically with the scabbard of his sabre.

"Well, what have you got to tell me, Signor Giacomo?" she said at last, breaking in on his reverie.

Had Giacomo been a Southern Italian, he would have seized this opportunity to swear that he was thinking of her and her alone, of her beauty, her virtues, her cruelty, &c., and in a voluble flow of words that would have been as impetuous as a lava stream from Mount Etna, and perhaps as unfruitful; but, being a Piedmontese, Giacomo's tongue did not run in advance of his thoughts, and he answered, slowly—

"I don't think I have anything to tell you, Filomena; that is, anything which you do not know already. I was only wondering what you were thinking about when I found you here; you seemed very happy, for you were singing, you know."

"Oh, I!" said the maiden, glancing at him shyly, "I was dreaming. I was wondering what sort of beings live in those wonderful palaces and gardens that my brother Silvestro tells me he once saw rising out of the sea at the first gleam of sunrise when he was fishing for *pesce spada* off the shore of Messina. They call them the Fata Morgana, and say that these cities and palaces and gardens are all at the bottom of the sea, and were built—oh! *ever* so many hundreds years ago—before even this

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old theatre, when there was no water in the straits, and it was all dry land right across to Calabria!"

And here she stretched out her arms with a pretty gesture, and turned her dark eyes, now open to their full extent and sparkling with the interest of her theme, full on the unfortunate Corporal, whose heart gave a great leap beneath his padded jacket, as if it would jump into his mouth.

"Even Padre Antonello cannot tell us when *that* was, it was so very long ago," she continued; "but old Vittoria Graziosi, who has lived on the sea-coast for more than ninety years, says that every now and again these cities, which were sunk for their wickedness, are allowed to come to the surface, and that the fishermen have seen the people moving about in them just as they used to do; and Silvestro declares that he beheld quite clearly the herdsmen driving flocks of cattle in the most beautiful pastures you ever saw, and beyond rose a great city full of palaces, with domes of silver and walls of gold, and long arcades and balconies, and fountains, and gardens full of myrtle, and grottoes of coral, among which beautiful beings were moving to and fro; but as he gazed, they all melted into air, and nothing remained but the smooth expanse of sea and the purple line of the Calabrian shore, dotted with the white houses of the towns, and the dark shadows of the olive woods."

"I should like to have seen it too," said Giacomo.

"Yes," she replied; "and father says our life when we are young is like the Fata Morgana; we see all sorts of beautiful things before us, which, as we grow older, fade away and turn into dull realities. I wonder if my life will be like that? I can hardly think so; at least, this beautiful view is not the creation of a magician that will disappear; long after we are both dead it will remain to gladden the eyes of those who sit on this spot."

"And you, Filomena, are yourself, and that is enough for me to know," said Giacomo, taking her hand and bending his eyes earnestly upon her, for she had never spoken to him before with such feeling, and he felt that now or never was the time to make an appeal to her heart; but just then a noisy party of tourists entered the theatre, and the Corporal's eloquence was checked in his throat.

"I have to go away for a few days," he said, presently, "to enquire into some robberies that have been committed in the neighbourhood of Rendazzo."

"Then perhaps we shall see you at the fair," she replied.

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"Father and Silvestro and I are going there the day after to-morrow. Oh! it will be such fun; there will of course be a dance, and we have lots of friends there, so I expect I shall have no end of partners. You may ask me to dance, you know, if it will not be incompatible with the dignity of your uniform."

"I don't think I shall be at the fair," said the Corporal with a sigh, for her words somehow jarred on his feelings; "my duty will take me up the mountain; however, I must go now. Good-bye till I see you again."

"Good-bye!" she said simply, but the smile had faded from her eyes, and Giacomo's heart smote him for his brusqueness.

"I am glad you told me what you were thinking of," he added gently, holding her hand for an instant. "I have often wondered what your thoughts were like when you were alone, and now I shall dwell on these same fancies you told me of in the long night patrols, and try to think as you do. Good-bye!" and he walked rapidly away.

Chapter III.

The fair at Rendazzo was a very gay scene; the space in which it was held was crowded with gaudily-painted mule-carts, many of them bright scarlet, their panels decorated with gilding, bits of looking-glass, and even small pictures representing incidents in the life of the patron saint of the owner, executed by some native artist who appeared to have an unwholesome taste for the horrible, as he generally chose frightful scenes of martyrdom for his subject. Under the chestnut-trees hard by lively groups of handsome, black-eyed, brown-haired girls, with bright-coloured shawls thrown coquettishly over their heads, were chatting gaily, eagerly awaiting the moment when business should give way to pleasure, and the young farmers of the neighbourhood, having disposed of their goods, would come to claim them for the dance, to the inspiriting strains of tambourines, castagnettes, and old Giovanni the blind fiddler's violin. Their mothers meanwhile were busily occupied selling or cheapening, in voluble accents and with many gesticulations, eggs, poultry, and other produce in which they had especial interest, taking care to mix a good deal of gossip with their business transactions; while here and there low-browed, black-whiskered, ruffianly-looking men, with heavy aquiline noses and sloping foreheads, silk sashes round their waists and loose coats thrown carelessly over

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their shoulders, might be seen swaggering round the wine shops; whom the solitary traveller would have hardly cared to meet on a lonely road at dusk.

Tommaso Ramaglia was fortunate in the disposal of his mule, for the beautiful animal attracted the attention of the largest land-owner in the neighbourhood, who bought it for no less a sum than twenty-five napoleons in gold; but, while the bargain was being completed and the glittering money counted into the willing palm of the old farmer, Filomena felt her attention irresistibly attracted by the piercing glance of a dark, sinister-visaged young man, clad entirely in black corduroy, who was regarding the transaction with marked attention. "Father," she whispered, clutching his arm, "do you see that man? I am sure he has the evil eye," and instinctively she felt round her neck for a little charm of red coral that Giacomo had brought her from Naples, but which in a moment of maiden wilfulness she had left at home, thinking to tease him by not wearing it.

"Nonsense, child," answered her father reassuringly, for his heart was gladdened by the gold he had received; yet he did not fail to cross himself, being, like most of his class, a firm believer in the baleful influence of the evil eye, and having, moreover, recognized in the youth whose gaze troubled his daughter, one Fillipo Strongoli, whom the gossips credited with belonging to a dreaded secret fraternity, called the *Mafia*.

The object of Filomena's uncomplimentary remark, however, now strolled unconcernedly away, and the young girl uttered a low sigh of relief as his glance was withdrawn, though she still trembled slightly.

"Come, *figliuola mia*," said the old man kindly, "they are going to begin the dance; our business is over for the day, let us think of pleasure."

"Oh! father, don't leave me!" she said, clinging to him, "I am sure some misfortune will happen."

"Tut, tut, my little Filomena, what ails you?" he replied, "I am only going to take a glass of *vino bianco* with a friend or two; but that your mind may be quite at rest, I will give you the price of the mule to take care of for me; you will then know that it can't be spirited out of my pockets at *moro*"—a gambling game which has irresistible charms for a Sicilian when he has money in his pocket, or even a good shirt on his back. "Here, Silvestro, look after your sister till I return."

Not long afterwards Filomena was gracefully bounding through

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the figures of the Tarantella, to the delight of all beholders, and in the excitement of this fascinating dance she soon forgot all about her previous fright. Perhaps she was just a little disappointed at not seeing Giacomo, for, in spite of his disclaimer, she rather expected that he would have managed to put in an appearance, and had been secretly counting on the further havoc her new scarlet petticoat, blue shawl, and dainty satin shoes, would work on that susceptible trooper's heart; being, like most young creatures, endowed with a certain amount of cruelty born of mere light-hearted thoughtlessness and love of admiration.

But the Corporal remained on the mountain with his men, and so escaped the trials she had in store for him, while the wayward village beauty found no lack of partners, in his absence, to engage her attention.

CHAPTER IV.

The purple shadows of the short southern twilight were creeping up the mountain-side when old Tommaso tore himself away from his gossiping friends, and summoned his children to leave the dance; but the evening was bright and balmy, and the young people trudged gaily along a cross-road that led by a short cut to Motta Camastra, chatting over the incidents of the day, and often waking the echoes of the quiet night with their laughter. Some heavy thunderclouds were piling themselves in the eastern sky, ominous of one of those sudden storms which sometimes break over the slopes of Mount Etna with almost tropical violence, but these they heeded little, nor did they remark how grave their father had become, until he abruptly joined in their conversation.

"*Gioia mia*," he said kindly, turning to his daughter, "hast thou never thought of marrying? It will be a sad day for me when I lose my little Filomena; but I am an old man now, and perhaps not long for this world, God alone knows! and I should not wish my *cara bambina* to be left alone when I am gone."

"O father, dear, do not talk like that!" interrupted the girl; "you know I want *never* to leave you; I am sure I am quite happy as I am, and as for being alone, have I not you and Silvestro to take care of me?" and she looked at her brother, whose dark face flushed with pride as he thought how well he would love and guard his pretty sister.

It was a manly and unselfish thought, and it was his last, for at that instant a gun was fired from behind a rock at the side of

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the road, and the poor fellow fell on his face, shot through the heart. His father had scarcely time to realize what had happened, when two men, springing out into the moonlight, struck him on the breast with their stilettoes, and he too fell to the ground mortally wounded, crying with his last breath to Filomena to escape; but she, poor child, stood rooted to the spot, gazing like one turned to stone on the ghastly tragedy which in one short minute had left her brotherless, and an orphan.

While she did so, one of the murderers bent forward to rifle his victim, and, the light falling full on his features, she recognized the man by whose evil glance she had been so strangely troubled at the fair.

Then an agony of terror seized her, and, with a low, wailing cry, she fled from the place, tearing blindly across fields and fences, regardless of torn dress and bleeding feet, leaping the stone walls and ditches like a hunted fawn, without once looking behind, till at last, panting, sobbing, and utterly exhausted, she sank down in a lonely vineyard and lost consciousness.

When she came to herself again, large raindrops were splashing heavily on her upturned face, the thunder was rolling and echoing among the rocks and caverns of the mountain, and the moon had gone down, leaving a pall of inky darkness around her, save when the vivid flashes of lightning every now and then lit up the wild scene with lurid brilliancy; throwing for an instant into bold relief the rugged outlines of a ruined Norman castle, perched on a precipitous crag above, and gleaming fitfully on the foaming waters of a swollen torrent which she could hear sullenly roaring through the dark abyss below.

Slowly straightening her stiffened limbs, the young girl rose and peered anxiously about her, at a loss where to seek help in her forlorn and desolate condition, for in the mad terror of her flight she had taken no heed of the direction in which she had escaped. By groping about with her hands, she discovered indeed that she was now in a vineyard, but it appeared to be only a narrow patch of cultivated land perched high on a mountain spur, and she could see no sign of a habitation; at last, however, as her eyes became more accustomed to the intense darkness that followed the electric flashes, she thought she perceived at some distance a faint thread of light, which, as she stumbled towards it, proved to come from beneath the door of a low, square, stone-built cottage, little larger than an English

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cowshed. This gave her fresh hope, and summoning all her strength, she gave a feeble knock.

"*Oui è?*" responded a shrill female voice from within.

"A poor miserable girl who has lost her way."

"Then you must find it again, we want no beggars here," replied the voice harshly, and Filomena heard the bolt shot in the door.

"Oh, for pity's sake don't shut me out," she cried imploringly, "or I shall die! Only let me sit by your fire till daylight, and I will go away; the saints will reward you for your kindness."

"*Basta, andatevi*—enough, go!" said the voice sharply.

"But I am no beggar, I have money, I can pay you well," pleaded the girl, who now heard the bolt slowly drawn, while an old woman, opening the door a few inches, peered out into the darkness.

"Are you alone?" she enquired suspiciously.

"Alas! yes," said poor Filomena, her eyes filling with tears, as she stepped into the ruddy gleam of light, which sparkled brightly on her gold crucifix and earrings.

The woman drew her in and secured the door again, saying kindly, "Sit down, my child, and warm yourself. A poor old cripple like me has to be careful how she admits strangers in such a lonely place, there are so many bad people about. But how wet you are, child!"—and she ran her hands not ungently through the girl's dripping hair, which hung in rich tangled masses over her shoulders, reaching to her knees. "What can have brought you out on the mountain at this time of night?" she continued, seeing how her guest shivered; "but wait till I rake the fire together, and then you shall tell me all about it."

It was not long before Filomena, with many sighs and tears, had related her sad story, to which the old woman listened with great attention, soothing and petting her the while with a kindness that soon effaced from the young girl's mind the memory of her previous harsh manner.

"And so," she said, when the tale was finished, "you lost all the money?"

"No," replied Filomena, "I never thought of that before. I have it still, father gave it me to keep. O that they had taken it all, and spared my poor father and brother!"

"What!" exclaimed her hostess, with unwonted energy, "you have the money? *You*, wandering all alone on a night like this? Give it to me, my dear—I am sure you must hate the sight of it—and I will keep it safe for you till the morning. Ave

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Maria! only to think of a child like you carrying such a lot of money! Why your life would not be safe if the people about here knew of it! How fortunate that you came to this house and met no one! Nobody saw you come here, my child, did they?"

"Nobody," said Filomena, handing her the bag of gold. "I do not even know if the men followed me, for I was so frightened that I never looked back."

"Well, well, *poverina*, you must be tired to death. I will take care of your money, and you shall have my own little bed in the loft above, where no one will disturb you, and you will be quite secure." Saying which, the old dame led the way up a rickety stair at one corner of the room into a long low chamber lighted by a small oval loophole pierced in the thick stone wall, and pointing to a truckle-bed which, together with a couple of worm-eaten chairs and a curiously carved chest, formed its sole furniture, bid her "Buona notte, e felice riposo."

CHAPTER V.

When she found herself alone, Filomena sank on her knees and prayed fervently; then she threw herself on the bed, dressed as she was, and, murmuring that she could not sleep, fell into one of the heavy slumbers which beneficent Nature so often sends to repair the damage wrought by over-physical exertion. Her brain, however, remained painfully active, and she was visited by the most horrible nightmares, in which she seemed ever vainly striving to escape some shadowy danger, which, as soon as she eluded it in one shape, changed its form and menaced her in another still more terrible.

How long she remained in this phantom-haunted condition she never knew, but at last she distinctly heard her dead father's voice saying in her ear: "AWAKE, CHILD, AWAKE!" and the strain on her nerves became so great that she awoke suddenly, with her heart beating violently, and the cold dew of terror on her forehead. As she sat up in bed trying to collect her scattered senses, she was startled by a sharp rap at the door of the cottage; this roused her thoroughly, and she listened intently. Apparently her hostess had also been asleep, for the knock was repeated impatiently, and she could hear the old woman yawning and muttering to herself as she shuffled across the room and unfastened the bolt, then she clearly distinguished the heavy footsteps of two men entering the room below.

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"What! sleeping, mother?" said a gruff voice, the hoarse tone of which had not been improved by the night air.

"You are late, my boys," responded the old crone; "what luck have you had?"

"Bad enough, mother, bad enough," replied the man with an oath. "We did for old Tommaso Ramaglia and his son, thinking to get the price of a mule they had sold; and after all our pains, it turned out that they had not the money with them."

It would be impossible to describe the wretched girl's feelings at this announcement.

"Ha! ha! my poor boys, so you got nothing," chuckled the mother. "But was it really necessary to use the knife?"

"Why, Silvestro was an active fellow," answered the man sulkily; "he was the most daring hand at harpooning the sword-fish last season, and had not Pietro here put a bullet into him first, he might have given us trouble. I have heard too that old Tommaso knew how to handle a stiletto when he was young. They say that before he was married he fought with Carlo Lopiccoli, tied knee to knee, and gave him that ugly gash on his cheek which he had for twenty years. But I don't see why you should laugh," he added roughly; "we shall have the Carabineers prying about and asking questions, and nothing gained after all."

"Never mind, better luck next time," said the woman; then she enquired anxiously—"I hope you were careful that no one saw you?"

"Yes, that is what has kept us so late. We thought it best to return to the fair, so as to make people believe we were there all the time. But I am wet to the skin; where is the wine?"

"Ah! the wine, always the wine; you are just like your father," grumbled the old woman. And then Filomena heard the chink of glasses.

Presently the conversation was continued—

"What would you say to your old mother when she tells you that she has got the money which you have been seeking, here safe in her pocket?"

"You?"

"Yes. Did it never strike you that the girl had it?"

"The girl who ran away? We thought of stopping her and serving her like the others; but women have such a knack of screaming that we feared she might be heard, and so we let her go."

"Well, she had it, and here it is."

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"Bravo! mother, you are worth two of us; but where is she?"

"Hush! not so loud. Asleep in the loft upstairs."

A footstep approached Filomena's room, and the poor girl, crouching with her ear against the door, felt her heart beat so violently that she thought it must be audible through the thick oak panel.

Presently a hand was placed on the lock, and she was about to cry out, when the bolt was gently shot on the outside, and the footsteps retreated.

There was a pause.

At last the man's voice said, "What are you going to do with her? You will have to give her back the money in the morning or she will send the police here."

"She must die," replied the woman.

There was another pause, for, hardened as they were, the ruffians felt for a moment staggered at her cold-blooded suggestion.

Again the woman spoke.

"I tell you she must die, or we are ruined!" she said vehemently. "Her description of you was most accurate. Why should you hesitate? She is sound asleep by this time; it will soon be over."

"Well, but if so, what are we to do with the body?" enquired the man. "They say that if a corpse has not Christian burial it will never stay underground, and we cannot take her far from the cottage, for the Carabineers will soon be about."

"Bah! you are unimaginative to-night," replied the crone, with a horrible laugh. "Is there not the big oven? I have seen it red-hot before this. Put her into it—a few black ashes will tell no tales. Now get the fire ready; and mind that your knife is sharp, and that you make no noise when you go upstairs."

"God help me!" murmured the girl, kneeling behind the door. Then the instinct of self-preservation, ever strong in the human breast, came to her aid, and she looked round the room in search of a means of escape.

The only outlet besides the door was the unglazed loophole before mentioned; but this was so small that it seemed impossible she could force herself through it.

Then she thought of dragging the great chest behind the door and barricading herself in; but that would make a noise, and would probably bring her father's murderers rushing upstairs before she had effected her object, or, even if she did succeed,

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what chance had she, in that lonely cottage, of obtaining help before they could break their way in? So she returned to the loophole, and gazed wistfully at the stars, which, now the sky had cleared, looked down pityingly into her dark prison from the free and boundless heaven above.

At this moment she heard the men chopping up logs of wood below, and a still more dreadful sound, as if a knife was being ground against a stone.

In sheer desperation the poor girl tried to wedge her head and shoulders into the narrow opening, and with great difficulty got the upper part of her body partly through; but she found it was too small to admit her hips, and presently she sank down again, exhausted with her fruitless struggles, which were none the less severe that they had to be conducted in complete silence.

She now heard the crackling of the newly-lighted fire, and a fragrant smell of wood-smoke stole through the chinks of the door. It was to be her funeral pyre! How long would it be before the murderer would stealthily creep upstairs, knife in hand, to despatch his victim?

At this thought a sudden inspiration struck her. Perhaps if she took off some of her clothes she would be able to squeeze through the window. It was her last hope, and in a few minutes she had noiselessly divested herself of the gold-laced satin bodice and smart crimson petticoat, in which she had taken so much pride at the fair.

For a moment she stood in the pale starlight, draped only in her long white smock, looking so fragile and shadowy, that she might well have passed for some fair spirit of the night, about to take flight from that gloomy house. Then, narrowing her graceful shoulders as much as she could, she resolutely forced herself into the tiny aperture.

This time she got her head and arms fairly through, and found herself looking down on a little garden at the back of the cottage. The loophole from which she hung was quite twelve feet from the ground, but she cared little for the danger of the fall, and was making a final effort to extricate herself, when she discovered with horror that her limbs had become firmly jammed in the thick masonry of the wall, and that she could neither move forwards nor backwards. The full terror of the position now burst upon her mind, and for nearly ten minutes she remained utterly paralysed by despair. All her past life rose

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before her in the short space of time; incidents of her earliest childhood that had long been forgotten; petulant words that she had wished unspoken; and then her thoughts turned to her lover, Giacomo, and the way she had teased him. Oh, if she only had the help of his strong arm now! But she would never see him again to tell him how sorry she was to have given him pain, and her tears fell fast.

The sound of voices presently reached her from a new direction. There was evidently a window some feet below the loophole a little to the right, and through it came the old woman's harsh tones, clearly audible in the still night air.

"The oven is getting hot, my son; had you not better do your work quickly?"

What the answer was she did not hear, for, maddened by the extremity of her peril, she made another frantic effort to release herself. Her bones seemed to crack as she forced her body forwards by pressing her elbows against the rough stone, and the next moment, bruised and bleeding, she fell heavily on the soft mould below.

"Hist! what is that?" said the woman's voice, and the door of the cottage opened, while the girl, with a face as white as her smock, shrank close against the wall.

"I can see nothing," replied one of the men, closing the door again. "It must have been the goats knocking their horns against the vine-staves."

Then Filomena fled into the night.

Chapter VI.

The howling of the wind and the distant murmur of the troubled waters in the gulf almost drowned the steady tramp, tramp, of Corporal Giacomo and his men, as they splashed their way homewards along the sodden country road, after a fatiguing day on the mountain. They kept their heads bent down, the better to encounter the fierce blast blowing in their teeth, and it was not without some feelings of superstitious awe that their leader, on chancing to look up, beheld the figure of a girl in white, with bare arms and long streaming hair, suddenly emerge from the dark shadow of a rock and flit noiselessly across the path before him.

However, it is the duty of a soldier to challenge even a ghost,

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and the Corporal's "Halt! who goes there?" rang out prompt and clear.

The mysterious figure paused, gazed at him for a moment with wild eyes, and tottered as if about to fall—when, uttering an exclamation of surprise, Giacomo sprang forward and Filomena lay panting in his arms.

If the gallant Corporal, in that trying situation, forgot all his previous diffidence and called her his sweet dove, his own darling angel, and a hundred other endearing epithets, the eloquence of which would have satisfied even Maestro Simone Papillardo, all I can say is that he seemed to have hit on a very effective means of soothing her terror. For, as she lay secure in that firm embrace, and drank in gratefully the first words of love and tenderness that had been addressed to her since her sore trial, she looked shyly, but with a growing confidence, up into the honest eyes that beamed so fondly down on her, and I verily believe then and there registered a mental vow never again to forsake the protection of Giacomo's strong arms.

Perhaps it was at this moment that all the old wilful petulance passed away from her spirit, leaving her a humbly thankful, loving, and devoted woman.

Indeed, the two were so engrossed with their own thoughts, that it was some time before the Corporal remembered to ask her how she came there; but, when at last she had told her story, his face grew stern as on the day of battle, and it was in a very different tone to that in which he had just been speaking that he ordered his men to turn about and follow him to the cottage.

Poor Filomena! she felt dreadfully frightened at the idea of returning; but when Giacomo pressed her hand reassuringly, and said simply that it was his duty, and she must help to show him the way, she acquiesced meekly, and lay wrapped in his heavy cloak on the rude litter that his men had made of their crossed rifles, gazing every now and then with a strange wondering awe in her great eyes at her lover's stalwart figure striding beside her.

At last the cottage was reached, and Giacomo, leaving Filomena in a sheltered place under charge of his men, knocked at the door.

After some delay, one of the brothers Strongoli enquired gruffly who was there.

"One of the King's Carabineers who wants shelter and a little food," answered the Corporal.

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"We are very poor, and have nothing to give you."

"Well, but you can let me warm myself at your fire—*that* will cost you nothing."

"My mother has gone to bed; I tell you you can't come in," replied the voice.

"Nonsense, man, she sleeps upstairs; open the door, I say." And the soldier accompanied his words with a kick that made the panels rattle again.

"*Piano, piano!* it shall be opened in a minute," cried the old woman querulously; "but it is a shame that you should drag honest people out of their beds at this time of night."

"You don't seem any of you to have seen much of your beds," retorted the Corporal, eyeing them sharply as he entered. "However, here are twenty soldi; give me some wine and some bread;" and he seated himself composedly near the oven, regardless of the scowls of the two men, who remained eyeing him sullenly as if undecided what to do.

"Well, wine you can have," grumbled the old woman, pointing to a flask on the table, "but bread we have none;" for she was anxious to propitiate him, and yet to get him out of the house as soon as possible.

"Why, mother, I thought you were baking? see, your oven is nearly red-hot. What, nothing in it!" he exclaimed, opening the iron door with the point of his sabre.

The old woman turned pale, but one of the men quickly replied,

"Oh! our mother always heats the oven over-night; we are letting it cool now for fear of burning the bread."

"Ho! you are afraid of burning the bread, are you?" enquired the Corporal, with a growing sternness in his tones. "Perhaps you will let me see the sort of bread you intended to bake? Ha! no answer! Then *I* will show you," and he tapped the window sharply, at which signal the door was thrown open and Filomena entered, pale as a ghost.

"There, villains! is not that delicate girl the fine dough you were preparing to bake with inhuman cruelty? But I need not ask, your faces convict you without words," he continued, looking with flashing eyes on the guilty trio, who stood cowering before him in speechless terror at the unexpected appearance of their victim, whom they imagined still a prisoner, and the grim array of tall Carabineers filling the doorway, rifle in hand.

My story is ended. Before the sun rose high in the heavens

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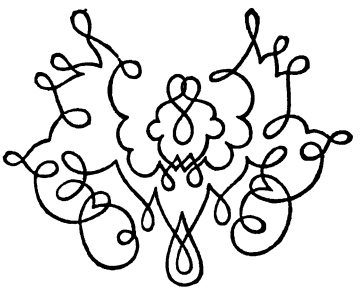
that day, the Strongoli family were all safely lodged in the gaol of Messina.

Corporal Giacomo soon afterwards obtained his promotion for the part he had taken in their arrest. The old woman was condemned to a long term of imprisonment, and her two sons were executed for the murder of Tommaso and Silvestro Ramaglia.

Pretty Filomena, they say, has never quite recovered the effects of that terrible night, but, if her manner is somewhat more grave than before, she is very happy in the love of a certain tall Sergeant of Carabineers, who has devoted himself to her protection for the future.



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The Arts and Crafts.

THE movement which is focussed by the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society in their show at the New Gallery, now in its second year, is only a part of a movement of revival in the arts and crafts of design and decoration which has been gathering weight and impetus for a considerable time past. It has been making itself felt for some years in various ways, and notably by a tendency to cohesion and unity among artists and craftsmen, taking the form of societies and guilds for demonstrations and discussions in our various arts and handicrafts. The effect has been to spread a knowledge of these arts among artists, to bring them into closer communion and unity, and break down the artificial and pedantic distinctions which have heretofore isolated artists and craftsmen in different branches of work. The movement indeed may be traced back by threads of connection with the Præ-Raphaelite movement in painting, and the revival of good traditions of design and workmanship in domestic and ecclesiastical decoration, which has sprung from the vigorous shoot planted by Mr. William Morris and his co-operating associates. This revival may be said to have turned the current of taste, arising as it did from the ruins and degradation of applied design in which the arts were left about the middle of the century, and later, under the influence of Second Empire taste. Nor, as an important factor in our newer Renascence, can we leave out of account the quiet educational value of the marvellous collections at South Kensington Museum, the effects of which can hardly be properly or fully estimated, though they are none the less real.

The immediate origin of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society must be sought, however, in the secret history of the agitation against Royal Academy exclusiveness and narrow-

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ness which attracted so much attention in the summer and autumn of 1886. The campaign was opened by a manifesto—a letter written by Mr. George Clausen, and signed by him, Mr. Holman Hunt, and the present writer, which appeared in the *Times* and the principal morning papers of August 7th in that year. It was called forth by the news of the rejection by the Royal Academy of a proposal by its President, Sir Frederick Leighton, to reduce the number of works sent in by members of the Society to its Exhibition, and it was pointed out that in so doing the Academy had once more asserted its position as a private society, and that the Academy really stood on the same footing as regards outside artists as the Royal Institute and the Royal Society of British Artists—the difference being that these bodies are not asked to reform themselves, not being considered national, as the Academy was popularly supposed to be. The letter further declared that the true remedy for an unsatisfactory state of things lay not in trying to force small reforms on the Academy, but in the establishment of a really national Exhibition of the Arts which should be conducted on the broadest and fairest lines, "in which no artists should have rights of place, and all works should be chosen by a jury elected by and from all artists in the kingdom."

This letter attracted a great deal of attention, and the papers were filled with discussions and correspondence on the subject, which grew fast and furious, and nearly every one interested in Academic reform came forward with their recommendations, or defence of the Society—including at least one R.A., Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Harry Quilter, "Outsider" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Madox Brown, and all sorts and conditions of artists. Quite an Iliad was contributed to the papers on the subject. Nor did the matter end with the smoke of the burning weeds of the dead season and its waste-paper basket. At the back of Mr. Clausen lay in ambush an ardent band of young painters, mostly with strong leanings to modern French tendencies in painting, many of them fresh from a Parisian training imbued with Parisian ideas. These, mostly residing in Chelsea, were sometimes known as "the Chelsea Conspirators." Crowded meetings were held in various studios in that region during the autumn, and resolutions were passed in the spirit of our manifesto, and a letter was agreed to inviting certain artists to join a provisional committee representing Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and the Arts of Design, to act on the basis of and in the spirit of the new

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demands, each signatory to send in a list of artists he desired to see on such committee. This letter was signed by 399 artists, and the result of their vote was to elect a provisional committee representing Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and the Arts of Design; twenty names in each section. Notification was then sent to each of these elected artists in each section, and in the case of those declining to serve, their places were to be filled by the names of those next in order of voting.

However, after a succession of meetings it became evident that the majority of the reformers, chiefly painters led by the Anglo-French school (identified with the members of the new English Art Club) were not in favour of attempting to organize a new exhibition on the broader lines of the manifesto, and finally declared on a crucial division for merely petitioning the Academy to adopt the one principle of the artistic suffrage. At this juncture a certain number of us (six) of the Arts of Design section seceded, as we were anxious to move forward and to try and obtain recognition for these arts, on an equality with the pictorial arts and sculpture; and since it seemed, as we were only a section, not possible to attempt to carry out the whole programme of a National Exhibition of Art which should illustrate under one roof the whole range of activity in the arts, we determined to form ourselves into a society with the definite purpose of organizing an exhibition, however small, which should represent the decorative arts—the arts in relation and combination.

Accordingly a meeting was held of the secessionists, at, I think, Mr. Hungerford Pollen's studio in the first instance, whereat a circular was drafted under the heading "The Combined Arts," explaining our principles and objects, the chief of which were: (1) "To take measures for an exhibition in each year of the associated Decorative Arts." (2) "To show as far as possible the artistic and inventive powers of the designers and makers of the various works that may be exhibited, and to illustrate the relation of the arts in application to different materials and uses, which is not attempted in any existing exhibition." (3) That "all works will be exhibited under the name of the designer and responsible executant." The signatories were Henry Longden, J. H. Pollen, Lewis F. Day, Mervyn Macartney, Heywood Sumner, W. A. S. Benson (Sec. *pro tem.*), and myself. Others joined in response to our appeal, and a guarantee fund was raised, among ourselves at

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first, but afterwards largely increased by names of friends and supporters outside. A circular was issued explaining our aims; much anxious deliberation and discussion was held as to the most suitable place for our proposed exhibition. In the meantime the New Gallery had established itself, and had had a successful first season, and it was finally decided to open negociations with the directors with a view to acquiring the use of the Gallery for our first exhibition in the autumn of 1888. Preliminaries were eventually arranged, and the Society having added to its members, and christened itself "The Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society," with Mr. Ernest Radford as its secretary, entered into its tenancy of the New Gallery on the 17th of September, 1888. In response to our invitations applications for space had been sent in, and members of the Society had promised large contributions. As a first venture, indeed, it was found necessary to rely largely on such strong supporters as Messrs. William Morris, E. Burne-Jones, William de Morgan, and others. It has been found necessary to attract attention to the works of the comparatively little known or the unknown, by the works of the well known. This necessity will of course have a tendency to lessen as the Society and its exhibition grows older, and it is found that it attracts sufficiently strong support in interesting work from its main body or from the outside. At the same time the Society is growing, and has added considerably to the number of its members since last year (as the list in the present catalogue shows), and now includes, it might be said, most of the best-known decorative artists. It will of course be naturally anxious to enrol all the good designers and craftsmen as they arise. There are, however, no privileges of membership. Executive committees are appointed by the Society to carry out its work, and it is intended by a system of annual retirement of members of the executive to secure a fair representation of the constituents of the Society, and a constant infusion of new blood in its direction. So that there is a reasonable probability of the Society—if it is found desirable to continue its exhibition yearly—continuing to represent the Arts and Crafts of design, with all the new growths and developments that arise in the course of time.

Considerable difficulties were experienced in organizing its first exhibition, apart from the much greater practical difficulties of selection and placing a miscellaneous collection of work as compared with the arrangement of an ordinary picture show.

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Employers and manufacturers outside the Society were reluctant to disclose the names of their workmen in some cases. Many of the principal decorative firms did not submit anything for exhibition. Our chief support has not come from the well-known and large firms, and only a few exhibited, such as Mintons, Limited, Messrs. Maw and Company, Limited, and Messrs. Doulton and Company; but rather from individual artists and schools, and co-operative guilds of handicraft, which of late years have grown so numerous throughout the country. One can, of course, understand the commercial reasons for not individualizing the credit of a work; from the point of view of a trading firm it is apparently more immediately advantageous to keep the credit to the firm. At the same time if the production of works of art be our object rather than profit-making and increase of trade merely, we must recognize the necessity of the personal element—of personal responsibility in the designer and craftsman—of individual freedom and individual thought and feeling, as essential conditions in the production of interesting work.

It is one of the aims of our Society to insist upon this.

Another of our objects is to assert the claims of decorative art—to maintain the importance of design, and all the handicrafts dependent upon and connected with design. Now in our century the idea of art has become almost exclusively associated in the popular mind with picture-painting. The arts have been sharply divided and classified as "Fine" and "Decorative Art." Their essential connection and unity has been broken up in these prosperous years of industrial and commercial progress and mechanical and scientific invention, which has brought such enormous accessions of private riches. We have begun to find out that neither the end of life nor of decorative art lies in gilt mouldings, padded arm-chairs, or big looking-glasses; that in the absence of an ideal of life there is no ideal in art, and a superfluity of riches only breeds tasteless luxury and *ennui*, and enervates one part of society while it degrades the other. We desire to restore the arts in their true relation and essential unity; to give Art free scope as the true refiner and civilizer among all. We desire to insist on the value of a practice in some handicraft, not only for the sake of its wholesome counter-action to brain work, and for its useful, practical, and educational side as a training for eye and hand, but also for its moral and social bearing, as creating a bond of

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sympathy among different kinds of workers, and enabling us to realize by actual struggle and contact with perhaps stubborn and difficult material, the necessary conditions, as well as the dignity of labour.

We desire to show, too, that good art is not dependent upon costly material, and while it *may* be associated with every degree of splendour and cost, it may, in some of the forms of its highest expression, involve (as to material) no more cost than that of ink and paper, plaster, wood, or copper.

Another point is the importance of beauty as part of the daily surrounding and accessory of our lives, not only for its own pleasure and refining influence, but the importance of its bearing as fostering aptitude for art among the community. I do not mean or expect that every one should be an artist, but every one might know the difference between the false and the true, and recognize a thing of beauty when they saw it, and not hug to themselves the barbarities and misapplications which so often do duty for art.

It is, of course, only by careful cultivation and conscious selection that we can in any degree compensate now for the loss of a just, primitive, and spontaneous feeling for art, which probably can only exist with a comparatively simple mode of life. Modern life, in towns at least, has been growing more and more complex, and, at the same time, more mechanical. We are, consciously or unconsciously, part of a huge system mainly organized for the expedition and increase of business, and every consideration is in danger of being made secondary to convenience and profit-making. There is in spite of it, however, a very perceptible and growing feeling that, after all, it is a somewhat aimless proceeding to consume our life's energies in a struggle for existence, or wealth, which has no ultimate object.

> "The world is too much with us, late and soon,
> Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."

A desire for a more humane and sympathetic life is abroad, and art, as the outgrowth and efflorescence of life, is sure to reflect it.

The Society, with the aim of still further emphasizing such views as these, as well as to expound the more purely technical aspect, organized, through Mr. Cobden Sanderson, a series of Lectures on various Arts and Crafts, which were given by members of the Society in the North Gallery, in the evenings,

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during the time the exhibition was open. It is intended, under the same energetic secretary, to give another series this year, also during the exhibition. The Syllabus is already issued, and the list includes the names of Mr. William Morris (on Dyeing as an Art), Mr. Henry Holiday (on Stained Glass), Mr. Cobden Sanderson (on the Decoration of Bound Books), Mr. Lewis Day (on Ornament), and the writer of this article (on Design and Expression). To quote the Syllabus: "The object of the Lectures is twofold:—(1) To set out the aims of the Society, and (2) by demonstration and otherwise, to direct attention to the processes employed in the Arts and Crafts, and so to lay the foundation for a just appreciation of their importance as methods of expression in design."

Despite all difficulties, our first exhibition proved a decisive success, and, after paying all expenses, which were necessarily very heavy, and after dividing profits with the New Gallery Company, we had a balance left of some £60 or £70 to carry on our work, and this of course requires the services of a paid secretary as well as the use of an office.

The Society is not organized to make a profit out of its exhibitions. The guarantee fund was raised to protect it against the possibility of actual loss. No commission is taken on sales, and purchaser and exhibition are placed in communication. Members of committee and the lecturers give their services. It is therefore in no sense a commercial speculation. The Society is only desirous of paying its way and carrying on its proper work. The reception accorded to our present exhibition in no way falls behind the first, to judge by the measure of public interest and support it has secured so far. On the contrary, the attendances have been considerably larger than those of last year.

As an indication of the position the exhibition has already won, it may be mentioned that the Society of Arts has this year awarded its Art-workmen's prizes in money and medals to objects in the exhibition.

As an indication of its variety and degrees and the extent of its range, it shows such various work as may be covered by the mention of the blacksmith's boy at a village class up to a cartoon by Mr. Burne-Jones. The official list of its classes is as follows: "Designs and Cartoons for Decoration of all kinds; Decorative Painting; Tapestry; Needlework; Woven and printed patterned Fabrics; Lace; Painted Glass; Pottery; Table Glass; Wrought

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Iron; Brass and Copper Repoussé; Gold and Silversmith's work and chasing; Wood-carving; Cabinet-work; Inlaid and Carved and Painted Furniture; Decorative Sculpture and Modelled Work; Relievos, Plaster and Gesso work; Book Decoration; Printers' Ornaments; Illuminations and Decorative MSS.; Wood and Metal Engraving; Bookbinding and Cloth-cases; Wall-papers; Stencilling; Leather work—Stamped, Tooled, Cuir bouilli, &c."

On all sides, therefore, we are encouraged to go on, and though doubtless our future course and constitution as a Society has to be determined, the idea of the exhibition itself is capable of almost endless variety and development.

The experiment was tried last year of opening the exhibition on certain evenings at a charge of *6d.* This was done with the intention of making it available to that part of the public engaged during the daytime. It has been discovered, however, that workers who usually live out in the suburbs are, as a rule, too tired to start back again to town to an exhibition after their day's work, and it is not to be wondered at. I should be very glad if it is found practicable to make it more accessible to workers of all kinds. The exhibition was opened on two occasions under the auspices of the Sunday Society, with very large attendances as the result. There seems little doubt that with equal chances the masses would go to such an exhibition as eagerly as the classes. In this connection I may mention that Mr. John Burns told me he considered that a visit to the Galleries on the part of the East-end labourer would be more effective than all the speeches in the world.

We may fairly assume, in view of all the signs of public interest, sympathy and support, that the exhibition is appreciated, and that our movement in the arts has taken root, or rather that it is but a new stem springing to life from roots already formed in a fruitful ground.

WALTER CRANE.

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Some Great Fires.

DURING recent years some very marked improvements have been made in Fire-Engines and other Fire-extinguishing appliances; but these have been chiefly in connection with materials and workmanship. The scientific and mechanical knowledge concerning these machines has existed almost from the dawn of civilization, to the same extent as in our time, though owing to the advance of the mechanical arts, especially in working metals, the application of the principles is widely different now from what it was 2000 years ago.

Up to the time of the Great Fire of London, 1666, and even later, the only fire-engines in use were syringes which were filled by dipping the end of the pipe into water and drawing the piston up, and emptied by pressing the end of the rod against the chest or front part of the man's body, and pulling the cylinder of the syringe down. After this came "Water Engines," very much of the type mentioned in the works of Hero of Alexandria, and, like that, capable of being worked only from the top, but provided with a "universal joint," by means of which the water could be turned in any direction. Next came the invention of hose or flexible pipes, by means of which the water from the pumps could be conveyed into houses, or wherever else required, and thence projected on the burning materials. For this invention we are indebted to a Dutchman, Jan Vander Heide, the Generaale Brandmeester der Stad Amsterdam, or Head Fire-master of the City of Amsterdam, who brought out in 1690 a most elaborate treatise on the subject, with illustrations and descriptions which certainly go to show that he thoroughly understood the proper mode of extinguishing fires, which is to enter the buildings, and, if possible, to remain in them.

This work, which is very large and elaborate, was apparently

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intended by Vander Heide to advertise his invention, and for no other purpose. It is probably the earliest example to be found of an illustrated advertisement, and a doubt may be expressed whether even the most advanced of modern advertisers have ever done anything of the kind so well or so thoroughly. It is curious and interesting that in all the letterpress under the engravings, which is both in Dutch and old French, the word *boyaux* is used to describe the flexible hose, showing that at that time he contemplated nothing except the entrails of animals as a material for the pipes. No doubt before long the outer skin of animals was substituted for the inner, and this has since run its course and been superseded in all large cities by a wholly artificial material, canvas, which is far stronger and lighter than leather. Much more can be done with the strong light rubber-lined canvas hose of to-day than was possible with the *boyaux* of 1690; but no real fireman who carefully studies the drawings in this remarkable work, can for a moment hesitate to acknowledge that Vander Heide thoroughly understood the art of extinguishing fires, and that, if he was not a successful Firemaster—a point on which no information is given—it must have been for want of proper appliances, and not for want of knowledge. Nothing more masterly has ever been produced than his pictures, which even in their exaggerations show that he was an enthusiastic and capable exponent of the speciality to which he had devoted himself.

In the present day and for some time past great attention has been given to the prevention of fires, and to the means for extinguishing them when they do occur, and the result must be satisfactory to all who are interested in the subject. Formerly neither those who commanded nor those who served had any practical knowledge or aptitude for the work. They were selected for political or personal reasons—often on account of poverty, and occasionally, it may be imagined, in consequence of decrepitude; at least, there is no other way in which the physical condition and attributes of some of the incumbents can be accounted for. It is impossible to deny that these appointments are sometimes given in the same way now; but certainly a difference has lately become apparent, and most governing bodies make efforts to obtain the services of skilled and capable men to take charge of their Fire Brigades.

Within the space allotted to this essay it would not be possible to give particulars concerning the Fire Brigades of

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many countries, or even of many cities; but a good general idea of the existing state of these forces may be obtained from a study of the largest Brigade in the United Kingdom, and the work it has to do.

London comprises an area of 118 square miles, covered with more than 500,000 houses, containing a population of about four millions. It is the largest city in the world as regards three points especially. It has more merchandise deposited in it than any other city; it has more inhabitants; and it carries on more manufacturing. On this last point doubt is occasionally expressed, but evidence of a more or less satisfactory kind appears to show that there is more actual manufacturing done in London than in any two other cities of England combined, and this all goes in support of the statement already made.

For the protection of this vast metropolis there is provided a force of 591 firemen of all ranks, 83 coachmen and pilots, 131 horses, 150 fire-engines—of which 55 are worked by steam—155 fire-escapes and other long ladders, and 33 miles of hose. The number of calls received during the year 1888 was 4228, of which some proved to be false alarms, some only alarms for chimneys, and the remainder, 1988, for actual fires. The number of persons endangered by fire during the year 1888 was 178, of whom 130 were saved, and 48 lost their lives. Of the 48 lost, 28 were taken out alive, but died afterwards in hospitals or elsewhere, and 20 were suffocated or burnt to death. The quantity of water used was just 9,000,000 gallons, or a little more that 40,000 tons; the number of runs made by the fire-engines was 32,384, and the total distance run was 61,629 miles. The cost of the Brigade for the same year was £122,000.

A brief account of a few serious fires of recent date may perhaps be interesting.

The great fire which devastated Chicago in October, 1871, was one of the most destructive ever known, and will form a memorable event in the history not only of America, but of the whole world. Chicago had up to that time been one of the most prosperous of cities, and its extremely rapid growth had become proverbial even in America, where rapid growths are almost universal; men were still living who had seen its site when it was but a portion of a wet prairie, and on the occasion of the fire in question it had a population of no less than 299,227 inhabitants.

One of the most accurate and widely-circulated magazines of

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America in an article written, as it announced, "while the embers were still glowing and the smoke ascending," says that "this conflagration wiped out the most substantially-built and beautifully-adorned portion of the city—structures which in their solidity commanded the admiration of every beholder."

Waterworks on a gigantic scale were completed in 1867, and opened with a justifiable flourish of trumpets. The water was drawn through a tunnel from Lake Michigan at a point distant two miles from the shore, in order to avoid obstructions and impurities; there was a tower 130 feet high, containing an iron cylinder 3 feet in diameter, through which the water was pumped by powerful machinery, and thence by its own pressure distributed through the mains at the rate of 114,000,000 gallons a day to the various parts of the city. The cost was two and a half millions of dollars, or about £500,000, and there was every reason to boast as the inhabitants did that "Chicago had secured an ample supply of water, always pure, cool and sparkling."

There was a Building Act as strict as any in America, and as business increased, the old wooden structures were removed to the suburbs or less populous districts, and substantial buildings erected in their place.

With all these advantages it might have been expected that Chicago would have been the model city of the world with regard to safety from fire; but it is now evident that there must have been some countervailing circumstances not recorded, probably a few of the old wooden structures remaining in the spaces between the new buildings to carry fire from one to the next, probably neglect on the part of the Building Authorities, possibly corruption on the part of municipal functionaries; indeed the same high authority already quoted says, in plain words, "Chicago throughout her whole municipal history had been cursed by a Council and a Board of Public Works who, through ignorance or self-will, were utterly indifferent to the ordinary precautions against wide-spread conflagrations."

From these statements it would appear that the wonderfully sound and substantial buildings which existed were the work of individuals, and that the permission for inflammable buildings to occupy the intermediate spaces was the work of the Municipal Authorities.

The fire was caused by a cow which was being milked kicking over a kerosene lamp, which then exploded, and, scattering the

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burning oil, communicated flame to some hay and straw, and instantly set the whole barn ablaze. This was at 9.30 on the evening of Sunday the 8th of October; before midnight the conflagration had spread over a large area, and soon after reached the river, where it was hoped there would be an end. This hope, however, proved delusive; the shipping which had not been removed carried the flames across, setting fire to the south side in two places, and the two columns of fiery devastation rushed forward with irresistible force, or at least with force which was not successfully resisted. At a later period these columns joined and the single column so formed again proceeded with overwhelming power until about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Monday the 9th, devastating everything which came within its reach.

By this time, that is to say in less than 19 hours from the time of the cow kicking over the lamp, the fire had destroyed 2124 acres, or nearly $3\frac{1}{3}$ square miles, containing 17,400 buildings, the homes of 98,500 persons.

The value of property in the city on the day before the fire is estimated by the official actuaries at $620,000,000, or £124,000,000; the value of the property destroyed was $290,000,000, or £58,000,000; the loss by the fire was therefore nearly forty-seven per cent. of the whole of the property owned in Chicago.

The great fire of Boston ranks second only to that of Chicago, and is full of lessons for those who desire to learn.

This fire broke out on the 9th of November, 1872, on a calm and mild evening, and raged without control until the afternoon of the following day. It was first seen at 7.10 P.M.; the first alarm was given at 7.24 P.M.; the second alarm at 7.29, and other alarms at 7.34, 7.45 and 8 P.M., the several latter calls being doubtless added in consequence of the serious nature of the case.

The fire began near a corn elevator in the rear of a basement, and passed with great rapidity up the elevator to the higher stories. When first seen it had made great headway, and yet there was a disastrous and strange delay of fourteen minutes in giving the alarm.

The rear of the building abutted on an unfrequented alley, and this may account to some extent for the fact that the fire was not discovered before it had attained large proportions; but it is a remarkable circumstance that so little was done by the

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neighbours or bystanders towards giving the alarm. Some of these at the enquiry testified that they were criticising the Fire Department, and wondering at their delay, while they themselves were all the time neglecting to take the only means for calling the firemen out.

The rapid advance of the fire in the building first consumed was chiefly owing to this delay and to the faulty construction of the elevator, which, like most other elevators then in Boston, was sheathed with wood and not provided with self-closing hatchways. The uncontrolled spread of the conflagration from the first building through the great district afterwards swept by the flames was principally owing to the delay in the arrival of the fire-engines; but, although the Bostonians were justly proud of the magnificent architecture of that particular district, and in the habit of boasting that it was practically fire-proof, there can be very little doubt now that the construction of the buildings must have been extremely faulty, and the probability is that some of the materials which presented the appearance of stone and iron were in reality only light wood, and instead of resisting the flames, assisted in conveying them to neighbouring houses and across streets. It came out on the enquiry that the public authorities were for a considerable time before aware that something was wrong with these buildings, and the Commissioners appointed for the investigation stated in their report that "with this knowledge the Fire Department should have taken all possible precautions so that every fire might be met at the earliest moment, and, seeing that our only salvation lay in confining every fire to the building where it began, no time should have been lost by the Department in bringing all its available force to the scene; but, unfortunately, this was not done. During the prevalence of the horse distemper, the Department relied upon hand-power to bring up the apparatus, and this error was one great cause of the terrible calamity of the 9th of November. We cannot but feel that the earlier arrival of aid between 7.30 and 8 P.M. might have prevented the flames crossing from Sumner Street to Otis Street, both by throwing streams on the northern side of Sumner Street and by reducing the heat on the southern side. This was THE KEY OF THE FIRE at its outset, and, when it was lost, the flames became almost uncontrollable; but even then a larger force might possibly have checked the fire before it had crossed Franklyn Street.

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During this fire gunpowder was used to destroy buildings and so cut off the spread of the flames, but it had, as it always has, a precisely opposite effect—it caused serious damage to life, and broke down walls which ought to have been left standing, thus allowing the flames to extend. The result of all the proceedings was that the fire spread through the best business portions of Boston, covering 65 acres with ruins, destroying 776 buildings assessed at the value of $13,500,000, or £2,700,000, and consuming merchandise and other personal property estimated at more than $60,000,000, or £12,000,000, making in 20 hours a total loss of more than £14,700,000.

On the 8th of December, 1882, a fire broke out in Wood Street, Cheapside, London, which soon attained formidable proportions. It was first discovered at 2.48 A.M., and information was sent by means of the electric fire-alarm to the nearest Fire-Engine Station, when a large body of firemen immediately proceeded to the scene. The fire began in a wholesale hosiery warehouse, and, according to the evidence of those on the spot, the spread of the flames was amazingly rapid, and within a quarter of an hour there was a tall spire of flame from the centre of the building which lighted up the sky all round. The place was surrounded by warehouses containing large quantities of property of a most inflammable kind fronting on three sides of the block, and each of these was a complicated network of rooms and stories all communicating with each other. The flames quickly rushed through all these and enveloped every building from front to back—from basement to roof. The mischief was helped by the construction of the warehouses, in which there were large shafts or staircases in the centre, having at the top a glass roof to give light to the upper floors. The intense heat soon melted the glass, and the burning embers falling in dense masses, ignited the stock on every story. A leading newspaper correctly described the scene as follows: "Three-fourths of the block was covered by one huge mass of fire. The extent of its area is about an acre and a third, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that within a few minutes of the outbreak there was an acre of flame." The streets adjoining are very narrow forming a perfect labyrinth, through which, even under the most favourable circumstances, it is very difficult to effect an approach, and all the warehouses are of vast extent and contain large stocks of highly inflammable goods. The burning materials were carried upwards by the draught with great rapidity, and

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fell all over the neighbourhood, in some cases at a distance of more than a quarter of a mile, spreading great panic and consternation among the inhabitants, and consequently hampering the firemen very seriously in the discharge of their arduous duties. The Brigade, however, worked assiduously, surrounding the fire, and attacking it from every available point outside and inside, until at 8 o'clock a distinct impression had been made, and at 9.23, or six hours and thirty-five minutes after the discovery of the fire, a messenger was sent to say that all danger was at an end. After this time the firemen were engaged for some hours in cooling the ruins; but nothing further of any importance occurred. Nine very large warehouses were destroyed, being partly burned and having partly fallen down, and thirty-eight others were scorched or otherwise seriously damaged by heat or water.

The narrowness of the approaches, the relative positions of the buildings, all in the risk of each other, and the crowded state of the interiors—which were full of very light and highly inflammable materials—rendered this a most difficult fire to deal with, in proof of which it may be mentioned that in consequence of the falling of a single wall, nearly two miles of hose were destroyed in a moment.

The number of firemen engaged was 168, and of steam fire-engines at work 26. The quantity of hose in use was more than 3 miles, and the quantity of water discharged was 6,700,000 gallons, or about 30,000 tons.

The value of the property at risk by the fire was estimated at £5,000,000, and the ascertained loss was £150,000.

A serious fire broke out in Paternoster Row, London, on the 2nd of April, 1884. It commenced at a printer's, and was first seen at 7.45 P.M. The alarm was at once given at an adjoining police-station, and immediately a large force of firemen and fire-engines proceeded to the spot. Before their arrival, however, a lift had caught the draught and carried the flames to the upper stories of the building, and the workmen had great difficulty in making their escape. Within a period of time reckoned by the bystanders as only seconds, the fire enveloped the whole of the premises and struck out to all the adjoining and adjacent buildings containing heavy stocks of highly inflammable goods, and the first of the firemen, who were not more than four minutes in reaching the scene, found themselves face to face with a gigantic furnace, the intense heat of which rendered a

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near approach a service of great difficulty and danger. At this time the backs of several warehouses in Newgate Street on the north were well alight, and the flames were crossing Ivy Lane to the west, and attacking the upper portions of the houses on the opposite side with great violence. All the streets in this part of London are very narrow, two carriages being unable to pass in them, and when the fronts of the houses fell out, the roadways were covered with bricks and shattered masonry to a considerable depth. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, however, the firemen both surrounded and penetrated the block, and by 11.30, or within less than four hours from the time of the outbreak, had obtained complete mastery of the flames. Twelve warehouses were almost entirely destroyed, and eighteen others were severely scorched, and in some cases had windows or rooms burned out.

At this fire there was a combination of most of the difficulties which a Fire Brigade has to encounter—narrow, tortuous streets, complicated approaches, large crowded stocks of highly inflammable materials, flames rising high into the air and attacking buildings at a distance, intense heat, blinding smoke, and falling walls. The number of firemen engaged was 207, and of steam fire-engines at work 19. The quantity of hose in use was more than two miles, and the quantity of water discharged was 563,000 gallons, or upwards of 2500 tons.

The value of the property at risk by this fire was estimated at £1,500,000, and the ascertained loss was £100,000.

The laws relating to the construction of buildings are nearly everywhere good, being all based on the celebrated "Code Napoléon;" but the application of them differs widely in different countries. All over France, and in most of the cities of Europe, they are strictly enforced; in some cities of Great Britain there is a partial enforcement, but in very few places is there any rigid or vigorous control exercised, the tendency being to make very large concessions to any one who is presumptuous enough to defy the law. America is, or ought to be, under the most favourable conditions as regards fire, inasmuch as the cities are new, and have been altogether built under strictly worded regulations; whereas those of the Old World were constructed long before it was thought necessary to enact building laws; but somehow in the United States the working of these laws has not proved satisfactory. All over America the enforcement of the Building Acts is in the hands

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of Commissions, the members of which are chiefly appointed for political reasons; but this, though very strange and contrary to reason, would not alone account for the almost universal failure, and it is difficult to dissent from the general opinion openly expressed in that country that corruption must exist among many of those charged with the administration of the law.

The theory of all building laws is that the materials and mode of construction should themselves prevent the spread of fire even without the presence of firemen, and there is apparently no adequate reason why this theory should not be carried into practice; but, where the administrators of the law are ignorant or corrupt, or both, the result is invariably that those who choose to fly in the face of the law can to a great extent do so with impunity, and heavy losses of life and property become the rule instead of the exception.

But it is not in America only that the laws are evaded or defied. In many parts of Great Britain firemen have to deplore the laxity of administration in matters of vital importance, as a single instance of which, one only out of many, it may be mentioned that in at least one very large city it has been for years the custom of the Governing Body to exempt applicants from compliance with one of the most salutary and necessary enactments of the Building Laws, which lays down that "Recesses and openings may be made in external walls, provided that the area of such recesses and openings do not, taken together, exceed one half of the whole area of the wall in which they are made."

The motives which influence public representatives in the discharge of the work devolving on them are always a source of interesting study; but in the particular case under consideration there appears to be an entire absence of reason and prudence, and it may be stated plainly, without fear of contradiction, that the power of exemption so freely and frequently exercised did not and does not exist, and it is a serious question whether every owner of a building, constructed under a so-called exemption of this kind, is not liable to very heavy penalties, as well as for the consequences which may happen to any of the adjoining premises on account of his wall having been erected in clear defiance of the law.

It cannot be too often or too strongly impressed on all concerned that the safety of a city depends not only on having

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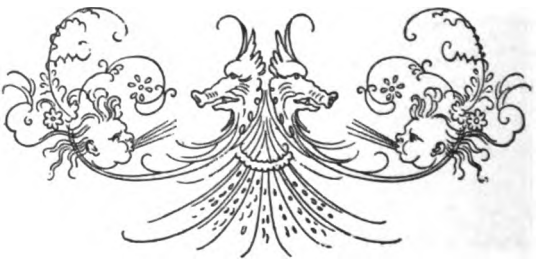
a good water supply and a well-trained Fire Brigade, but also, and perhaps to a greater extent, on the mode in which its buildings are constructed and the property within them classified and stored. It is becoming every day more fully recognized that, in the interests of true economy, every city should have a well-considered Building Act rigidly and honourably administered by competent officials.

EYRE M. SHAW.



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Eels and Elvers.

In many of the little streams which are tributary to our mud-bordered rivers, there may be seen in the spring and summer months, but especially when the tender green of the fresh young leaves gladdens the eye and the blue-bells and the cowslips tell us that Nature is awakening out of her winter sleep, when the swallows are wheeling and shrilling in the air, and the bats are flitting in the gloaming, great numbers of wriggling worm-like eels. All are pursuing a steady course up-stream. Nothing seems to stop them. A short time ago, by the side of a mud-fall on the Trym, a tributary of the Bristol Avon, I saw some thousands of these little eels—elvers they are called by the country folk—wriggling and squirming up a dark-green vertical wall, not less than five feet high, over which the water by the side of the sluice was gently trickling. The dark green of the lowly vegetation on the vertical surface of the wall, was almost hidden by the grey-brown mass of diminutive fishes, in the midst of which would flash out here and there the lighter grey of the under-surface of some unusually energetic elver. With one sweep of my small collecting net I secured some hundreds of these little eels, some of which are now darting to and fro in the patch of sunshine which illumines one side of my aquarium tank. Every now and then one comes to the surface and endeavours to climb the slippery sides of the glass bowl; no sooner, however, is his tail raised above the water than he slips back again and resumes his restless swimming to and fro. Others are lying among the algæ at the bottom of the tank with their heads slightly raised, gulping in the sweet fresh water which is richly oxygenated by the gas-beads which dot the aquatic plants under the influence of the life-giving sunlight.

Let us remove one of these semi-transparent fishlets and examine him. One now lies before me in the lid of a Fry's

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Cocoa-tin. He is just three inches long and no stouter than a steel knitting-needle. He could just comfortably squeeze through the large O of this type. His head is somewhat but not very decidedly pointed, and his jaws are distinctly underhung. The black bead-like eyes are strongly marked, and behind them the outline of the brain—very fairly developed for a juvenile fish of his inches—can be traced within the skull. Between the back of the skull and the delicate pectoral fins the body is somewhat swollen, and pulsates with a fairly regular beat; and through the transparent walls of the pulsating chambers on either side may be seen four red curved bars, which move in and out with the pulsations, separating as they move out and closing together as they are drawn in. They are the gill-arches which bear the breathing apparatus or gills, red with the life-blood which is here being oxygenated and purified. Like all the ordinary fishes, the eel breathes the oxygen dissolved in the water, which is taken in at the mouth, passes through the slits between the gill-arches, and so over the gills in which the blood is coursing. Thus it passes into the pulsating chambers and so out by small orifices at the back of the chambers, and just below and in front of the pectoral fins. Most fishes have two pairs of fins, the pectoral and the pelvic; but our little elver, like all the eels, has only one pair, the pectoral, which are rounded, beautifully delicate and transparent, and supported by thin soft rays. These fins are not, however, by any means the main organs of propulsion, progress through the water being mainly effected by the waving sinuous motion of the whole body, which is flattened more and more as you approach the tail-tip. A little more than half an inch behind the head the back begins to be fringed with a delicate soft-rayed median fin, which, passing round the tail to the under-surface, runs along that surface to a point about half an inch further back than it started in the dorsal line.

Those who are wont to regard eels only as "nasty slimy things" (when they have their skins on), or as exceeding good eating (when stewed for supper), will hardly believe that the motions of the eel in swimming are full of grace and beauty. As they swim backwards and forwards in my tank, in the patch of sunlight that seemed to quicken them to renewed life and activity, I cannot but admire again and again the consummate ease with which they dart hither and thither, and especially the readiness with which they turn in the shortest possible

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space, the head being well on its way in a new direction before the tail has deviated at all from the old. There are, however alas, that it should be so! some people so dead to the higher cultus of Nature, that even the sinuous curves of the elver as it cleaves the water awakens no feeling for the passionate poetry of motion. Such an one stood by my side not an hour ago. He enquired, in hard unmoved tones, "what new worms I had there?" And when I drew his attention to their graceful movements, he replied, with scarcely concealed indifference, "Oh, yes! they do seem to wriggle a lot." So closely allied is thought and its expression, that the unpoetic nature spoke words which jarred on the ear with a flippant tone of vulgarity.

Meanwhile the elver I have been describing has found the lid of a cocoa-tin too limited a sphere for his ambition. That brain of his, which one can see outlined through the skull, bespeaks a nervous restless energy, not to be restricted within such narrow limits. Again and again he wriggles his lithe body (even the most poetic soul must descend sometimes to the language of mere prose) over the edge of the tin. But he always keeps half an inch of his tail still immersed, and finding the smooth surface of my dissecting table too unpromising a substance for even an ambitious elver, returns to the limited, but still fluid, medium within the tin, and endeavours to bore his way through its unyielding substance by ramming his nose into the tail of the Y in Mr. Fry's name embossed on the lid.

I must put him to a little more discomfort before I return him to the tank, where he will dive amid the greenery and hide awhile before he joins his comrades in their evolutions in the patch of sunlight.

Emptying away nearly all the water, leaving only enough to keep the bottom of the tin moist, I have an opportunity of watching his mode of progression over a solid surface. He throws his body into a sharp S-like curve, and then, keeping the hinder end of the S motionless, straightens out the head end, bringing up the tail after it with a little jerk. Placed now on a piece of wet blotting-paper, one sees that the head and tail ends are successively lifted from the surface, and progression is effected by a series of looping movements. We will not keep him long, however, on so unpromising a substance, but place him for a minute or two in a glass tube, that we may examine him with a magnifying glass. Just behind the gill-chambers and

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the pectoral fins, the dark red heart may now be seen, beating regularly and uniformly. This consists of two chambers, the ventricle behind, and the auricle in front; and it is quite easy to see that the auricle, which is the receiver of blood coming from the various parts of the body, beats a little in advance of the ventricle, which is the force-pump driving blood through the arteries to supply the various organs with nutrient fluid. And as the ventricle contracts it becomes pale, from the fact that the blood is all driven out of it. One can trace, with a little care, the artery which carries this blood forward to the base of the gill-arches. It thus passes into the gills, where it is oxygenated and purified, and collecting into vessels above them is carried, some of it forward to the head, some of it backward beneath the back-bone to supply the body.

Those who know something of their own hearts (I mean from the anatomical point of view) may be surprised that the elver should have only one auricle (or receiver) and one ventricle (or force-pump); for the heart of man has two of each. But we must remember that man's double heart (again I speak anatomically; it is the same with the guileless monkey) is closely associated with the possession of lungs, the right ventricle forcing the blood into these organs, the left auricle receiving the pure rich blood which returns from them, handing it on to the left ventricle, which forces it throughout the body to be re-collected in the right auricle before proceeding again to the lungs. In the fish there are no lungs, and the double-heart system is wanting.

Behind the pulsating heart lies the pinkish liver. But no doubt by this time the delicate reader thinks that I have pried deeply enough into the inwards of this little fish. There are disadvantages in too great transparency, whether of mind or of body, in men and eels. But before I return my little elver to comparative freedom in the aquarium tank, I must just for one moment place his transparent tail under the higher power of the compound microscope. He does not approve of this treatment, and struggles to be free. But there he is; and we can take a rapid glance while he is still. We see embedded in the skin the star-shaped blackish pigment spots spreading widely through the skin, and combining with the surrounding white to give the grey tint to the elver. Deeper down we see clearly marked out the vertebræ of the tail, and above them the spinal marrow. We see, too, the delicate soft rays which run out in and support the

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fringing tail-fin. But what is that which makes the whole seem a-dance with life? It is the blood which is being pumped through the tiny vessels by the heart, which we saw pulsating behind the gills. Beneath the end of the backbone we see two vessels. In one the blood is running downwards towards the tail, and breaks up into little vessels proceeding outwards in the fin parallel to its supporting rays. In the other the blood is moving forwards on its way back to the heart. It is supplied by little vessels also running parallel to the rays in the fin; and if we watch carefully near the edge of the fin, we can see the blood-discs hurried round from the outward-going to the inward-coming vessels.

Under the influence of our treatment our poor little fish has gone quite pale; and the microscope shows that the pigment stars are much more contracted, less spread out than they were, so that the skin has a more dotted appearance. We must not longer try his patience, his temper, and his constitution. He has gulped in a great globule of air into each of his gill-chambers. Back to your native element, my little friend! He wriggles with a splash into the water, dives to the bottom among the weeds, yawns largely, and ejects the air from the gill-chambers, and, panting, breathes with avidity the sweet fresh water. In half an hour he will have recovered his tone and his colour, and will be sporting with his fellows in the sunlit patch.

Let us return now to the streamlet from which I obtained my little fish. Whence come these myriad elvers and whither do they go? There has been much uncertainty with regard to the mode of propagation of eels. Of old they were believed to arise by spontaneous generation in the mud. And there can be little doubt that from the mud they come. Mr. R. C. Couch in 1847 took a quantity of mud from a spot much frequented by eels, and after carefully examining it was at last gratified by observing the eels, small and transparent, lying on the surface almost motionless. They rapidly grew, and in ten days acquired strength and size to swim about. From the mud they come; but of the mud they are not formed. How and when the mother eel deposits her spawn we do not certainly know; but we may rest satisfied that she does there deposit the life germs which, when duly fertilized, shall swarm up the streamlets as the myriad elvers.

These little fishes seem always to carry on their upward migrations by day, and, as I have said, in countless numbers.

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They are, I am told, in Bristol taken out in sieves, fried and sold for a few pence the pound; forming a very nutritious and appetizing dish for those who have no Egyptian or Scottish antipathy to eels as food. Their power of surmounting obstacles to their onward progress is extraordinary. Mr. Jesse says that in the neighbourhood of Bristol—but where I know not—there is or was a large pond, immediately adjoining which was a stream. On the bank between these two waters grew a large tree, the branches of which dipped beneath the surface of the pond. By means of these branches the elvers were wont to climb up into the tree, and from thence let themselves drop into the stream below. I would gladly ascertain the whereabouts of that tree, and walk a dozen miles to see the sight. For from the feats which I have myself seen the elvers perform, I do not doubt this story, which Mr. Jesse had from a personal friend who saw the tree "quite alive with those little animals."

It is probable that in addition to these little elvers the larger eels also migrate up-stream in the spring and summer months, and then all return, but in sadly reduced numbers, in the autumn to the brackish waters of the estuaries. And it is curious that the downward autumn migration seems always to take place by night. The darker the night the better; moonlight checks them in their course; but a murky air and overcast sky tempts them onward and downward. Then are the Thames eel-traps brought into play; then do the millers catch the eels by the hundredweight on iron gratings below their sluices, such as I saw the other day on the Hampshire Avon near Ringwood; and then is there rejoicing in the London eating-houses.

My acquaintance with elvers is of comparatively recent date. But I have known the older eels for many a long day. What boy has not set night-lines for this slimy fish, and breathlessly visited them in the early morning? Who has not been angling contentedly on the bottom and seen his float slowly sucked under by an eel? And if the eel be lively and playful—they are mostly given that way—what a scene of confusion follows That which was a line and a float and a fish, has become a writhing knot near the tip of the rod, covered with slime, hopelessly entangled, a bit of the float projecting awkwardly from the midst, and the eel, still bent upon mischief, untying himself a little only to make the knot more complex and more hopelessly inextricable. For downright malignity of purpose the eel is unsurpassable.

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One of my earliest anatomical and physiological observations had an eel for its subject. My parents were staying for the summer holiday at Milford in Hampshire. A little stream ran through the meadow near the cottage; and therein were eels, and roach, and flounders, and many other things alive and swimming to delight my boyish heart. My bath was converted into an aquarium in which the strangest creatures lived, and, I fear, not unfrequently died. I have subsequently been informed that my room was in a chronic state of unutterable messiness. I had forgotten this fact; but I remember that I was supremely happy. One evening I brought in three or four small eels, and one of unusual size. My bath was full, I presume; for these were destined to be eaten. I watched the cook prepare them for the pot. She cut off their heads, which gaped with muscular action. It was then that I tried my physiological experiment. When the big head was gaping its widest, I placed within its jaws that of one of the smaller eels. It was swallowed, and *mirabile dictu*, emerged from the neck! From that moment I had no misgivings about Baron Munchausen's horse, whose thirst was insatiable because the hind-quarters had been cut off by the fall of the portcullis gates.

A more serious, but not more impressive piece of anatomical investigation, undertaken at a later date, was the endeavour, not wholly unsuccessful, to verify for myself the presence of an accessory heart near the tail of an eel. This organ, which was described by Marshall Hall, and is figured by Sir Richard Owen, is in connection with one of the great veins near its point of origin in the tail. It beats very rapidly and propels the blood onward towards the heart, with which it has no further connection than that it is a subsidiary organ of propulsion. I was not able at that time to make out its connections with the neighbouring vessels; and have not examined one since.

The eel of which I have been speaking—the sharp-nosed eel—must not be confounded with the conger eel that is found in the sea around our coasts. For though the former is found in the estuarian mud-flats bordering the sea, where the creatures sometimes huddle together in great numbers, being very sensitive to cold, and thus fall a prey to the fisherman's spear, or are sometimes dug out in a helpless torpid mass, it is not a thoroughly marine fish like the conger. I well remember fishing for conger one dark night about three miles off Lulworth, on the coast of Dorsetshire. We could see our lines glowing

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with phosphorescent light for some feet from the surface, as the tide flowed past them. No congers came to our bait, and I, growing tired of waiting, contented myself with angling for the less ambitious whiting-pout. I had pulled up several of these, when my brother complained that his line was fast to the bottom. "No it isn't!" he suddenly cried, "or if it is, the bottom is moving slowly off toward Portland." It was a fine conger; and I shall never forget the sight of his ugly head as he came up out of the water. Our dear old sailor friend, William Williams, was not a little excited, and belaboured the great beast soundly, so soon as we had got him into the boat. He called him "Joey," for what reason I know not; and jerked out between the hearty thwacks, "I guess you're out of your latitude now, Joey," "I'll give you a headache, Joey," and other such remarks.

Satisfied with our sport, we pulled back across the dancing waves to the pretty little rock-girt cove of Lulworth. And as we plied the oars, Williams related a legend of conger-fishing at Weymouth. Two young fellows went out in a boat, on fishing keenly intent. They remained out longer than they had proposed; and the coastguardsmen, looking out through their telescope, saw the boat bobbing up and down, but to all appearances empty. After awhile, thinking that something was amiss, they pulled out across the bay. And when they reached the spot they found the two young fellows in the water, hanging over the stern, and a forty-pound conger in possession of the boat. The great eel had wriggled and snapped and made himself so uncommonly unpleasant, that the youths had jumped overboard and left him in possession. During the recital of this legend Williams gave our conger an occasional dig or thwack, lest he too should turn restive and endeavour to evict us also from the boat.

And certainly a large conger is a formidable fellow. They are said to reach a length of ten feet and a weight of over a hundred pounds. The wide mouth has several rows of pointed close-set teeth, which form a cruel and powerful dental apparatus. The bite is much dreaded by sailors; when the jaws once close they are not ready to leave go, and the rapid rotary motion which the eel gives to its body causes a lacerated and even a dangerous wound. The openings of the gill-chambers are relatively larger than in the sharp-nosed eel; and the skin is quite devoid of scales, whereas the fully-grown freshwater eel has small and rudimentary scales deeply embedded in the tough skin.

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The poorer folk in England eat the flesh of the conger, making it into soup, or drying and salting it for use when other fish are scarce. But in Scotland this eel and its smaller cousin are regarded as an abomination, and are seemingly never used for food.

Popularly associated with the eels, but in reality belonging to a very different group of fishes, are the lampreys, a favourite dish of Henry I., who is said to have fallen a victim to his inordinate love of this somewhat indigestible food. The corporation of the city of Gloucester, whether to keep green the memory of this event or not, I cannot say, were wont, until about fifty years ago, to present every year to the reigning sovereign a pie of lampreys. King John is said to have sent a single fish as a present to the Earl of Chester, and to have received a good palfrey in return.

The body of the lamprey is elongated and eel-like; but a very little examination shows that this fish is not a true eel. There are no paired fins at all. In place of the gill-slit there are seven small apertures behind the eye, each of which opens into a separate gill-pouch. There is a single nasal aperture in the mid-line. The mouth is very peculiar, roundish, closing in from the sides, and furnished with a kind of rim. Within the mouth are a number of horny teeth, some of which are placed on a sort of tongue which protrudes from the back of the buccal cavity. With this mouth, which can be used as a sucker, the fish can adhere so firmly to a rock or the bottom of a boat that in some cases it is said to be impossible to pull them off by the exercise of sheer strength. With this suctorial mouth the lamprey adheres to such fishes as the salmon, mackerel, cod, and haddock, and rasping away the flesh with the horny teeth, feasts on the juices of its unwilling host.

The lamprey is the only fish which undergoes a sort of metamorphosis, the young—which are called a pride—being so different that it used to be regarded as a different genus. The mouth has then no teeth; but within it there are a number of tentacles; the eyes are but slightly developed, and there are eight gill-openings. It is used by the fishermen as a bait for pollack.

Closely allied to the lamprey is another eel-like fish, which is known as the hag-fish or borer. Its habits are very peculiar. It is able to pour out great quantities of slime, for which reason it is regarded by the fishermen as a great nuisance, since it

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damages their fisheries and interferes with their trade. Mr. Couch states that a single individual, which was placed in about three or four cubic feet of water, poured out so enormous a quantity of slime, that the whole could be lifted out with a stick in a single sheet. But not only by its sliminess does it do harm to the fisherman in his calling. Sometimes at Scarborough a haddock may be drawn up on one of the long lines. From the external view, that is to say, it is haddock, but within it is all hag-fish. For these curious eel-like creatures pass through the gills of recently dead or dying fishes, and devour the whole of the soft materials inside, leaving nothing but bones and skin. They are the only truly parasitic fishes that we know.

It must be remembered that these fishes, the lampreys and the hags, eel-like as they are in form, have no true affinities with our little friend the elver. They have no true bones, and no true jaws, and no true limbs. From their circular mouths they are called the cyclostome fishes; and they form a distinct and zoologically exceedingly interesting group.

C. LLOYD MORGAN.

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The Railways of Scotland.

IV.—The Great North and the Highland.

The Great North of Scotland and the Highland are two railways that at first sight seem to have much in common. In length of line they are not very unlike, as the Highland has 425 and the Great North 316 miles; while in train mileage they are practically identical, as each company runs between 850,000 and 900,000 miles in the half year. The capital too in each case is about four and a half millions sterling. Further, in each case the staple of the traffic consists of sheep, cattle, and fish, reinforced in the summer by an enormous influx of passenger traffic, both sportsmen and tourists. Spite, however, of this superficial resemblance, the position of the two companies is very dissimilar. The Highland is all main line, the Great North all branches, a difference which of course rests upon a difference in the territory which they respectively occupy. In all the 300 miles from Perth to Wick, except perhaps for the stretch from Forres to Dingwall, there is hardly a square mile of really fertile ground: Aberdeen and Banff, on the other hand, are perhaps at the present time the most prosperous agricultural districts in Great Britain. Yet again, in the Highland territory there is hardly such a thing as a manufactory; the very hides of the beasts killed for the London or Glasgow markets go south to be tanned: Aberdeen has a number of flourishing industries.

The nearest analogue to the Great North is possibly to be found in the Great Eastern. Substitute Aberdeen for London, and reduce the scale throughout somewhat in similar proportion, writing Keith and Elgin for Cambridge and Norwich, Peterhead and Fraserburgh for Yarmouth and Lowestoft, Banff and Lossiemouth for Cromer and Felixtowe, and the Braemar Highlands for the Norfolk Broads, and you have no bad idea of the Great North position There is another respect in which the

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analogy applies. The Great North, like the Great Eastern, has turned over a new leaf of recent years, and resolutely set itself to live down the reputation acquired by long and patient continuance in ill-doing. That the reputation was well deserved in the case of the Great North, there can be no question. Many are the stories told of its despotic treatment of passengers, who after all were neither foes nor criminals. For one thing, its management steadily refused to effect a junction with the line to Perth and the South. Though invited to take a share in the construction of the present joint station, and to extend their line into it, they persisted in remaining at Waterloo Station, which is now their goods depôt, a mile off down the quay, and thither all passengers for the north had to transfer themselves and their luggage. Not only so, but the Great North train was timed to leave almost immediately after the south mail arrived, and passengers who failed to get across as quickly as the mail bags were sternly shut out and relentlessly left behind. On one occasion a director of the company, finding himself locked out with the rest, and refusing to accept his fate with resignation, smashed a window and got in that way. Another time, Mr. Merry, a Scotch M.P. well known in his day, had the mortification of seeing his wife and family go on without him, a disappointment which, so the story goes, he caused the company to regret not long after, when they found him upon a Parliamentary Committee to which a Great North Bill had been referred. Indeed the very first appearance of the Great North on the scene in 1852 was in an attitude which was hardly conciliatory. It had been permitted by Parliament to acquire possession of the Aberdeen and Inverurie Canal, then the main highway of the traffic of the district. Having got it, it promptly proceeded to let the water out, in order to obtain access to Aberdeen along the canal bed.

The Great North has, however, outgrown these youthful indiscretions. Perhaps no line, not even the Lancashire and Yorkshire, can boast of more rapid improvement in recent years. A decade back every train stopped at every station, and to get to Elgin, 80 miles from Aberdeen, took at least 4¼ hours. To-day, though the fastest trains are run by a route 7 miles longer, they cover the distance in just over 2½ hours, or at an inclusive speed of 34 miles an hour throughout. Considering that this is mainly over single line, with five intermediate stops for certain, and five more conditional, it is really more creditable to the

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company than many a through train timed nearly half as fast again on an English main line. Moreover, though 34 miles an hour may not entitle a train in Great Britain to rank as express, in France it would be ample to justify the company in labelling it "rapide, première classe seulement," while in Italy or the United States they would unquestionably dignify it with the title of "Lightning Express."

Needless to say, improvements so sweeping in the train service have not been accomplished without corresponding improvements in both engines and carriages. The new stock would do credit to any line in Great Britain, and this summer through coaches have been sent every day to Glasgow, so Lowlanders have had the opportunity of judging for themselves. Indeed it is not a little remarkable how good the rolling stock in out-of-the-way parts of the country often is. I have travelled through the length and breadth of Great Britain, and from Penzance to Peterhead, from Strome Ferry to Cromer, and from Wick to Weymouth, and I can honestly say that, with a possible exception in favour of the Brecon and Merthyr, I have never, even in the most outlandish parts, come across carriages which can equal in badness those which the South Eastern and the Chatham and Dover boldly run year after year—our grandchildren will probably, if the timbers hold together so long, be able to add, century after century—into their termini in the heart of the metropolis.

Yet more remarkable than the goodness of the Great North stock is the size of the works in which it is constructed. The shops at Kittybrewster—the eponymous heroine of this oddly-named place is believed to have been the keeper of an adjacent toll—were only meant to do repairs, and were much too small for that; and now that it has come to building new engines and carriages as well, it is a wonder how matters are ever kept going at all. The erecting shop only holds four engines, and half the work has consequently to be done in the open air. Fortunately Scotchmen are contented to let pass as mist what the effeminate Southron would describe as drenching rain. The Kittybrewster engines have two specialities. In addition to the accustomed damper, they have a series of holes opening into the front of the fire-box immediately underneath the boiler, and secondly, an ingenious arrangement of the valve-gear brings the cylinders so close together that room is made for the employment of a leading bogie with wheels of exceptionally large size.

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The Great North, as has been said, is all branches. There is one branch, however, that namely up Deeside, which has had one try at being a main line already, and is likely some day to repeat the attempt. A quarter of a century back, when the Caledonian was troubled with growing pains in every part of its system from Aberdeen to Greenock, it made an attempt to get hold of this line so as to continue onward its route up Deeside, thence across the hills and down one of the tributaries of the Don to Alford, and thus obtain an access to Moray and Inverness behind the back of the Great North. This latter company accordingly found itself in much the same position in which the Great Western was placed some ten years later by the attempt of the Midland to get hold of the Bristol and Exeter. It was forced in self-defence to offer still better terms, and to-day the lucky Deeside shareholders get about 10 per cent for their money. We are not likely again to see the scheme for a line to Alford mooted, but it is an open secret, that but for the objection of an influential Aberdeenshire proprietor, who occupies Balmoral and Abergeldie Castles and a good deal of land in their vicinity, the railway would before now have been carried forward from Ballater at least as far as Braemar. Thence one bold scheme would have taken it right through the Cairngorms to Aviemore, and so on to Inverness; but that road is now in the possession of the Highland Company; so possibly an exit may be found some day down Strath Avon, where the important town of Tomantoul is clamouring for railway accommodation. Not that, to tell the truth, the traffic of Lochnagar, or Glenlivat, or the other great distilleries of the neighbourhood, is by any means a despicable item in railway receipts. Some of them are said to turn out 2000 gallons of whiskey per week. But there are cynics who declare that, yet more remarkable than the amount of whiskey sent out, is the amount imported into the district from Leith. If this be true, at least the railway need not grumble, as it must get the carriage of the traffic both ways.

The speciality of the Deeside line is its tourist traffic; the Buchan line, on the other hand, which runs due north from Aberdeen to Maud Junction, and there subdivides to serve both Peterhead and Fraserburgh, probably does not see a dozen tourists in a twelvemonth. Fraserburgh subsists mainly on herrings; Peterhead has two additional strings to its bow, whales and convicts. The convicts are occupied in constructing a

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harbour of refuge, a mile or so south of the town, a job that, from what I saw of the obstinacy of Peterhead granite, is likely to last them for some time to come. As for the whales, according to all precedent, they ought to come to Peterhead ships to be killed. But of late years they have shown an increasing disinclination to do so. In the last five years the value of the produce of the whale fishing, taking Peterhead and Dundee together, has declined steadily and continuously from £88,000 in 1884 to £12,000 in 1888. Two reasons are given by the experts. The one that the ice has in recent summers never broken up sufficiently to allow the whales to be reached; the other that the animals themselves have deserted their old feeding grounds. As we know, on the authority of Mr. Matthew Arnold, it is their custom to

> "Sail and sail with unshut eye
> Round the world for ever and aye."

One of these voyages they appear to have undertaken lately, and to have sailed through the North-West passage into the North Pacific. At least, the American fleet from San Francisco, which fishes in Behring Straits, has had very different luck from that which has befallen the Scotch fishermen off the coast of Greenland.

Perhaps as Peterhead is an out-of-the-way place, I shall not be wrong in assuming that some, at least, of my readers are as ignorant on the subject of whale-fishing as I was when I went there last spring, and so I may be pardoned if I dwell on my own experiences. I was told that Captain David Gray, one of the greatest authorities on Arctic navigation living, had caught two whales on his last voyage, and so made, at least, some profit. The whales yielded 22 tons of oil, worth about £20 per ton, say £450, and in addition, 18 cwt. of whale-bone. I expressed my surprise that so small a sum should cover expenses. "But you have not allowed," said my informant, "for the bone." "But there is only 18 cwt.; that cannot be worth much," I answered. "About £1500," was the quiet reply. I thought I must have misunderstood, but it turned out in further conversation that £1600 to £1700 a ton was the current price for whalebone, and that it had been known to fetch £2250, or say, in other words, 1*s.* 3*d.* an ounce.

It was excusable to feel a desire to see so valuable a commodity in its natural state. I did just know that the bone (as it seems

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to be always called) was not bone at all, but a substance existing nowhere else in nature; that it was attached, so to speak, on a hinge, and lay inside the lower jaw of the whale; and that when he blows out the water which has been allowed to flow in through his open mouth, it is raised upright to form a sieve, and prevent the minute creatures which form his food from escaping. But I certainly was not prepared for what I saw. The individual pieces were some of them as much as 12 or 14 feet in length. They were perhaps ten inches to a foot broad at the bottom, and tapered to a point at the top. Down the centre of each ran a strong rib, and the edges on either side were fringed with coarse hair. The weight would be some 10 lbs. or thereabouts apiece. It gave one a startling idea of the size of the animal to imagine a row of these great palisades, which would strike against the ceiling of any ordinary room, raised and lowered every minute inside his closed mouth.

Whale oil is by no means so attractive a subject of investigation as whale-bone. When the animal is killed, the blubber, or layer of fat which wraps it round and keeps it warm, is cut into great pieces, and thrown into the tanks which line the hold of the vessel throughout, and there it remains till the vessel gets home. Then it is taken out, and, under the joint influence of heat and pressure, the oil is extracted. Fresh blubber is said to be good eating, but anything more horrible than the smell of a great vat full of rancid blubber it is impossible to conceive. Whale oil, or seal oil, for they are much the same, has but one use. It all goes to Dundee to soften the jute fibres, and prevent them from breaking in the process of manufacture.

Peterhead, spite of the failure of its whale fishery, has by no means a depressed look; and this is the more remarkable, seeing that the herring industry is depressed as well. For if the town has suffered from a dearth of whales, it has suffered even more from a plethora of herrings. Five years back, in 1884, the catch was so tremendous that all the Continental markets were glutted; the price of a barrel of fish fell to a point that hardly paid for the empty cask; and only this year has the demand at length once more overtaken the supply. It is strongly urged, however, by those who should know that the loss has been caused largely by bad management. At present, the herrings, if not taken for immediate consumption, are shipped to Hamburg, there to be put into store, in order that the curers may be able to obtain advances on their bills of lading.

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This, it is argued, is a radically faulty system. The interest of Hamburg is that of buyers; they will naturally wish to depress prices as low as possible. Granted that it is necessary for the curers to be able to obtain advances on their fish as soon as possible, the need should be met by the establishment in the fishing ports of a system of warrant stores, such as exists in all the great iron-producing centres. The oldest and most famous of these is Connal's store in Glasgow. Passengers into the central station there may notice, on their left hand just before they cross the river, a large enclosure filled with stacks of pig-iron, amounting probably, as a rule, to hundreds of thousands of tons. This is Connal's store, or at least one of them, and into it any maker may send his iron, on payment of a small sum for rent and expenses. For every 500 tons—200 tons first, and 300 tons second quality—he obtains a warrant, and on the production of this instrument, he can in a moment either sell his iron or raise money on it in any part of the world. So much do the Scotch makers appreciate the advantages of the system, and such haste do they use to avail themselves of it, that it is sometimes jocularly alleged that the railway trucks have their bottoms burnt out by the pigs that are hurried off to the store before they have had time to cool. It may be added that, if any one wishes to secure a princely income without exertion and without risk, he can hardly do better than open a warrant store. Nothing is needed except an office and a couple of clerks, and of course, in addition, a name that shall be known throughout Christendom, and a credit as unassailable as that of the Bank of England.

It is not, however, in a herring-store at home that the fishing ports of the North of Scotland have hitherto sought salvation. Rather have they tried to find it in sending away a larger portion of their catch in the form either of fresh or kippered herrings. This latter trade both at Wick and at Peterhead is at present advancing by leaps and bounds. As for wet fish, it is coming in increasing quantities, more especially from the series of small fishing towns lying along the shore of the Moray Firth. A new railway, known as the Buckie Extension, has been opened within the last year or two, and a series of excellent small harbours have been built by the public-spirited enterprise of Lady Gordon Cathcart and other local proprietors, with the result that, from the mouth of the Spey, almost as far round as Banff, the little towns of Port Gordon, Buckie, Portessie, Port-

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knockie, Cullen, and half a dozen more, are all as prosperous and contented as well can be. We are often told that it is the railway rates which strangle the fishing industry. It would be more accurate to say that it is to the railway rates that the fishing industry owes it that it exists at all. At Peterhead, for example, an old resident complained that, whereas he used formerly to be able to buy a fine cod for 1*s.*, now that the fishermen could send away their catch by train, he was forced to pay not less than 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* As for Wick and Thurso, till the railway got there, it was never worth while catching the herrings at all, unless they were in good enough condition to be fit for curing.

Here is the evidence brought forward in favour of what is now the Highland line when it was first proposed in the year 1846. If the line were made, it is pointed out, "the haddock, cod, turbots, skates, soles, and shell-fish of the Moray Firth might be in Manchester and its neighbourhood about 12 hours after leaving the water, and the ton of fish which they now pay about £14 to £18 for, would cost them but £6 or £7, for at this moment it might be purchased at the boats for £3, and £3 more would see it unladen in Manchester market." The prophecy has turned out remarkably correct as far as the railways are concerned. Fish leaving Buckie on the Moray Firth at 1.40 by the Highland road, or twenty minutes later by the rival route, is in Manchester under 14 hours, and the rate is just about £3 a ton. But the widening of the area supplied has raised immensely the initial cost of the fish. Even herrings are worth perhaps twice £3; as for soles and turbots their value is much more like £3 per cwt. Nor does the prophet appear to have foreseen how large a sum would be needed for what the fish trade euphemistically describe as "expenses of distribution."

Let us see what the railway charges really are, and then what the companies have to do to earn them. Without going into intricate details of classification, owner's risk or companies' risk, and so forth, it will probably be sufficiently accurate to say that a ton of herrings, haddock, whiting, or cod, will be delivered in Billingsgate market from the north of Scotland—a distance of not less than 600 miles—for £4. In other words, the company receives about three halfpence for carrying a ton of fish one mile. The average rate for a ton of merchandise is probably about the same; for a ton of coal about one halfpenny. To put the figures in a form perhaps more interesting to the

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ordinary consumer. The cost of carriage increases the value of the 10 lb. cod, which was worth half-a-crown retail in Peterhead, to as much as 2*s.* 10½*d.* in London. No doubt the benevolent fishmonger deeply laments his inability to supply this fish to his hungry customers at any less price than half a sovereign; still, it is not quite fair for him to tell them that this inability is caused by the amount of the railway charges.

Of course, however, it is always possible that the rates, though only a fraction of the retail cost of the fish, do really bring in to the companies an unfair and unnecessary percentage of profit. To judge whether this is so or not, consider how the traffic is actually worked. The fishing fleet gets in, say to Peterhead and Fraserburgh, at nine o'clock in the morning. The fish are sorted out on the quay, sold by auction, packed and sent up to the station. They are loaded instantly upon trucks, and by one o'clock an engine starts from each place with perhaps 20 tons of fish. A dozen miles off at Maud Junction, the two trains of, say, 15 trucks are united, and thence they are run away straight for the markets of the south: a special train for 600 miles at express speed throughout. It will probably be a week before the empty trucks get home again. To show the solicitude with which the fish traffic is watched over, let me narrate a personal experience. I left Peterhead for London one day last spring by the 2.45 P.M. train. A few miles outside Aberdeen we were stopped, and learnt that the fish special, which had started in front of us, had broken down. Matters were, however, soon put right; the fish train and the passenger train were amalgamated, and we ended in reaching Aberdeen only about 20 minutes late. There I met the superintendent of the line, who was on the look-out for our arrival, and expressed my regret that the London express would be delayed. "Oh, never mind the express," was his reply; "what I want to do is to get the fish special away to Perth in front of you." This in the result proved impossible, but it ran through Perth and got in front while the passenger train was marshalling. The ordinary earnings of an English goods train are about 6*s.* per mile. Will any one say that 5*s.*, which would be about the gross receipts of a fish special such as that described above, is an extravagant sum?

But it is probable that the companies would be only too well satisfied to compound for an average of a good deal less. Supposing the 14 trucks had only been 8 or 9. They would

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still have been too much for the passenger train to take, and would have required the services of an engine to themselves. So that, in fact, while the expenditure remained constant, the receipts would have been diminished almost one-half. Yet worse, supposing the fish had never come at all. Take an actual case. The station master at a fishing port telegraphs that a heavy catch of fish is expected that morning. In hot haste an engine is ordered out, and a train of trucks got ready and sent down some 60 or 70 miles from Aberdeen. The wind changes, and the boats cannot get in, and after waiting about for hours till it is too late to think of catching the next day's market, engine and trucks go back to Aberdeen empty-handed. Here is a dead loss of say £5 to the company, which must in fairness be balanced against the £20 or £30 it will earn as its share of the receipts for the next consignment.

The Buckie Extension line from Portsoy to Fochabers is a beautiful road, but the Spey at its mouth is by no means an attractive river. To see its real beauty one must take the old inland route and cross the stream where at Craigellachie it leaves the mountains for the open plain, or better still turn up the Strathspey line to join the Highland Railway at Boat of Garten.

Railway managers, with all their enterprise to attract tourists, hardly, I think, do as much as they might to give them the full benefit of the scenery they pass through. So at least it struck me, as I travelled one lovely day last May on the engine along the Strathspey line. Of course, the footplate of the engine—always supposing one has no special interest in the working of injectors or dampers or what not, to distract one's attention just as one ought to catch a glimpse up the mouth of a glen—is the best place possible from which to see the landscape. But then accommodation on the footplate is very strictly limited. In an ordinary railway carriage, even if one has the good luck—a thing probably not as a rule desired by railway companies—to have it all to oneself, one really sees little of the scenery through which the train passes. Even *coupés* have their outlook blocked by the end of the carriage in front. The saloons run on the Highland line are better, but the seats face inward instead of outward, and moreover, they are only available for first-class passengers. There is really no reason why "observation waggons," as the St. Gothard authorities term them, with glass sides and all the seats facing forward, should not be run on lines such as the

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Strathspey or the Highland, the Callander and Oban, or the Settle and Carlisle. It would of course be necessary to turn them round at the end of their journey, but there is no great difficulty in this. Further, they would have to be taken off in winter, but then there is not a line in the kingdom which has not a good deal of its rolling stock standing idle in winter even as it is.

The scenery, however, was not the only thing that impressed me that morning on Spey-side. As the train ran into Aberlour Station, there was an unusual number of people and an unusual excitement on the platform, with an amount of luggage that even in August would have been considered respectable. The large square wooden boxes with their big printed labels, "Anchor Line—not wanted on voyage," soon told their own tale. It was a party of emigrants *en route* for New York; "going away," as the engine-driver phrased it with the pathos of simplicity. Not indeed as friendless outcasts, for the laird himself—who probably knew something as to the contents of those substantial boxes—had come down to see them off, and wrung their hands as he wished them God speed; and when, a moment afterwards, the train sped unconcernedly on its way, all along the line for several miles, at the door of every cottage, from which the blue wreath of peat smoke curling up showed there was some one at home, friends had gathered to wave their hands and wish them once more good-bye. It was well, no doubt, that they should go. The "divine discontent," if one may borrow the expression, which forbids the peasant of to-day to accept the condition of his ancestors—a century ago, so a Government Inspector wrote at the time, the Aberdeenshire peasants used to save themselves from starvation by bleeding their half-starved cattle at the end of a long winter—was thrusting them out into a wider world, where fate is less stern than among the rugged Grampians. And beautiful though the valley might look, when the brilliant green of birch and larch stood out from the broom and the anemones at their feet against the dark background of firs, the scene in the long dreary months of winter, when the sun never tops the hills, and the firs claim the foreground, with no background but snow, must be quite otherwise.

One thing, however, it was impossible not to regret. The labels on the luggage were not for our own colonies, but for the United States. Where Lady Gordon Cathcart has set so good

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an example, other Highland proprietors at least might follow it, and see that the surplus population of their straths and glens, the flower of the British army in the wars of the beginning of the century, is not lost to Greater Britain in the newer battles of commerce with which the century closes.

There was another thing which much impressed me on the Spey-side line, as it always does in every part of the Highlands, and that was the admirable postal connections. Imagine a mail leaving Aberdeen at 3.30 A.M., and picking up and putting out its bags all along the route—in order that the fishermen of the Banff coast may find their Edinburgh and Glasgow letters awaiting them when they come down to breakfast. Yet more remarkable, imagine that from Inverness to Wick, through that "desert of silence," as Mr. Foxwell appropriately terms Caithness, the Highland Company hurries the mails faster than the Italian lines can convey the international special train to Brindisi, faster than the German and the Belgian Governments, with the assistance of the *Chemin de fer du Nord*, can forward their passengers from Aix to Calais. Till some one can point out a better, I shall venture to believe that the combined rail and steamboat mail services to the Western coast, and to Skye and the Lews are unmatched in the world. That they do not pay directly may be taken for granted. The postal subsidy of the great North is nearly £18,000 a year, while that of the Highland is no less than £55,000, and probably all the postage stamps used throughout their territory would not cover this sum. But for all that, few would be so foolish as to grudge the money. The Postmaster-General, with his omnipresent mail bags, and his yet more obtrusive parcel-post hampers—I saw six huge ones landed from the Orkney steamer one evening last June—is a far more efficient representative of the Central government than any Secretary of State for Scotland, and is doing more to cement the Union than any Scottish Home Rule League can do to break it. If one has any objection to make, it is that the Post Office does not direct towards the improvement of our intercourse with Australia and Canada the same statesmanlike liberality which it has shown in its dealings with the Highlands of Scotland.

But we must get back to Aberdeen, and without stopping to notice its cotton, linen, and jute mills, or even its more important paper works—no favourites of the lairds these, for their owners manufacture paper from Swedish wood pulp, alleging that local

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wood is too full of resin to be used, and then poison the trout in the streams with the refuse—we must just cast a glance at the granite quarries. Of these one of the largest and most famous is that at Kemnay, some dozen miles from Aberdeen, whence came the granite used in the construction of the great Forth Bridge.

The quarry, which is 200 feet deep, is situated on the top of a hill, and the stone, after being hoisted up from the bottom, is let down along a steep incline to the railway in trucks, which are worked by a stationary engine with a wire rope. Big blocks, and some of them are enormous, are raised with cranes, smaller ones are hoisted by an ingenious machine termed a "Blondin," but which looks not unlike a safety bicycle, that runs up and down on a wire cable stretched from top to bottom at an angle of 45°. One of these machines will run down the whole 200 feet in 18 seconds, and come back to the top, bringing with it a couple of tons of stone, in just over a minute. Sometimes, however, a successful blast detaches blocks so big that no machinery can move them, and they have to be broken up. One that we measured was 18 feet by 16 by 12, and would weigh some 300 tons. The biggest pieces mostly go into Aberdeen to be shaped into columns or tombstones or pedestals; the next size will make doorsteps or lintels; a smaller size will do for kerbstones; last of all, the fragments are broken up into "setts," as they are termed, for street pavement. As for the mere chips, which in an ordinary country would fetch a high price for road-metal, they lie about in heaps of thousands of tons, and any one who will be so good as to take them away will be warmly welcomed. I noticed that the kerbstones were being finished with what seemed to me quite unnecessary precision, for, needless to say, granite is not a material in which a workman gets very rapidly "forrarder," and asked the reason. To my surprise, the foreman replied that in this particular branch Norway was underselling Aberdeen in the London market. Unless the kerbstones were both better finished and sold for less money than used to be asked, it would be no good expecting to sell them at all. Indeed, not only London, but actually Aberdeen itself, imports foreign granite, but in this case the reason is to obtain varieties of colour that the local quarries do not afford.

We have left to the last what is after all the main industry of Aberdeenshire, namely, cattle raising. The whole district is, in the words of one of its leading agriculturalists, one great beef-factory. Not that the factory is by any means an old-established

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one. In 1779, Mr. Andrew Wright, who travelled through the country as surveyor to the Commissioners on the Annexed Estates, declared that it was no wonder the sheep were small, as he "could observe no grass till he alighted and put on his spectacles." In 1786 the "valued rent of the whole shyre of Aberdene" was £19,418. In these days the cattle were driven southwards to fatten. But then came the introduction of sown grasses and turnips, and in 1812 the rental of the country had risen to over £300,000. The farmers could now keep their beasts at home and fatten them themselves. But what it must have cost to get them to market—not, of course, to Manchester or London, but to Edinburgh or Glasgow—may be judged from contemporary English evidence. A beast driven up from Norfolk to London, so a tenant on the Holkham estate declared, took a fortnight on the road and lost three guineas in value. From Hockliffe in Bedfordshire, less than 50 miles from London, said a witness before a House of Lords committee in 1837, 1500 cattle and 1000 sheep are driven up weekly to Smithfield market. The charge is 7*s.* a head for cattle and 1*s.* for sheep; and, besides, the animals suffer "injury incalculable.... Cattle are constantly left at every town on the road, where they are sold for what they will fetch." From Braybrooke, near Market Harboro', said another witness, "the charge for driving is 7*s.* in summer and 8*s.* in winter, but he would be glad to pay 17*s.* for railway condition. He had always understood that a sheep driven 80 miles wasted 8 lbs., that is a stone." No wonder that the shrewd Aberdeenshire farmers were glad to avail themselves of railway transit as early as possible.

But to-day they have got far beyond the stage of merely sending the cattle of their own raising to market. The country could never raise nor even feed all the beasts which it despatches southwards. Many years back the farmers took to bringing in store cattle from Ross-shire. Then when Ross-shire learnt to fatten for itself, they went further afield and imported from Ireland. Since this source of supply in turn has been closed by pleuro-pneumonia, they have started a company and chartered ships to fetch beasts from Canada. And to feed the Canadian beasts and enrich the pastures over which they roam, ships from all quarters of the globe pour into the Aberdeen harbour feeding stuffs and manures. A vessel may be seen discharging bones from the River Plate alongside of another loaded with maize and cotton-cake from Baltimore, or a third freighted with

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locust beans from Alexandria. It shows the importance of the industry that one of the fiercest fought railway battles of this generation was the case of the Aberdeen Manure Company *v.* the Great North of Scotland, which turned on the question whether the wording of its Act of Parliament compelled the railway company to carry artificial guano, worth probably £7 or £8 a ton, at the rate which was fixed for ordinary farm-yard manure. The importance may be shown in another way. Last December the North British carried to London 1016 head of cattle in six special trains composed of 96 trucks for the Christmas market alone. This year doubtless the Caledonian Company will take as many, for the custom is that East Coast and West Coast divide the Christmas traffic turn and turn about. It should be added, as the cost of driving beasts in the old days has been given—7*s.* for 50 miles—that the modern rate per head for ten times the distance is about a sovereign.

If the Great North is pre-eminently a cattle line, the specialty of the Highland might be said to be its traffic in sheep, of which it carried last year over a quarter of a million head. But that would be only a very partial account of the matter. Railways may have done much for Aberdeenshire, but they have done far more for Ross and Cromarty and Sutherland. It is the railway, and not General Wade and his roads, that the Highlander should really lift up his hands to bless. Forty years back it cost 6*s.* a quarter to get the barley grown in Badenoch down to Inverness, while to bring a ton of coal up again was worth from £1 to 25*s.* Here is another sample from the brave days of old. "Hundreds and even thousands of packages, containing each but a few brace of birds, lie daily throughout the season waiting their turn for transmission by coach and steamer, until it would be far better that the birds had never been killed, or that they had been thrown into the rivers." And to-day the railway is sued for damages if the salmon that was caught or the grouse that was shot in the furthest corner of Ross-shire on the Monday afternoon is not punctually delivered in Leadenhall or Billingsgate markets on the Wednesday morning.

Indeed it might fairly be argued that the Highland Company suffers in public estimation through the excess of its own virtue. The admirable service which has brought Wick, Thurso, and Portree within little more than twelve hours of Glasgow, often leads us to forget how deep is the gulf that yawns

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between them. We compare the Highland with the Caledonian and the North-Western, and we grumble if it falls short of our standard. The fairer comparison would be with some American or Australian "backwoods" line. The States have a significant railway term which is not in use in England. What we call a stopping or ordinary train, what the French call a *train omnibus*, the Americans describe as an "accommodation" train; in other words, their lines have been built for goods traffic, to afford an outlet to the markets of the great towns for the agricultural or mineral products of the neighbouring country. Passengers are almost an afterthought, and passenger trains are run rather for their accommodation as a favour than with an eye to profit. No American would expect from the Missouri and Pacific or the Wabash the same class of services that are given by the Pennsylvania or the New York Central. Out west, if they only get one passenger train in the twenty-four hours they make the best of it; if they get two, they are content; with three, they may consider themselves unusually well served; while as for speed, they are satisfied to label "express" anything that can reach an inclusive speed of 20 miles an hour. Tried by a somewhat similar standard, the Highland Company would be found to give most generous facilities.

To show how impossible it is to compare it on all-fours with an English line, let us set it side by side with a company of about the same nominal length of line, the Lancashire and Yorkshire. The Highland has 425 miles, all but 8 of them single line; the Lancashire and Yorkshire has 514, and they are all double. The capital in the former case is £4,700,000; in the latter it is just ten times as large. The English company's half-yearly income is over two millions, that of its Scotch contemporary a good deal under two hundred thousand. Not to elaborate the point too far, let it just be added that, to work its traffic, the Highland Company has 85 engines, while the Lancashire and Yorkshire has no less than 1050; and that, spite of all efforts to keep down the mileage, the Highland engines can only earn 4*s.* 4*d.* a mile, while the Lancashire and Yorkshire can secure on every mile an extra shilling. Outsiders mostly see the Highland trains in August, when they are full enough in all conscience; they must have a very different look for at least eight months in the year. A railway newspaper chronicled a short time back that, no later in the season than the last week of September, the London Mail arrived at Oban,

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a much more frequented place than Wick or Stromeferry, without a solitary passenger.

Let us see, however, what sort of service the Highland Company does in fact give. Tain, on the Dornoch Frith, is 638 miles from Euston, and has four through connections every day, averaging over 29 miles an hour throughout. To Strome, 677 miles from King's Cross, as well as to Wick, which is 768, the speed of the best train is well over 34. Compare this with points nearer home. No one will accuse the North-Western either of want of liberality or of bad management. Brinklow, Shilton, and Bulkington are three consecutive stations on the main line of the first railway company in the world. They lie just north of Rugby at an average distance of 91 miles from Euston. They have only five connections in the day, and the average speed is a little over 36.

The Highland Company is not unfrequently the object of severe reproaches from the inspecting officers of the Board of Trade for its sins both of omission and of commission. It ignores the block system; it will have nothing to do with train staff or train tablet, but works its traffic, as does also its neighbour the Great North in most parts, on the old-fashioned system of telegraphic crossing orders; its facing points are often unprovided with locking-bars, in some cases they are not even interlocked with the signals. If an attempt were made to open a new railway without any or all of these modern improvements, the Board of Trade would peremptorily refuse its license. The line being opened, all the department can do is to protest, and that it does both frequently and vigorously. Nor is this the only subject for its strictures. The Board of Trade objects to pilot engines "banking" up a train from behind. They do not hesitate to use two "bank" engines on the Highland when they want them. It objects to mixed trains altogether. If it had its own way, mixed trains would cease to exist, or at least be reduced to one or two passenger carriages attached to very short goods trains, all of whose trucks would be fitted with screw couplings, and always attached in front. The Highland line sets all these scruples at defiance. Most of its trains are mixed, some of them very mixed indeed, and the passenger carriages are always in the rear. I came into Inverness not long since from the North in a train of 35 goods trucks followed by seven passenger coaches. I remarked to the guard that this was a good deal. "Long train, sir," was his

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reply; "why, we took in 50 trucks on this train last night, and I've seen me come in with 70."

Now let it be at once frankly admitted that all this elaborate apparatus of precaution does add somewhat to the safety of railway travelling. A tour on the Highland, while far from being as perilous as a run on the main line of the Paris and Lyons in the neighbourhood of Dijon, and still further from being as venturesome as a journey in a Russian Imperial special, must evidently be less absolutely safe than a journey on an express on a great English line. For all that, speaking as a frequent traveller who values his own life, at least as highly as the President of the Board of Trade is likely to value other people's, I must confess that my own sympathies are very largely with the railway company. The public, as represented by the Board of Trade, are asking to eat their cake and have it too. After all, safety is only a question of degree. The Queen, many years back, wrote a letter expressing her desire that the safety of the meanest of her subjects should be cared for as her own. The thing is impossible. If pilot engines were sent in advance, if points were to be locked and bolted, goods traffic on the opposite line suspended, and so forth, every time each one of her subjects travelled, nine-tenths of them would have to stop at home entirely, and the trade of the kingdom would be absolutely paralysed. It needs no argument to show that, though all these precautions, which are specially taken for the sake of one exceptionally valuable life, do certainly reduce the risk of travelling to proportions even more homœopathic than usual, it would be absurd to employ them under ordinary circumstances.

To apply this argument to the case of the Highland. Unquestionably the signalling of the line might be made as elaborately perfect as it is on the Great Northern. It is only a question of money. Still, the money cost of a like reorganization was sufficiently serious not long since to determine the Great Northern, the Midland, and the Sheffield, to close the Winsford branch of the Cheshire Lines to passenger traffic altogether, rather than incur it. The Highland could scarcely adopt quite so drastic a course, but at least it would resolve, with competition to right, and competition to left, with the Caledonian tapping the West Coast traffic at Oban, with the West Highland on the one side, and the Great North surveying for a new line from Elgin to Inverness on the other, to

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refrain entirely from new extensions. To all appeals for branches to Ullapool or to Gairloch it would turn a deaf ear. As for the suppression of mixed trains, there can be no doubt that it would mean the withdrawal of a large portion of the passenger facilities now enjoyed. The passenger receipts are probably under 2*s.* a mile. Deduct the earnings of the expresses in summer, which must carry traffic worth ten times that amount, and the ordinary trains for the rest of the year probably do not average 1*s.* a mile; north of Helmsdale or west of Dingwall, perhaps not sixpence. And at this price passenger trains will not be run at all. If the people of Sutherland had the question fairly put before them, which would they choose? One train a day and no risk, or four times as many in return for a safety fractionally less absolute.

"Well, but," it will be said, "at least the passengers might be put in front, and engines need not be attached behind." Nor need they, if passengers are not in a hurry. But it requires no argument to show that, if a train has to stop at the top of an incline for the engine in front to uncouple and run back on to the opposite line, it takes five minutes more than if an engine behind is simply hitched off and drops back without the train stopping at all; and that means ten minutes' delay between Perth and Inverness. Again, you may put passenger coaches in front instead of behind the goods trucks, but in that case you must allow an extra seven or eight minutes at every station where shunting has to be done. For you must always begin by drawing up your passenger coaches at the platform, in order that passengers may get in and out; then you must put them across on to the other line, or into a siding; then come back to do the shunting, and when that is finished, go across once more to fetch the carriages. And seven or eight minutes at each of sixty stations between Perth and Wick means, in other words, seven or eight hours.

It is within my own knowledge that one of the great English companies was forced not long since to abandon mixed trains altogether on one of its country branches, by the impossibility of complying with the Board of Trade requirements in this respect. It now works its goods and its passengers separate; and no doubt the Board of Trade is well satisfied that this should be so. But the extra expense, which was a flea-bite to the English company, would be ruination to the "Highland." And if the "Highland" dividend was brought down to nothing,

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who would suffer most in the long run? The "Highland" shareholders, or the "Highland" customers? Is the game really worth all this? Put the question this way: How many men, having missed the last train, would hesitate to accept with gratitude a lift in the brake of a coal train? But to travel in a brake is unquestionably much more risky than in a first-class carriage. Or, again, was it a crime to risk the precious life of His Imperial Majesty the Shah of Persia over the roughly-laid contractor's lines along the Manchester Ship Canal? And if not, why may we not be content on an out-of-the-way line with a practical instead of a theoretical standard of safety?

In one respect, and that a most important one, the Highland comes up to the highest standard. Whatever accidents may happen, they are not likely to be caused by any avoidable defect in engines or carriages. Of the new third-class carriages, Mr. Foxwell declares that "they are equal to the very newest of the wealthiest English companies," and his praise is not exaggerated. As for the engines, Derby and Doncaster may equal, but cannot surpass in power of hauling heavy loads at high speeds, and can hardly equal in perfection of grooming, the iron steeds which are turned out by the Inverness stable. Perhaps when a loco-superintendent has only 85 engines, and can keep them all close under his own eye, he not only takes more pride in them, but can look after them better than when they are numbered by thousands and scattered in running sheds all over the country from Bournemouth to Carlisle. Among the peculiarities of the Highland engines may be noted that the chimney is double, and that in the front of the outer casing there are louvres, in order to counteract the effect of a high wind in checking the draught through the fire, a serious matter often in the wild Highland country. Another peculiarity, not visible externally however, is that some of the engines have their smoke-box roofed in, so to speak, with a grating a few inches below the foot of the chimney. This is found to arrest the sparks without tending, like spark-catchers on the top of the chimney, to check the draught.

A break-down on a railway is always a serious thing; but much more so when the line is single and there is no alternative route. So the Highland appliances for dealing with interruptions of traffic are of the most elaborate nature. At Inverness there is kept a steam break-down crane, which can work from either end, lift a weight of 15 tons, and swing it round in a circle with

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a radius of 25 feet, and can move itself, if necessary, while at work, from one place to another. The machine must have cost some thousands of pounds; but as the use of it may obviate the necessity of throwing three or four damaged carriages over an embankment in order to clear the line, the money may, no doubt, some day be proved to have been well spent. Attached to the truck on which the crane is mounted is a large and roomy van, whose interior looks a good deal like the model of an emigrant's hut. On every side are cupboards and lockers filled with provisions for the break-down gang. Here is a tin of coffee, there a cheese, in the corner yonder is a cask of biscuits. Everything down to the smallest detail is ready on board, and all is prepared for an instant start.

Accidents fortunately happen seldom, but snow blocks are almost of annual occurrence. Among the rolling stock enumerated in the half-yearly reports, there figure fifteen snow-ploughs. Many passengers coming up through the Pass of Killiecrankie, probably the finest railway view in Great Britain, will have observed a whole batch of them at Blair Athole. But far worse than the sheltered valleys of Perthshire are the bleak mosses of Caithness. Here in some parts the line is protected by a double row of snow fences; in other places may be seen what look like shed-roofs sloping upwards away from the railway. Beneath these the snow may gather and form a drift with impunity. But it is a far cry to Caithness, and we must leave the country with its flagstone fences and its all-pervading fishiness, at least for the present. Next month we shall notice some special features of interest on the different lines.

W. M. ACWORTH.

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A Day in Damascus.

OUR host awakes us at an early hour; so early, that it is not without sundry ejaculations of disgust that we finally respond to the pitiless summons. The dawn is just breaking. Away to the East, above the close and lofty height of Salahieh, we can see the clearing of the sky which betokens the near approach of the sun. From far away the faint cry of the "Halab" (milkman) reaches our ears. From the windows of our room, which jut out over the street below, we can see him slowly approaching, driving a dark-coloured flock of goats in front of him. At each door on his way he stops; the ready servant —warned by his cry—waits with jug or capacious bowl. On the door-step he squats, and then and there milks his goats, chatting the while with the servant, and detailing for his benefit the number of murders and robberies that have taken place in that part of the country from which he comes since yester morn.

We proceed to dress. Some few moments after the milkman has left us, there appears a little donkey with two tremendous sacks of cucumbers. A boy is thrashing him fearfully, and cursing his ancestors for the past ten generations. Our experience in Egypt has made us learned in the matter of swearing in Arabic, and we also have some slight acquaintance with the gentler parts of that beautiful language. But we can only see the little donkey's head; and indeed, from the philosophic way in which he stands all this drubbing, we more than suspect that the boy is smashing his own cucumbers. The donkey staggers contentedly along, and only stops now and then to make a vicious grab at one of the vegetables.

Our host enters and tells us this street leads from Bab Tùma (gate of Thomas) to the Street called Straight, which is still the principal thoroughfare of the city. Presently a string of camels comes in sight, with heavy loads of charcoal. These

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are attacked on both flanks by the servants of the various houses they pass, which all appear to be in want of charcoal. A running fire of chaff and bargaining goes on, amidst which we can distinguish numerous mutual exhortations to "go and pray to the Prophet!" which observation appears to convey a delicate suspicion in the mind of the speaker as to the necessity of confession and absolution the other one stands in. But gradually, as the line slowly wends its way along, many of the sacks are dislodged from their bearers, and left at the various doors. Finally they disappear, and now we see a tradesman, whose baggy breeches and short jacket give him the appearance of a walking barrel, slouching along the street with manifold yawns and rubbing of his eyes, until he reaches the far end, where he proceeds to open his shop.

Next the thoroughfare is invaded by a string of camels laden with bundles of chopped straw. This also appears to be in great request; and for another half hour traffic is blocked, and the whole street is again a scene of diplomatic commerce. Then there looms in sight a crowd of donkeys, driven by a man who appears to be in great trouble, and divides his time in whacking his animals and swearing at some unknown individual. Questioned by a passing stranger as to the cause of his misery, he forthwith, in great excitement, narrates a heart-rending story of misfortune. Whilst approaching Damascus he had been accosted by a respectable-looking peasant, who after chatting for a while, requested permission to seat himself on one of the donkeys, as he was much tired. "Wallah," replied our friend the owner, "what is there between you and me? Are not these donkeys thine? Please thyself in the name of the Prophet!" And so he mounted, and presently disappeared down a side lane with six other donkeys following him. "And I feared to go after him," continued the narrator, "lest I might lose the rest. May Allah curse him and his house—the son of Afrit!"

At the instance of our host, we descend below, and crossing the magnificent marble court of his house, proceed to the breakfast chamber, where we prepare ourselves for the arduous labours of the day. And then we sally forth in his company.

Of the streets nothing very laudatory can be said. We find them narrow, ill-paved and dirty. The houses lining them have no ornamental fronts. Nothing but uninteresting walls, with a scanty supply of windows, protected from the gaze of the curious by lattice-work. The upper stories of these houses often jut out

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from the rest of the building, so that in some cases one might almost step from one house to the other over the intervening street. This arrangement provides a certain amount of shade, which we find very grateful, as the sun is beginning to get unpleasantly warm.

We debouch into the Street called Straight. Opposite is a Turkish guard-house. An officer lolls idly on a short stool, with unbuttoned and untidy uniform, and whiles away his time in toying with a string of beads in his hands. Close beside him a sentry supports himself lazily against his rifle. There seem to be no policemen about. Our host tells us the inhabitants manage to look after their own quarrels and to preserve the peace themselves.

We enter the Bazaars. They are magnificent. No one can have an adequate idea of them without seeing them. Those of Constantinople are but faint imitations—those of the Moorish, Egyptian, Arabian, and Persian towns but filthy and debased editions of them. Every trade has, of course, its own bazaar. They are well built and clean, lofty and well ventilated, roofed over as all Oriental bazaars. They seem pervaded with a subtle sense of grandeur and solemnity. Gaunt spectral Bedouins, who look as if they had been roughly awakened from their night's rest and had come running into town with all their bed-clothes on, stalk about in grim silence. Fat, stumpy tradesmen, with their short jackets and voluminous bags, wobble about and talk to each other in a quiet and sedate manner. Nobody laughs. Even our appearance calls forth not a laugh or even an amused sneer. But, from the startling expression on some of the countenances, we doubt not that they are consigning us to the depths of perdition with all due decorum. We begin to feel ourselves in the atmosphere of the true East—the East of Haroun Alraschid—the East present in the dreams evoked in us by the 'Arabian Nights.'

In his raised booth the tradesman squats in the midst of his merchandize. The size of it is such that he can pretty well reach everything without altering his position. The height of it is such that the purchaser, who stands outside, has his head on a level with the tradesman's knees; no need, therefore, for the latter to rise at his approach. Easterns are not fond of locomotion. There is a proverb current amongst them which says, "It is better to walk than to run, to sit than to walk, to recline than to sit, to sleep than to recline, to die than to sleep!"

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Sitting thus, with crossed legs, immovable and impassive throughout the long hours of the day, he calmly awaits the customers his kismet may send him. He reads his Koran, or dozes tranquilly off into the land of dreams. His narghileh is ever by him: he sucks at it lazily, and drops it at his will.

We approach one of the species. He looks at us disdainfully. He evidently knows nothing of the laws of supply and demand, which give to the purchaser of common articles a position superior to that of the vendor. He does not rub his hands and bow. For one single instant he allows us a place in his field of vision, and then once more his visual organs rove in search of vacancy. We speak to him, and humbly inquire after the price of a certain article. He mentions a sum which, from our previous knowledge of Oriental customs, we have no doubt is far beyond its value. We lay the article down, and proceed on our way. He calls us back, and offers it at a reduced price; finally, we obtain it for just one-third the money he originally asked for it. The value of an article, indeed, varies in his eyes with the mental capacity of his customer, and not with the state of the market. The latter may chance to be a fool, therefore why not take advantage of this evident interposition of Allah in his favour?

Suddenly we are startled by a shout. In front of us we see a carriage—a big and ungainly sort of four-wheeled cab—coming sharply round the corner. The coachman rises from his seat in great mental perturbation and gives vent to a roar of anger and dismay. Looking behind us to ascertain what had occasioned this conduct, we behold the ugly face of a camel making its appearance at the other end of the bazaar. It advances with a swing-swang motion of its huge body and long legs, and a lazy flapping of its upper lip, which gives it a sneering expression not very complimentary to the beings beneath it. It is the first of a string of about twenty of them. All these camels carry large bundles of chopped straw, and there is hardly room for a pedestrian to squeeze past them, much less a huge van like that vehicle. The leader of the camels, immediately on perceiving it, turns round, and with much shouting and swearing calls on them to stop. The first obeys, and glares in a puzzled manner at this extraordinary object that now for the first time in its remembrance meets its view. But the nineteen camels behind it do not stop, and with necks and heads raised in querulous astonishment at this

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interruption of their ordinarily quiet and dreamy tramp, press onwards till they reach the middle of the bazaar.

And now ensues a noisy and wordy duel between the coachman and the leader of the camels. Poor men!—they are both to be pitied. It is not an easy task for either of them to back out. The very difficulty of their respective positions impels them to violence in words against each other, with the hope that one of them may be sufficiently cowed to volunteer to take the trouble of making a retrograde movement. Unfortunately for the coachman, he is a Christian; whereas his opponent is a true believer in Islam. Both swear with equal disregard to all the teachings of religion. But in Damascus the privilege of swearing beyond a certain degree is apparently reserved for the members of the dominant faith; for hardly does a more than usually impressive curse leave the mouth of the coachman, than there comes flying through the air, against that very organ, a "ghoola," or water-cooler, discharged against him from one of the neighbouring booths by a fat Moslem tradesman, whose ire had been deeply roused at seeing a co-religionist so abused by a Christian. It knocks him clean off his seat, and then deluges him with water, and proves a most effectual way of silencing and cooling him. But the occupants of the bazaar are now all astir, and, like so many grasshoppers, are mostly in the very act of leaping from their elevated shop floors. This isolated act of aggression has been to their smouldering feelings of irritation as the lighted fusee to gunpowder. Before the poor coachman has any idea of his danger, he is seized upon, beaten lustily, his very clothes torn off his back, and the carriage of which he was so proud shoved with no great care out of the bazaar, whilst the camels pass serenely on.

We manage to escape from the confused and agitated throng, though not without a few misgivings as to our own safety. We stand at the entrance of the great mosque of Damascus, the Holy Aljama, once a Christian church, and even now, as our host informs us, retaining over one of its gates the following legend in Greek characters, until recently hidden from public view by ruinous debris: "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, shall last for ever!" We slip our boots into a pair of yellow slippers presented to us by an official, who, for the sum of one napoleon, is about to show us over the grand building. There is a magnificent central court, quite open above, in which is placed

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a lofty pulpit, wherefrom at appointed times the ordained preachers expound the mysteries of Islam to the assembled and reverend thousands. Around this court are many apartments; some closed, some freely open to the public gaze. In some, devout believers are going through the complicated form of prayer enjoined on them by their prophet; in others, long-bearded men are gravely poring over pages inscribed with the flowery and ornamental text of Arabic. To various inner apartments we are led, some of them containing the earthly remains of great figures in the world of Islam—amongst others, those of Saladin. We listen to the rapidly given information of our guide in awe-struck silence. The cool serenity and quiet conviction of his language, as he talks about things which we have been taught to look upon as vaporous fabrications, makes a great impression on us; and we begin to realize that to them there is as much substance and reality in Islamism as there is in Christianity to us.

We leave the mosque well satisfied with our view of it, and continue our wanderings through the busy city. We enter a shop full of old curios, articles of apparently very ancient manufacture—but we have seen exactly the same things in other Eastern towns, and entertain too strong a suspicion of their genuineness to be led to make any considerable purchases. The good people in Manchester and Birmingham who devote their energies to supply this market, might introduce some novelty and variety in their productions. It gets rather monotonous to meet continually the same knick-nacks in Tangiers, Cairo, Constantinople, and Damascus, and to be assured in ever the same uncompromising terms, that they are different from all others, and are authentic examples of special Moorish, Egyptian or Damascene work of antiquity. We inquire anxiously, after Damascene blades, but see none that appear to us worth having. The art of making them is lost. We wander through the long and dimly lighted bazaar of the workers in mother-of-pearl, whose business it is to inlay with that material, tables, chairs, bedsteads, chests of drawers and other wooden articles of furniture. Very deft they are at their work, and we cannot but admire the results they attain with the uncouth and scanty tools they alone make use of.

Presently we come to an open space crowded with people and horses, which our host informs us is the public horse-market. Here we see various men riding up and down on horses—which

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have been committed to their charge to sell—shouting the last bid which has been offered to them. They seem to fetch very low prices. Several good horses we see sold for less than £10 each. One specially fine-looking animal is "knocked down" for £15. But the business is not finished. A long dispute immediately ensues between the intending purchaser and the owner; the former attempting to obtain the horse for a few piastres less than the stipulated amount. There is an innate love of bargaining in a true Oriental. He never can do without it. In this case the owner seems to feel pretty sure of obtaining a good price for his horse, even if the present man should back out. So he remains silent, with an occasional inconsequent remark, such as: "It matters not!" "Wallah, who am I to argue with thee?" "Wallah, my horse is as dust! Take it, without money!" All of which expressions are equivalent to cold negatives, and naturally exasperate the other man, who is wasting oceans of rhetoric in the attempt to induce him to come round to his own way of thinking. Finally the latter exclaims with a heart-warming show of generosity and philanthropy, "Wallah, are we not brothers? Wherefore all this noise? Is it for money? May Allah forbid! You want one thousand six hundred piastres? Here is the money! Take it!" and here he presses the bag of treasure into the other one's hands and makes as if he were going to turn away. "Never mind about your horse; I care not for it. Shall we part enemies because of money?"

But here the other, who now has his money secure, runs after him, falls on his neck, and kissing him on both cheeks, assures him that his horse to him is worthless—that since his brother wishes for it, he must have it—as a present. And then they repair in company with the "dallal," or the man who has done the auctioneering part of selling the horse, to the Government office close by, when the affair is registered and legally settled. Oriental business ways appear passing strange to our minds.

It is now midday, and well satisfied with our morning's work, we return through devious lanes to our friend's home, there to refresh ourselves by a substantial meal, and prepare ourselves for the afternoon's ride he has promised us. For the city itself is but a part of the whole of Damascus. We have yet to see the outside of it, the really ornamental portion of it; that which makes a Syrian speak of it as "Damascus the Most Beautiful!"

Damascus is surrounded by a vast expanse of gardens, planted

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with fruit trees, and between them with cereals and vegetables. Between the different orchards are lanes, arched over with dense foliage, sprinkled with numbers of golden apricots, purple plums, and other luscious fruits. Along these lanes we ride, on the horses provided for us by the thoughtful care of our friend, and in the cool shade of the leafy glades. Our spirits rise wondrous high, and we laugh and jest in joyous merriment. Rising in our stirrups we pluck the tempting fruit which droops over our heads, and whilst gloating over the juicy flavour, wonder at the profusion which enables us to do so with impunity—for fruit is so abundant that everything hanging over a wall is looked upon as common property. Presently we enter one of these gardens, and are immediately accosted in a most respectful manner by the owner thereof. He bids us welcome to his grounds, and thanks us for the honour we have done him. We dismount. He secures the animals, and then conducts us towards the murmuring and shady stream which flows through and irrigates the orchard, and disappearing for a few moments, presently returns with two huge baskets full of grapes, apricots, figs and plums. These he bids us to make free with, for all that is his is at our disposal! We indulge in them, and lighting our cigars, feel fain to lose ourselves in the soothing influences and murmurs of the place. But our time is limited. We rise and explain to the hospitable peasant that we are busy, and cannot spend any more time with him, however much it would surely delight us to do so. Thereupon he leads us to certain sheds where some peasants are engaged in the preparation of a delicious leathery paste of apricots, called "Kamardeen." This hospitable and courteous peasant, by the way, is himself very meanly clad, and is in noways different from the average specimen of his class. Yet when in return for all this trouble and waste of time and liberality we give him a shilling, he seems hardly willing to take any payment, and on our insisting, overflows with gratitude and salaams.

We ride on, and passing the village of Salahieh, proceed to climb the mountain of that name. About half-way up the rugged goat-path we halt. We have reached so far at the imminent risk of our lives. A false slip on the part of our horses would have hurled us down a very uncomfortable-looking slope to some unknown and hardly to be seen regions below. From this spot we have a magnificent sight. Seen from Salahieh, this Damascus

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—a spot of brown, with glittering minarets and domes, set in a vast expanse of green, flecked with numerous spots of colour, and lit up by the silvery sheen of the foliage of thousands of white poplars—with glimpses of running water here and there, and beyond a vast plain losing itself in one direction in the blue outlines of the "Jebelel-Aswad" (Black Mountain) and in the other in misty indications of the presence of water, where the river empties itself into the lakes—is one of the finest views in the world.

We return by a somewhat different route, and make a wider circuit through this bewildering maze of gardens. The afternoon wanes, and as we approach the city, we see large numbers of pleasure-seekers invading the neighbouring gardens and the shady banks of the river. In certain fields young men on gaily caparisoned steeds practise the favourite and warlike pastime—*el djereed*—of the Arabs. With eager eye and ready hand the skilful rider pulls his horse aside, and evades by a hair's-breadth the lance-like reed that comes hurtling through the air. It is beautiful to see this exhibition—but it is one which, we should think, requires a very high degree of horsemanship. The idea so common with us that the women in these countries are kept in seclusion from air and society can hardly be correct. Here they are, hundreds of them, all decorously enshrouded in their "izars," some white, others many coloured. This form of apparel is not one altogether inconsistent with grace and beauty. Some of these dainty dames make a display of elegance in the carriage and arrangement of their "izars" which would be almost incredible to one who has not seen it. But although their figures are covered with these "izars," and their features modestly concealed from public view by veils—which, by the way, are not very impenetrable to the sight—their voices are loud enough. Eagerly they chatter to each other in tones of excited gaiety. From the opposite bank of the river, from the interiors of the gardens as well as from the lanes around us, there arises a joyous hum of human voices, and now and then the notes of a guitar break in with pleasing and soft variety.

As we alight from our horses, the sun is setting, and from minarets at various distances come the sonorous tones of the holy "muezzins," calling the faithful to evening prayer. We pace up and down the marble court, inspect the magnificent reception rooms, with which this—as every other good house

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in Damascus—is provided; and we warmly thank our host for the trouble he has taken for us. We are to leave by to-morrow morning's "Diligence," starting at 4.30 A.M., and as we shall have to be up as early as two hours before that time, it is proposed that we sit up all night and sing the joyous songs of our English home, from which we have so long been absent.

Finally the time of parting comes, and with many hand-shakings and good wishes we bid farewell to the family, and accompanied by our host and a servant provided with a lantern, wend our way through the dark and silent streets. They are wholly deserted except by the dogs. These we have hardly noticed in the day. They had then not seemed to mind being kicked or trodden upon: they metaphorically touched their caps to the Moslems, who were too lazy to mind very much on what they stepped, and did not more than snarl at us Christians. But now the demeanour of these mangy Bohemians is altered. They lie coiled up indiscriminately in heaps of hundreds together. We throw the light of a lantern on to one colony of them, and discern a quiescent mass of dogs' heads, bodies, and legs, with here and there a tail peeping out. The mixture is so intricate, that we are puzzled to think how they will regain possession of their individual appendages in the morning. But the light rouses one—he howls! Presently there is an upheaving of the mass, like that of wriggling worms; with a low growling sound, like that of approaching thunder. And at this stage of the mobilization we make haste to get away. Their aspect is too threatening to be regarded with anything like equanimity. But in less than five minutes the whole city is alive with the vocal performances of the brutes! They are aware of the presence of enemies in their midst; and in fear and trembling we pursue our way. Finally we reach safely the "Compania," or station from which the "Diligence" that is to convey us over the mountains of Lebanon to Beyrout starts. Overcome with fatigue, we climb up into our seats and fall into a sleep, from which we only awake as we rattle over the plain of Coele-Syria, and the sun is high overhead.

HORACE VICTOR.

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Notes of the Month.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Courthope's 'Life of Pope' we have been favoured by a correspondent with some interesting facts concerning the poet's birthplace which we believe are now made public for the first time. Alexander Pope was born in 1688, at No. 2, Plough Court, Lombard Street (afterwards well known as Allen & Hanbury's). The lease of the ground on which this house was built was granted by the Haberdashers' Company to John Osgood on May 16, 1679. In 1695 it was the residence of his son, Salem Osgood, linendraper. The probability is that Pope's father was either partner with, or successor to, Salem Hanbury, which would account for the frequency of the poet's friendly allusions to the Quakers.—*e.g.*,

"Thus honest Quakers please both men and God."

The house in question afterwards passed into the hands of the Bevan family, and Sylvanus Bevan, who was admitted an apothecary, July 5, 1715, was in business in Plough Court in 1737. A younger son of his, Joseph Gurney Bevan, was born there on February 18, 1753, according to the family tradition, in the same room in which Pope was born.

The house was demolished some twenty years ago.

Before the great Dock workers' strike is forgotten, it would be well if the public would demand some definite information on two points connected therewith.

First, as to extent of organized and isolated intimidation. The Police Court reports during the past six weeks give some suggestive evidence of the pressure which has been exercised—possibly the records of the East-end hospitals might be searched with instructive results. We quoted in our pages last month one notable case of intimidation which had occurred in a large establishment.

The second point, to which we do not remember to have seen any allusion in the newspaper reports and correspondence, is this. Have the "leaders" been carrying on the work for nothing? Rumour has mentioned a very considerable sum as the reward of their efforts. If this be true, by whom has it been paid? It is also said that the Australian contributors have demanded an audit of the expenditure of their subscriptions. Speaking on Sunday, October 13, Mr. John Burns is reported to have said "that a committee of workmen had been entrusted with the disbursement of £50,000, and the chartered

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accountant who had investigated their accounts certified that the strike had been fairly and squarely and honestly conducted, and no one made a penny out of it." Doubtless these audited accounts will soon be made public.

The completion of the Forth Bridge, and the consequent shortening of the East Coast route to Perth and the North, has brought once more within the region of "practical politics" an old scheme for improving the London and North-Western line of communication. This is no less than to evade the arduous ascent of Shap Summit, which has proved so severe a handicap in the race to Scotland, by diverting the main line a little north of Oxenholme, carrying it up the valley of Long Sleddale, through the mountains in a tunnel, and re-entering the old route near Penrith. We understand that not only would the gradients be far easier, but a saving of four miles in actual distance would also be effected. Shap Summit was originally adopted when the line was built, because the art of tunnelling was imperfectly understood, and an exaggerated idea of its difficulties prevailed. No doubts are now entertained as to the feasibility of the Long Sleddale route from an engineering point of view; but even a corporation as wealthy as the L. & N. W. Railway may well pause before voting such a large increase of capital outlay. In these days of parliamentary interference with the business of railways, shareholders have to reckon with the possibility of legislative action among the chapter of accidents that may beset their property; and this consideration is not conducive to a policy of bold extensions.

A curious report was recently brought home by a traveller from Norway, which, if it be true, will go far to correct the accepted ideas concerning the wisdom of extirpating noxious animals in countries where they abound. It is said that in one of the Northern provinces, the reward offered by Government for the destruction of wolves had resulted in their becoming practically extinct, and thus far there was every reason for congratulation. But it now appears that, unknown to man, the Norwegian wolves had been constantly engaged in a patriotic war of self-defence against the voracious packs of Russian Lapland; so long as their numbers were undiminished they held their ground, and even continued to do so for some time after they had begun to be decimated by the misguided hostility of their human fellows. It would seem that there then supervened a period in which the Russian wolves assumed a wily Fabian policy, "biding their time" until the hand of man, stimulated by Government blood-money, had finished its work. At last the ground was clear; but no sooner had the Norsk folk begun to rejoice, than a fresh incursion was reported of huge hungry wolves from beyond the frontier, which have occupied the vacant hunting-grounds of the slaughtered animals, so that the whole process of

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"extinguishing" must be recommenced, with no better prospect of finality than the labour of Sisyphus. The story presents us with food for reflection upon many interesting problems of natural history; first, we have the unsuspected power of *united action* evinced by the wolves of both countries, with the obvious induction to their reasoning faculties; then we may consider the extraordinary perception by the Russian wolves of the policy of the Norwegian Government, and its reaction upon their own fortunes; and we should not be wise to neglect the bearing of the episode upon what we are doing ourselves in India. May it not happen that in the unexplored fastnesses of Thibet or Upper Burmah, legions of man-eating tigers, or rogue elephants, or relentless pythons are silently watching our raids upon their kind, and gathering their forces against the day when Indian jungles having been emptied by the folly of man, an opportunity comes for a fresh irruption far worse than the first?

We regret that we have not space to print a long letter we have received from Mr. John F. Mackenzie upon the subject of "Ghostly Manifestations." Our correspondent is incredulous, and has even made up his mind to discount the evidence of the Psychical Society's census of "Hallucinations of Sane Persons," on the ground that no person who admits hallucinations can be quite sane. More interesting, perhaps, than his argument in this direction is Mr. Mackenzie's personal experience in India of what he calls "the absence of the eerie feeling," that occasionally overtakes most people in England. "Other residents," he says, "have confirmed my personal impression; hence, I have little hesitation in ascribing it mainly to climate. Even in the damper climate of Lower Bengal, this absence of 'eeriness'—which I have also observed in Eastern America—has been noticeable; though I have ridden for hours alone, near midnight, in districts where the only clear light visible was a solitary fire-fly; or even, when encamped in the jungle, fifty miles from the nearest European, and suffering from fever."

Mr. Mackenzie also gives an interesting little personal reminiscence, while combating the assumption of a well-known spiritualist that the Davenport Brothers were genuine mediums. "Having been alone with them upon their platform, and manipulated their apparatus, I assert that—thanks mainly to Robert Houdin—I not only know how all their exhibited tricks were performed, but I have seen professional conjurers excel them. Moreover, whilst I was tied, in their cabinet, between one of the brothers and their partner, I saw—through a crack in the door—his arm playing with my face, and with the musical instruments placed upon my knees!"

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Notes from Paris.

After having seen the Eiffel tower reproduced in every imaginable material, including *sugar*, we have been called to admire a new model; in diamonds. It is of course only a toy, and a very useless one; but the sparkling effect is very pretty, under the electric light, by which it is exhibited. The model is a mètre high, and is raised on a velvet pedestal, which throws it out well. Every line of the original is carefully followed by a line of diamonds on a silver-gilt ground; the railings are in gold; the restaurants on the platform, carefully copied in miniature, are in enamel. Pearls represent the strings of lamps; we were told that they numbered three thousand; there are forty thousand diamonds. Thirty pounds weight of gold and silver have been used for the whole model, for which, we were informed, an offer of £120,000 had been refused. The small marvel will be sent to America next month, to be exhibited there, which, it is hoped, will be still more profitable.

During the Exhibition, the whole world seems to have poured its movable population into Paris, which it has swept through like a torrent. The statistics of public conveyances (not including the *fiacres*, which seem very difficult to ascertain) may give some idea of what the rush has been.

From the 5th of May to the 31st of July, we find that the omnibuses and tramways have carried, *per day*, 90,000 fares in excess of the corresponding period of the preceding year, 1888. The Parisian railways reckon 22,000 per day, the steamboats 69,000, *beyond* the figures of the preceding year.

The great railway lines show an increase of travellers, amounting to 1,878,747, during the three months.

The special Exhibition trains of the Champ de Mars have reckoned 6,500,000 travellers.

It is remarkable that the chapter of accidents is confined to a few isolated cases; notwithstanding the multiplication of trains and vehicles, the street accidents have scarcely exceeded the habitual proportion.

The immense agglomeration of strangers of every nation had induced fears as regards public order and safety; but, in fact, Paris has never been more quiet, thanks to the excellent organization of the police. The most difficult task was that of the precincts of the Exhibition itself; for visitors are not always reasonable, nor disposed to submit to rules laid down for the benefit of all.

The care of the Exhibition was entrusted to a head Inspector, with ten subordinates; and although French officials are inclined to be domineering, it is generally acknowledged that their troublesome task was

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performed with due courtesy and forbearance. But they had no sinecure. Their work began at six o'clock in the morning, when the carts loaded with provisions made their appearance at the different gates; the orders for admission were carefully examined; the cafés and restaurants were then inspected, and every care taken as regards salubrity and cleanliness. Any doubtful article of food was sent to the Laboratory to be examined or analysed, and delinquents were made well aware that they were liable to severe penalties. The Eastern vendors of drinks and sweetmeats gave especial trouble; notwithstanding the vigilance of the inspectors, several cases of illness have occurred, in consequence of incorrigible negligence and carelessness.

The dwellers in the Rue du Caire were especially unmanageable, and it was a most difficult task to keep any order in that quarter. They quarrelled amongst themselves; they indulged in various uncivilized eccentricities, and could not be made to understand that, in Europe, the wares they sold must not block up the street. It has been necessary to take strong measures and to summarily dismiss a number of Egyptians and Tunisians who were beyond control.

At night a watch service began when the gates were closed, and did not cease till daylight.

An incident which may rank as an event in the religious world of Paris has been the establishment of a Church according to the rites of the United Greeks; for the first time since the earliest ages of Parisian history.

The United Greeks are under the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff; but they form the Eastern branch of the Roman Catholic Church, and retain their original privileges, which differ considerably from the Roman customs; thus proving considerable breadth of views in the Roman Church, as regards all matters apart from absolute dogma.

The ancient Greek ritual, still faithfully preserved, is said to be the nearest to that adopted by the early Christians, and no Pope has ever required any modification. The language used is the Greek, and the prayers of the Liturgy were principally composed by St. John Chrysostom. Their ancient and peculiar chant was composed by St. John Damascene, and admits of no instrumental accompaniment; the magnificent vestments are quite different from those used by the Roman clergy. Communion is given in both kinds; the sacramental wine being administered to the faithful by means of a gold spoon. The bread is leavened, unlike the wafer used in the Roman Church; which, however, would seem more in accordance with the Jewish custom of the Passover.

The United Greeks, numbering from ten to twelve millions, have as their supreme chief, subject only to the Pope, the Patriarch either of Constantinople or of Antioch, according to the country to which

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they belong; these two heads of the Eastern Church have the highest rank at the Pontifical Court, next to the Pope.

The new Church of St. Julian in Paris is the only Catholic Greek Church in France, except one which has long existed at Marseilles.

An animated discussion has just taken place at the "Académie de Médecine, as to the positive noxious qualities of the well-known liqueur called *absinthe*, so extensively consumed in France and especially Paris. It is made of essence of wormword, combined with that of aniseed, peppermint, and other aromatics, mixed with alcohol. Any tourist must have noticed at the tables outside the cafés the number of men, of all classes and professions, drinking a peculiar green liquor. This is absinthe, the most pernicious and treacherously fascinating of all alcoholic stimulants. Those who begin to take it cannot give it up, notwithstanding its well-known disastrous effects on the brain, the spine, and the whole nervous system; even to the extent of causing epileptic attacks. For these miserable results it is not necessary to produce intoxication; the habitual use of absinthe is sufficient, and yet all writers on social or medical subjects express the greatest alarm at the extent of the abuse, which is so general, despite all warnings. Many of the numerous accidents in the streets of Paris might be explained by the "perroquet vert," and its besotting consequences, for the drivers of public vehicles are greatly addicted to this most pernicious stimulant, as also, which is more surprising, a large proportion of military men, especially officers risen from the ranks. The frequenters of cafés of all classes are the great drinkers of absinthe; it is not usually seen in private homes, nor is it taken by women, who do not like it, fortunately for them.

The object of the recent investigation was the discovery of the particular ingredient in the mixture that causes the poisonous effects of this composition, which is recognized as being much more pernicious than other liqueurs or alcoholic drinks.

After a good deal of controversy, some authorities inclining to believe that the aniseed was the real culprit, Monsieur Laborde has proved that the real danger lies in the wormwood itself, by the experiment of inoculating two guinea-pigs, one with essence of wormwood, and the other with essence of aniseed. The fortunate guinea-pig to whom the latter had been allotted slept comfortably, and woke in good condition; the other was seized with violent convulsions of the nature of epilepsy, and shortly died under their effects.

The conclusion, which was adopted with great applause by the "Académie de Médecine," was, consequently, that wormwood in itself is a dangerous poison, producing epilepsy.

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Our Library List.

THE VIKING AGE. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU (with 1340 illustrations. 2 vols. 42*s.* *Murray*). At last Mr. Du Chaillu's long-expected volumes are before us, and the first impression produced by them cannot fail to be one of admiration of the profusion of the illustrations—jewels, weapons, armour, chariots, ships, implements, &c.—which adorn his pages. Stated briefly, Mr. Du Chaillu's purpose is to prove to us that we are descended from the "hardy Norseman," and not from the Saxon, whom we have hitherto been taught to regard as our progenitor. The discussion to which his speech at the recent meeting of the British Association gave rise shows how keenly this theory is likely to be contested; and this is not the place to enter into a controversy involving many crucial points of history. Suffice it to say that, after a careful perusal of the "Viking Age," we are satisfied that Mr. Du Chaillu has given good *primâ facie* evidence in support of his theory, and that his extracts from the Sagas, and the richness of his illustrations, combine to render a most interesting subject doubly attractive. We read in his pages the history and the inner life of a people pre-eminent in the arts both of war and peace, who, like the Assyrians and Egyptians of old, have long ago disappeared from the land which gave them birth.

THE ENGLISH POOR. A SKETCH OF THEIR SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY. By THOMAS MACKAY (1 vol. 7*s.* 6*d.* *Murray*). The appearance of this book is most opportune. We have the poor always with us, but in the present year their woes and their demands have been brought more forcibly home to us than perhaps at any previous time. The history of the English poor given in these pages—of their origin as a class, and of the influences which have gone to produce the masses of the unemployed—is deeply interesting, and the volume should be read by every one who pays any attention to one of the most burning questions of the day. Mr. Mackay is a strong advocate of Individualism—that is, of educating the poor man to take care of himself, of instilling into him habits of self-reliance and thrift—as against the Socialism which would teach him to trust to the force of numbers and combination to obtain his demands.

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER POPE. By W. J. COURTHOPE, M.A. (1 vol. 10*s.* 6*d.* *Murray*). It is now forty years since Mr. Murray's edition of Pope's Works was commenced, and nearly twenty years since

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the first volume appeared. Three successive editors have had the direction of the work—Mr. Croker, Mr. Whitwell Elwin, and Mr. Courthope. "Pope's Poetry," in 4 vols., and his "Prose Works" in 5 vols.—including 300 or 400 unpublished letters, and the very remarkable Character of the Duke of Marlborough, hitherto suppressed—have already been given to the world. Mr. Courthope has now put the keystone to this great undertaking by his Life of the poet. Few men's lives have been more often written than Pope's; but it has hitherto been his lot to fall into the hands of controversialists, whose principal object was not so much the production of a just and reasonable biography as the discomfiture of a rival critic. Mr. Courthope has made it his object to avoid this partizanship, and has apparently succeeded in doing so. He has had the advantage of access to much fresh material which was not available for his predecessors, and his work, in addition to its own intrinsic merits, has the recommendation of compendious size. The volume also contains a most exhaustive and valuable index to Pope's Works.

RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA, by Hon. G. N. CURZON, M.P. (1 vol. 21*s.* *Longman*), derives additional interest from the fact that its author will in all probability some day occupy an important place in the councils of the Conservative party. His reflections on questions of national policy have therefore an actuality beyond those of an ordinary traveller. The first part of his book is occupied with his journey by the new Russian railway across the wilds of Central Asia, and a visit to Bokhara and Tashkent. In this the author has been, to a certain extent, forestalled by M. Bonvalot and others. Readers will perhaps turn with more keen attention to the conclusions drawn as to the international situation. Events have moved so rapidly in those distant regions that the outlook is modified almost from year to year. Mr. Curzon holds that in the calamitous contingency of a war for the possession of India, Russia is in every respect better prepared than ourselves. He deprecates the junction of the Central Asian and Indian railway systems, and urges a more active policy in Southern Persia. Meanwhile in the assimilation and civilization of Central Asian tribes Russia is engaged in a beneficent work wherein we may heartily wish her God-speed.

THE LIFE OF RICHARD STEELE, by G. A. AITKEN (2 vols. 32*s.* *Isbister*), is a labour of love, and as such is refreshing to meet with in these days of "sketches" and "summaries," and omniscience made easy. The author has spared no labour which could throw the smallest ray of additional light on his subject, and his book is handsomely buttressed with portraits, appendices, a bibliography, and an index. He claims for his hero that his "character is more attractive and essentially nobler than, perhaps, that of any of the greatest of his

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contemporaries in the world of letters." If he does not carry us with him to the full length of his enthusiasm, he at any rate makes us understand how such enthusiasm may arise as the result of long and close intimacy. Steele's faults were such as "go before a man to judgment," his virtues would especially endear him to his friends. To those who love his memory, the cold dislike of Macaulay and the patronizing affection of Thackeray jar almost equally. Mr. Aitken has been able to elucidate many points which had escaped the research of earlier biographers, among others, the name of Steele's first wife. Much information has been collected from the Public Record Office and other sources, and a large number of letters are here published for the first time.

HISTORIC ODDITIES AND STRANGE EVENTS, by S. BARING GOULD (1 vol. 10*s.* 6*d.* *Methuen*), is a collection of magazine articles on some of the eccentric characters and dramatic episodes which the reader of formal histories catches tantalizing glimpses of as he follows the main narrative of a nation's or a hero's life; such passages of by-play are worth dwelling upon in leisure moments, and we could hardly desire a more skilful interpreter than Mr. Baring Gould, with his keen eye for artistic effect and his breezy independence of conventionalities. The first paper deals with the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Benjamin Bathurst, attributed at the time (1809) to the agency of Napoleon. Mr. Baring Gould is inclined to regard it as a vulgar murder for plunder, but scarcely establishes his case. The adventures of Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, are rather too well known to bear repetition, and the conspiracy of General Mallet is perhaps open to the same objection. Schweinichen's Memoirs, however, introducing us to the 16th-century court life in Germany, break sufficiently fresh ground. Two of the remaining narratives are "slightly dressed," to assume the shape of stories. The whole book may be heartily recommended to those readers who want something more solid than a novel and yet calling for little mental exertion.

A HARDY NORSEMAN, by EDNA LYALL (3 vols. *Hurst & Blackett*), is written with Miss Lyall's accustomed grace and tenderness of feeling; if rather slighter than some of her former works, it ought to meet with no less warm a welcome. Most of the characters in the story are extremely good people, and the necessary ingredient of sorrow is supplied chiefly by untoward circumstances, and partly by an ill-tempered, purse-proud tradesman, a dishonest shopman, and a girl who jilts the hero for the sake of a rich peer, from whom she is subsequently divorced. Frithiof Falck, a handsome young Norwegian, finds himself, owing to the sudden bankruptcy of his father, alone and almost penniless in London. For a moment he contemplates suicide, but is diverted from the rash act by the song of a passing child. After

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enduring rather severe privations, he is provided with work by some benevolent friends, establishes himself with his two sisters in a model lodging-house, and in the sequel is able not only to assure their future and his own, but to pay in full his father's debts. A distinct but not obtrusive religious purpose runs through the book, the hero passing from light-hearted scepticism to earnest faith. The glimpses afforded of Norwegian life are very bright and attractive.

MAROONED, by W. CLARK RUSSELL (3 vols. *Macmillan*), is, as might be inferred from its own name and its author's, a stirring tale of the sea. The action is laid early in the present century, but no particular effort is made to preserve historic illusion. Alexander Fraser, a Scotchman settled in Rio, asks his friend Dick Musgrave to bring to him from England his beautiful betrothed, Miss Aurelia Grant, unattended by any companion of her own sex. Dick Musgrave complies, and the pair take ship in a vessel named the 'Iron Crown.' The captain proves a drunken bully, the mate a fiend in human shape; a mutiny arises, in which Mr. Musgrave, himself an ex-sailor, manifests his heroic qualities, and eventually hero and heroine are "marooned,"—*i.e.* set ashore on a desert island—in the Gulf of Mexico. Happily they find comforts and even luxuries in their new abode, after the manner of the celebrated Swiss family Robinson. However, before very long they escape, and are restored to civilization, whereupon the hardly strained loyalty of Mr. Musgrave gives way, and he successfully begs for the hand of the lady he has so gallantly escorted. The narrative, put into the mouth of Mr. Musgrave, is plentifully interspersed with descriptions of the sea in its various moods and other sights presented to the travellers.

THE COUNTY (2 vols. *Smith, Elder, & Co.*) is somewhat too closely modelled on Miss Broughton's work, and repeats almost exactly a leading incident in that accomplished novelist's story, "Belinda;" but it is written with considerable vivacity and sparkle, so that we may hope the anonymous author's next venture will be a success on more original lines. It recounts the fortunes of two sisters, one of whom, the supposed narrator, is frivolous but true-hearted, the other frivolous and false. By the marriage of an uncle to their lady's maid the pair are reduced from the position of heiresses to that of poor relations, and the changed aspect which the world wears to them under these conditions is very amusingly set forth. The duty of making rich marriages is preached as paramount, and the heroine is induced by her scheming sister to unite herself to a man she can barely tolerate, and forget as best she may him whom she had loved in happier days. All comes right in the end with rather startling suddenness. The good girl gains her heart's desire and two millions sterling; the bad girl is punished, but not too severely; and so a pleasant tale comes to a pleasant close.

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Some of the minor characters are extremely well sketched, and the humours and foibles of rich people are happily hit off.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE, by R. L. STEVENSON (1 vol. *Cassell & Co.*), is distinctly the best work its author has yet produced. It would be difficult to give it higher praise. The reader's interest is kept enthralled by a succession of stirring incidents, and by the gradual development and unfolding of a group of most subtly drawn characters, acting and reacting on each other "to their triumph or undoing." Mr. Stevenson has happily reconciled the rivalry between novels of incident and novels of character by fusing into a single whole a first-rate example of each. Our only hesitation in hailing the book at once as an English classic arises from the suspicion that it may be a little too self-consciously brilliant, too elaborately perfect in workmanship. It seems to us to resemble nothing in English literature so much as Prosper Merimée's 'Chronique de Charles IX.,' which, with all its extraordinary merits, has failed to win wide popularity. The narrative is put into the mouth of the faithful steward of the Scottish house of Durrisdeer, and its hero, the heir to the title, who forfeited his rights in the '45 rebellion, unites a marvellous fascination of manner with almost complete depravity. His rivalry with his younger brother, "Mr. Henry," afterwards Lord Durrisdeer, forms the main motive of the book; the scenes where this rivalry comes to a head "on the night of February 27th, 1757," would, we think, be difficult to match in English fiction: but commentary is swallowed up in the urgent advice—Read the book.

JACK O'LANTHORN, by C. R. COLERIDGE (2 vols. *Walter Smith & Innes*), is a thoughtful and well-written story, aiming high and attaining a considerable measure of excellence. It might perhaps be shorter with advantage, and the supply of incident is somewhat scanty; but the characters are admirably drawn, and the various difficulties into which they are led by their conflicting ideals placed vividly before the reader. Alaric Lambourne, a youth high-minded to the verge of Quixotism, but with a good deal of what old-fashioned people call "nonsense" about him, and a habit of spiritual attitudinizing, though nominally owner of a fine property, is left till the age of twenty-five under the guardianship of a clerical cousin, a man of saintly character, but not very wide intellectual sympathies. Alaric becomes restive under the restraints put on him, insists on a brotherly friendship with a cousin much below him in social standing, proposes to his agent's sister, and becomes a professional actor. Fortunately his low-born cousin is a fine fellow, his betrothed is far from exacting, the circumstances of his position gradually over-master him, and all comes right in the end. The skill shown in the delineation of characters all actuated by high motives, all more or less mistaken in their conceptions of each other, all thoroughly individual and alive, is of a very high order.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1889.

Russia in Central Asia.

THIS is an old, a miserably old, subject. Yet to Britons it is new every morning, is ever entering some fresh phase, and is occasionally invested by Russia with some startling novelty. The last of these novelties is the opening of General Annenkoff's railway from the eastern shore of the Caspian to Samarcand—quite the mightiest of the many mighty achievements of Russia in that quarter. It is high time that we bestir ourselves to realize the consequences of this *fait accompli*. For such realization we require to know the character, the status, the capabilities of this railway, from evidence which can be trusted and which can be clearly given. Fortunately we have such evidence in the statements given to the British public by the Hon. George Curzon, M.P., who travelled backwards and forwards over the line in 1888. The record of these valuable and —for his countrymen—instructive travels, he published, first in a series of letters to leading newspapers in the North of England, secondly in an address with illustrations to the Royal Geographical Society, and now thirdly in a book entitled 'Russia in Central Asia,' * wherein the matter of the previous publications is re-arranged and expanded. The account thus given of the railway is detailed, explicit, and in some respects elaborate. It is accompanied, and followed too, with comments commercial, strategic, political. The conclusions to which it points with the finger of gravest warning are unmistakable. The question at once arises, whether this evidence is implicitly to be accepted. I, for one, have particular reasons for thinking that it is. Some

* London: Longmans & Co., 1889.

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two years ago Mr. Curzon published an account of a journey right along the whole North-West frontier of India, with a description of our defensive arrangements there from top to bottom, from north to south, from beginning to end. There I know, so to speak, every inch of the ground; and I believe his description to be lucid, accurate, and trustworthy. Being sure that he rightly described the Anglo-Afghan frontier which I have seen, I naturally am inclined to accept his account of this Central Asian railway which I have not seen, and to recommend that account to the acceptance of my countrymen also.

This is a political and not a literary article. Otherwise I should have adverted to the vivacity and animation of style, the keenness and freshness of observation, displayed in his book. Also I should have cited some fine passages regarding the thought-awakening and memory-stirring regions which he traversed. It is well that such a man as he should have seen everything for himself, because he will be able to address the House of Commons with that personal knowledge which rarely fails to command attention there; and, being an excellent speaker, he will doubtless make his voice heard from many a platform outside Parliament.

By the light thus shed on this momentous subject, I propose briefly to review the political situation as regards the Russians in Central Asia—the character and value of this new railway, and its effect on the position of England in Asia. Well: our anxieties about Central Asia have been abruptly ended! If there was a Gordian knot in that quarter, the Russians have cut it. If there was a thread of fate, the Russians have snapped it. Things have gone all for them there, and against us. It were vain to recall the landmarks of the last thirty-five years in the memories of myself and of my contemporaries. There was the embassy from the Khan of Kokan—now the country of Tashkent or Russian Turkestan—to John Lawrence, begging for protection against the Russian Ogre about to eat him up; this was during the Crimean war. Next came the news that, at the very moment when England was in the throes of the Indian Mutinies, Russia had marched straight into Bokhara. This was followed up in subsequent years by operations wherein the Russian soldiery evinced the utmost gallantry and endurance under a blinding sun on sterile ground near Khiva. So by degrees, quick rather than slow, the three historic Khanates of Turkestan, namely Kokan, Khiva and Bokhara, came under the

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sceptre of the White Czar. When the Franco-German war prostrated France for a while as a European Power, Russia, knowing that she now would have England alone to deal with, redoubled her activity in the basin of the Oxus and the east shore of the Caspian. Soon she saw her danger from English interposition in the Russo-Turkish war. It was known at the time in English diplomatic and official circles that she had planned, in event of a rupture with England, to operate on Caubul and so menace India. Subsequently much information has been published setting forth the affair in a clear, though lurid, light. In deference to Russia, with whom we are just now at peace, I forbear from discussing the faith, good or bad, which was displayed. Suffice it to say that Britons should consider this information, and other information of a similar character on kindred occasions, when appraising the value of official declarations from Russia. Emerging from this trouble, she proceeded to deal more directly with the Turkomans east of the Caspian and along the northern frontier of Persia. This was after the Treaty of Berlin. Then followed the murderous catastrophe of Geok Teppe, where Skobeleff annihilated the Turkoman nationality. The fall of Merve, with the consequent accession of power to Russia to the detriment of England, had long been predicted in Cassandra-like tones by well-informed British officers. Thereon certain politicians in England chattered about "Mervousness," apparently implying that the prophets were needlessly nervous. The anticipated stroke was not long in coming; and Merve fell, like an over-ripe, almost a rotten, apple into the lap of Russia. Heretofore there had been a desert-zone, a broad belt of waterless sterility between the Russian outposts trans-Caspian and the Afghan border. But the annexation of Merve brought Russia to the Murghab river, which would afford her a supply of water all the way to the Parapomisan ranges overhanging Herat. "We have let her get to the water," was the ominous cry of British observers. This necessitated a demarcation of the boundary, long before settled on the map, between the new Russian dominions and Afghanistan. About that time England was severely occupied with Egyptian complications. So Russia waxed bold again. Setting aside the maps to which she had formally assented, she moved straight ahead and occupied various positions giving her absolute advantage strategically over the north-west corner of Afghanistan. True, her conduct on this occasion brought her to within an ace of a

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war with England. However, she conceded just enough (in words rather than in deeds) to stave off the declaration of war. In the negotiations which followed she carried nearly all her points topographically. Thus she pushed her border to within striking distance of Herat. Lastly she has consolidated all these manifold aggressions, or acquisitions, as they might be called by her friends, and adapted them for offensive purposes by means of this railway to Samarcand. Most of the well-informed Englishmen who have watched all this, seeing to what it must immediately lead and to what it may ultimately tend, have felt the strain of protracted anxiety. This is now over ; and their care is transferred to other directions. They are like those who have watched over the long agony of a death-bed with vain efforts to save life. When death has closed the scene, they arise and turn their thoughts towards those who still live. As usual, those who prophesied smooth things have been regarded ; those who prophesied rough things have been disregarded, and again, as usual, have turned out to be right. It were of no avail to reproach England with having shut her eyes too much. It only remains to entreat her to keep a wakeful gaze on the future that may be in store for us. Men have long cried, The wolf is coming, while few believed and many disbelieved. But, by all the powers! he is come at last, and is baying hungrily at our threshold!

Now let us reckon what this Caspian-Samarcand railway is. The peninsula of Bakou on the west shore of the Caspian is connected with the general military communications of Russia. From that peninsula there is a steam flotilla, as yet of very limited capacity, across the Caspian to the eastern shore. From that shore the new railway starts eastwards, running through the desert indeed, but still near the northern base of the Persian mountains whence fertilizing streams can be had. Then, turning slightly north-eastwards, it passes through the now miserable but once splendid Merve, at the point where the life-bearing Murghab river, coming from the Paropomisus, loses itself in the sands. Pursuing its north-easterly course through the desert, it approaches the Oxus, and crosses that great river by a somewhat crazy bridge. Then it enters the paradise of Central Asian irrigation, and passing through the city of Bokhara finds its present terminus at Samarcand, after running a length from the Caspian of some 900 miles. There is no doubt that the line is in working order, trains running daily, and carrying,

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not only troops and *matériel*, but merchandize also. It was designed primarily for military purposes, of course, but secondarily for commerce also, with an ulterior object, as I shall presently show. It has been made or laid down, over a country of wondrous flatness, almost like the palm of the hand, at a very rapid rate—sometimes averaging four or five miles a day—at a cost which cannot be exactly stated, but which must be very cheap, and therefore without any exhausting effort financially, notwithstanding the great length. Its construction is most creditable to Russian skill, enterprise, and perseverance.

I cannot quit the constructive part of the subject without reflecting on the wondrous advantage which Russia has had in the petroleum of Baku, which is used most economically for fuel. Without this veritable fuel-fountain, she could hardly have made or worked the line, in the absence of coal-supply. She could hardly have borne up against the dearth of fuel as well as of water. And the aid she obtained from petroleum may be called providential.

Though closed to British men and things certainly, and probably to some other Europeans also, this railway is quite open for Russian traffic. Yet there is the question, What is its capacity as a railway in our acceptation of the term? By its friends it has been unreasonably praised. By its enemies it has been unduly disparaged. Accepting Mr. Curzon's evidence as the best, I take the outcome of it to be somewhat in this wise. The line is very far from being one of full efficiency in the European sense of the term. It is not even efficient as the British-Indian railways are. Its ballasting and plate-laying are meagre and summary; and it would hardly bear a constant succession of heavily laden trains of military transport. It is liable to be torn up by casual torrents from the Persian hills, probably not a formidable matter. It is further liable to choking up from flying or drifting sand, which really is a formidable danger. The present bridge over the Oxus would not stand the wear and tear of war-service. The Caspian flotilla is not at all fit, and could not easily be made fit, for transporting from Russia all the things requisite for a military base at the Caspian terminus of the railway. From the Caspian to the Oxus, that is for more than two-thirds of the length, the line and its immediate neighbourhood are very defective in water, in supplies, and in population. The present landing-place on the east Caspian shore is clumsy and incommodious.

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Thus it would be too much to say that the Russians have as yet made a railway that would be fully efficient for war, in the European sense of efficiency. But it would be still more erroneous to say that they have not gained a vast advantage by this undertaking already. For indeed they have done so, although the undertaking be as yet in an inchoate, or at least in an imperfect, state. If we were at this moment to come to blows with Russia, we should at once see what a mighty resource she has acquired by this railway. For although her men and *matériel* might be slowly and laboriously despatched, they would be conveyed somehow ; whereas they could not have been sent before at all by this way.

But further it will be observed that each of the defects which I have mentioned seriatim are susceptible of remedy and will sooner or later be remedied, with one exception perhaps, namely the sand-drifts, and even that can be mitigated. Let us glance at each one of them in order. The ballasting and the plate-laying, which are at first of a temporary character, can be gradually perfected. Culverts may be—Mr. Curzon seems to think that they are being—made for the passing of the torrents from the Persian hills ; and the streams can be controlled by hydraulic engineering. The present bridge, a wooden structure, over the Oxus may be replaced by a more durable, perhaps a permanent structure. For a permanent structure, say of iron, a site may, however, be unattainable, as no rock foundation is to be had and as the river wanders in an earthen bed. The Caspian flotilla may require a long time in order to be dignified by the name of a war-transport flotilla in the British sense of that term. But it can and will be enlarged and strengthened year by year. The defects along two-thirds of the line, in respect of water, supplies, and population, may and will be rectified. Canals may be conducted from the water supply of the Persian hills ; the defunct irrigation from the Murghab around Merve may be resuscitated ; by such means this desert may be made to blossom like the rose, as indeed it has once blossomed. Then would follow moisture, fertility, cultivation, and population. These things have been done in these very places during the palmy days of former ages with a magnificence which lingers in popular tradition to this day, and which is attested by authentic history that can be verified by signs and marks on the ground, visible to modern research. If we had the country, we should soon be doing similar things. Can we doubt that Russia, after

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all the enterprise and ability she has shown in this quarter, will succeed in doing these things also? As to the bad landing-place on the Caspian—why, the Russian officers are only feeling their way, they will try and try till at last they get a good place. Thus, if a conflict were to arise between England and Russia, say to-morrow, this railway would not do anything like as much as might be expected of it by some people. Still it would be of very considerable service, and through it Russia would possess far more of military preparedness than she would have possessed in this quarter had war been declared—and the declaration was on the point of being made—in 1885. Thus, even within the brief interval between then and now, Russia has greatly augmented her offensive power as regards ourselves in this quarter. But, if war should arise, say ten years hence, then the efficiency of this railway for aggressive warfare will be found to have been almost doubled perhaps; and, if a struggle were to come say twenty years hence, the railway and all its surroundings or appurtenances will have become still further augmented. While we perhaps shall be sleeping, Russia will be growing in this quarter. If sleepiness shall overtake us, then, the deeper our slumber now, the rougher, the sterner will be our awakening hereafter.

In the course which she is pursuing, Russia will probably have no trouble with the native races whom she has subjected. Formerly it was supposed that she was storing up for herself a mass of combustible fanaticism which would explode if any political event should apply the match. I remember that even so great an authority as Lord Lawrence once thought that this might prove to be the case. As yet, however, these predictions have not been verified. Indeed the evidence of travellers tends in the opposite direction. Mr. Curzon, moving about as an unofficial stranger among the Bokhariots, found their bearing towards Europeans to be friendly. Whether Russia is governing these people in an enlightened manner, according to Anglo-Indian ideas, or not, she is governing them firmly on the one hand, and is respecting their creed and customs on the other hand. There are some implacable Moslem races, such as the Afghans and the Arabs, who could not be conciliated by good government; their character has been hardened by climatic surroundings. The Bokhariots do not seem to fall within this category; and they live in the fertile and luxurious region between the rivers. Without being too confident as to what their attitude might be if they

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saw Russia in the throes of a struggle with England, it would be safer for us to assume that they would show a benevolent passiveness towards their Russian rulers. As for the Turkomans, they are in a state of abject submissiveness. Ruthless slave-hunters and slave-drivers, they were for many years the scourges of Northern Persia. The accounts that used to reach us of their bandit raids were heart-rending. Such men, though they may have a certain sort of brute courage, will not be consistently brave. However unchristian may have been the slaughter which Skobeleff inflicted on them, its effect on their spirit has been absolute; this is fully attested by Mr. Curzon. The much-vexed Persians must be breathing freely again; and humanity may be thankful to Russia for suppressing an abomination second only to the African slave-trade in atrocity. Visions of cloud after cloud of Turkoman cavalry under Russian guidance used once to float before the Anglo-Indian mind. These do not seem likely to be realized in full. According to recent accounts, the Turkoman horses have been over-rated; but of course Russia will draw some irregular cavalry from that source.

I now revert for a moment to the commercial aspect of this Caspian-Samarcand railway. Mr. Curzon clearly explains that the commercial part of the concern is being worked for a political purpose. By tariff arrangements Russia secures all the benefits of this rail-transport for her own manufactures to the exclusion of others. The exclusion is probably directed against all European competition. But, as England is the only competitor, she is the country for whom the exclusion is arranged. We have no right to complain of Russia for doing this; though we ourselves have always acted on a more generous plan. Different arrangements, however, are made with Persia and with Afghanistan, the result of which is that a trade, of dimensions previously unknown, is springing up in both Persia and Afghanistan with the new Russian provinces of Turkestan and Trans-Caspia. By such commercial intercourse the Russians are doubtless hoping to pave the way for political amalgamation. Herein lies the importance of the matter for us. Statistically the trade of such peoples as the Persians, the Afghans, the Bokhariots—in all not numbering many millions of souls, and those not very industrious—may be insignificant in comparison with the vast volume of British commerce. For all that, the political significance may be considerable.

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The possible extensions of the Caspian-Samarcand railway naturally found a place in Mr. Curzon's inquiries. The prevailing Russian opinion on the spot seemed to be that the line will be soon projected northwards from the Samarcand terminus to Tashkent—so as to be placed in touch with the Siberian military communications. The result of that would be to afford a Siberian military base in addition to the Caspian base, in event of a war in England. The value of the Siberian base will, however, be affected for a long time to come by the uncertainty of the Oxus passage as shown above. And the so-called Oxus flotilla, from which some Russian authorities expected much, does not seem to exist as yet. Mr. Curzon could scarcely discover any traces of it. The other, or Caspian base, will not be hereby affected. At all events the possibility of this double base will furnish food for reflection to British strategists. The advance towards India, if ever attempted, would be twofold. One line would be from Bokhara across the Oxus towards Caubul. The other would be from some point near Merve or Herat with a view to Candahar. Even if the Herat line were destined for the main attack, still a feint in force might be made towards Caubul as a demonstration to distract our attention.

It is certain that the railway will be extended, or rather that the branch will be thrown off, from the main line towards that frontier near Panjdeh which Russia acquired in 1885 from the Afghans by means on her part which I shall not stop to criticise as the affair is over. It may start from a bend in the main line at Dushak and be carried along the northern base of the Persian mountains by Serakhs. Thus Dushak, hitherto obscure, may suddenly become famous. Or the branch may be taken from Merve up the Murghab bank. To us it matters nothing which of the two lines Russia may adopt. In either case, the terminus of this branch will be perilously near to Herat; in either case the result will be equally disagreeable to us. For all that it will come to pass in all probability, and by an early date.

A Russian advance on Herat itself means, of course, war with England. Knowing this, the Russians will not attempt it unless they have made up their minds to fight us about South-eastern Europe or we to fight them. Then the first move will be on Herat. Inasmuch as England cannot undertake to defend the place with her own forces, it would probably

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succumb at last to Russian arms. Still the Afghans would, at our instance, defend it, and, with assistance from us in officers and ordnance (but not troops), they might hold out for some time. Moreover, the presence of British officers might prevent the place being surrendered by treachery. And, as nowadays warfare requires speed, it would be a great point for us to keep Russia seated before this place for some weeks. This alone is a cogent reason why England should look well to the defences of Herat.

Behind all this there is the interesting speculation as to what may really be Russia's design in these trans-Caspian movements and in this Oxus-Jaxartes occupation. I call it speculation because perhaps Russia is herself not quite clear on the subject. That she has some half-formed ideas we may be sure. Otherwise, poor as she is financially, she would never have incurred a vast expense for regions which cannot repay her directly, and can only be valuable for some ulterior ambition. Mr. Curzon properly calls her policy that of hand-to-mouth. I may have my own opinion about her after close observation extending over a quarter of a century, but at the end of an article there is no space for entering upon so important a disquisition as this. Yet there is one thing which she meant to gain and has indeed gained with the hand-to-mouth policy—namely, this, she has put England to trouble and expense. England has now to keep 10,000 additional European soldiers in India; the British Indian treasury is obliged to incur one million sterling of extra military expenses annually, and has had to lay out eight millions of capital on North-West frontier defence, with four millions more in prospect; and all this on account of the affairs we have been discussing in this article. This at least is something for Russia and against us. By how much the fighting strength of England on land for warfare in Europe will have been lessened by the same causes, I do not undertake to discuss here.

The speculative question of uniting the "railway" systems of British India and Central Asia is suggested by this Caspian-Samarcand railway. Mr. Curzon deprecates this notion in the strongest terms; and very rightly too. The objections are much the same as those which are urged against the Channel Tunnel, and which are so familiar to Englishmen that I need not reproduce them here. The physical difficulties in the mid-part of the great line between the Caspian and the Indus do not

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amount to much. The troubles of the desert at one end have been surmounted by Russia with a slight cost; the troubles of the mountains have also been surmounted by England with a great cost at the other end of the line. The intermediate part of a very few hundred miles between the British and the Russian termini would present no engineering difficulties worth mentioning. But in the immediate future, and in the region of practical politics, the trouble to England and the national insecurity to her from such a railway junction would be infinite, and she should sternly set her face against it. In this she would be heartily joined by the Afghans, through whose country the line, if ever undertaken, would have to pass. Nothing would be more odious to the Afghan pure and simple of to-day than such a railway junction. It is indeed one of those things which may come about in the distant future, when the politics of the world may have changed. We can only apply our remarks to things as they are in these days of ours.

Before proceeding to the conclusion of this article I must mention two ulterior extensions which Russia doubtless has in view. One is to push from the Bokhara territory up the Oxus, even to its source on the Pamir steppe, and thence to trouble the Northern extremity of the Cashmir dominion. This must of course be resisted by England, as being a direct menace to British India. The other is to overshadow Northern Persia, thence to gain admission to Meshed and Khorassan—to impinge upon Seistan as a second gate to Southern Afghanistan—and ultimately to work a way downwards towards the head of the Persian Gulf! This is a bold idea, but nothing is too extravagant for Russian day-dreams. Still England, if so minded, has time to counteract it. After all, the Persian Gulf is a British lake; the police of those waters has long been kept by British war-vessels. And the recent proceedings in the Karun valley show that British enterprise is alive in that quarter.

Now to conclude. Mr. Curzon cites once more the oft-repeated Russian dicta that a Russian force of 150,000 men from this new Central Asian basis might suffice for an attack on India, 90,000 to guard the line and 60,000 to cross the Indus. In an article about Central Asia, I will not discuss the powerful array which the British-Indian Government would, even without reinforcements, oppose to such invasion, and the grand coigns of vantage which it has gained by its frontier-defence. But our critics perhaps scarcely realize the rapidity with which England

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could nowadays send out powerful reinforcements to the mouth of the Indus, and how quickly the additional troops would be transported from the Indus mouth to the British camp to meet the Russian advance. But after all, when men speak of Russia sending 150,000 choice troops to invade our Indian dominions, they seem to assume that she would be left so unoccupied elsewhere that she could spare that number. But would she be left thus unoccupied, and could she spare them? Would not the British be giving her fearful occupation in several places? An attempt by her to invade India means war to the bitterest end, and the British puissance must be exerted all round. If, then, she were engaged with England in a death-struggle in the Baltic, if she were being sorely pressed by England in the Black Sea, if her military and naval establishments at the mouth of the Amoor were being assailed by England; if in consequence of these external troubles, some internal disturbance, Nihilistic, financial, economic and other, were to arise—*then* would Russia be able so confidently to set about the invasion of India? If such a contest were forced upon us to-morrow, would any patriotic Briton dread the prospect or doubt the issue? I grieve to be obliged to write about such things, being a hearty well-wisher of Russia if she will only cease from designs against us. We do not threaten Russia; she threatens us. And Britons, when threatened, are bound to reply; though they hope that Russia will so abstain from aggression as to enable them to keep the peace.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

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Dramatic Opinions.

By MRS. KENDAL.

Part IV.

THERE is a great deal of difference, in my opinion, between enthusiasm and enthusiasts. There are enthusiasts and there is enthusiasm, the latter holding much longer to firm ground than enthusiasts. An enthusiast is an actor or actress such as one occasionally meets who is delighted with a new part, with new clothes, with a new creation, and, whilst the excitement is on, loves it, but, when the first five or six weeks have passed, gets tired of both part and play, and longs for "pastures new." The persons who, in my idea, realize enthusiasm, are the individuals who, acting night after night, never allow their interest in their parts to cease, who are neither influenced by fair, bad, or good houses, but who are always trying to amplify their parts and who go on still trying to do something more. Of course, this may be carried to a fault, as much as anything else, because you may over-elaborate, and that is very bad (over-elaborating, I may mention, is a personal failing of my own), since, in over-elaborating a play, you often lose the spontaneity which of course is the great charm. We all of us, more or less, run into one of these extremes—either over-elaborating a part, or becoming indifferent to it; that is my idea of the difference between enthusiasts and enthusiasm. If I were one of the public and wanted to see a play at its very perfection, I should go to see it when it had been played three weeks (I speak, of course, of a successful play), when the excitement had not died out, and when it had not been played sufficiently often for people to become indifferent, but the enthusiasm proper still continued.

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If an audience is very attentive to a play, they get the very best that an artist can give them; whilst, on the contrary, if you feel the public are not with you, you become self-conscious, and can do nothing. One's feeling of the audience is more a general impression than noticing particular persons. Sometimes one notices more, sometimes less. The only people that I can see in a theatre are those who are very near to me—the people in the first row or two of the stalls, and the people in the private boxes. I always feel very conscious of them, because they seem to be so near, but otherwise one can have no judgment of the effect one is producing, because one cannot see—at least, there are only a very few people with long sight who can see—all over the house. But you can instinctively *feel* whether the people are listening to you or whether you are gaining their attention. I never had but one instance in my life of a man who was so bored by my interpretation that he yawned loudly through it; and it was at the first production of 'The Squire.' A man came into the stalls rather late, and looked about a good deal, and yawned so markedly, one could not avoid noticing him. It was very trying, but at the end of the second act he went out altogether and didn't return. That little episode made me cry for about three days. It made me unhappy, and it recoiled upon myself, because I felt that had I been right, I must have gained his attention more than I did.

Then as to the income of an actor or actress. That is always over-estimated. The other day a man sent my husband a play from Germany. He said, "I know you have £6000 a year private property; under these circumstances, I want so much for my play"!

What is my favourite performance? Oh! that I could not tell. You fancy yourself in some particular thing, but it is not always that in which you most fancy yourself that you do best or which has the best effect upon your audience. We may sometimes attempt to work out a very charming subtlety or idea, and it does not reach the audience; or, *vice versâ*, we sometimes may by the simplest thing produce an effect which we are unconscious of. That is just the chance of sympathy between yourself and the audience. It is not possible, either, to judge by results, and lay down a rule that, if a play has proved successful, it must have been a good performance? I always think you act best what you would like yourself to be. As Adelaide Proctor says, "We always can be what we might have been."

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That is my idea of the standpoint of art. If I am impersonating the character of a high-minded woman, it is what I should like to be, and I always fancy my wish is so strong that it makes me impersonate that part best. This makes it impossible for one to judge oneself of what one's best performance is. When you feel most at your ease, and least self-conscious, you are told for the following ten days after the production of the play that this is perhaps the most disappointing of all your performances.

It is a matter of opinion as to whether the press controls the public. I am sometimes asked whether I consider that, when the public hear that adverse criticism of a great favourite actor, the public keeps away. That is only answered by the question, Does the British public slavishly follow the opinions of the press? In some cases Yes, in some cases No. Should the artist be strong enough to withstand all this, and if his or her popularity with the public goes far beyond the criticism; or if, again, the artist takes to heart what the press has said and tries to improve, all this may or may not be obviated. One of the greatest favourites of the public and the press has lately not succeeded in a *rôle*. The press has been very adverse, and departed from its usual tone when criticising a performance of this artist; but whether that has any influence with the public, I, who am not in the theatre, cannot say. I cannot say whether the artist to whom I refer has suffered pecuniarily. Some of my friends say, "Take no notice, the world goes on rapidly. What has been read yesterday morning is forgotten to-morrow. The public go to the theatre. They forget what was the criticism that has been passed upon the play, therefore do not worry yourself. It hurts, it wounds. But it goes no further than your own vanity." Other people say to me, "I did not go to such-and-such a performance, for it was abused in the papers." Therefore, I say, it is an open question whether a given artist is sufficiently strong in his or her position with the public, and whether the press has or has not paramount influence. Nowadays when everybody goes to the play, and when the public themselves judge more than they used to do, the theatre is becoming more a universal entertainment. In some instances artists have been found fault with, and the public have been enchanted, and *vice versâ*. You can never arrive at the bottom of the question. I have known a play continue to run 100 nights in spite of adverse criticism. If a play goes with the

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audience, and the press praises it as well, the combination is extremely good, because the pulse of the press goes with the heart of the public, and then "strength is victory."

Of our own plays I think 'Impulse' was the greatest success pecuniarily that we ever had. I say this in an unbiassed spirit, as I played an extremely small part in it. The success was mainly due to Miss Linda Dietz, who played the sentimental part, and to my husband, who had *the* part of the play.

Now here is an instance of a strange peculiarity of the press. All the modesty of my family has departed from me. I am not modest, and I believe it must have gone out of my soul and entered into my husband's when I became his wife; for a more modest artist than he could not possibly breathe. He played that part for an entire year; he brought to the coffers of the St. James's Theatre, through his marvellous performance, a considerable sum of money—perhaps as much as any actor has been known in his life to bring in the same space of time. But no one ever wrote sheaves of praise of my husband. If he had been one of those men who could ever speak of himself, this, perhaps, would have been impressed upon the mind of the public; but, as he cannot do that, he lives in the admiration of his wife and children. The silence of the press made no difference to the coffers of the St. James's Theatre, I am proud to say, and therefore our mutual admiration party was one of jollity, and sincerity, and had its wings tipped with gold. I wish I could tell you, or remember, some of the love-letters Mr. Kendal received during the time he enacted this brilliant artilleryman. The anonymous letters would fill books, and they used to afford the most intense amusement to all of us.

I should say that Mr. Pinero and Mr. Sidney Grundy are the most popular English playwrights of the present day. Mr. H. A. Jones is a man of high position. Mr. Robert Buchanan is a very, very clever man. Of course, the most poetical writer that we have is Mr. Wills. I have acted in only one play by Mr. Wills, 'William and Susan.' Few are sufficiently gifted to realize all that this writer's exquisitely poetical language admits of! It is a positive recreation to speak his lines. How simple, how pathetic, was that tiny part of the old woman who comes to hear tidings of her sailor boy! The poor lad is dead, and William has to break the sad news to her. I shall never forget the first time I heard that scene. The prayer, too, spoken by Susan, is a masterpiece of writing. It is always

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a subject of regret to me that this one play has afforded the only opportunity I have had of trying to interpret Mr. Wills' language and ideas, for which I have the greatest admiration, I may almost say reverence!

Mr. "Bolton Row" and Mr. "Saville Row" excited a great deal of curiosity when 'Diplomacy' was first announced. Since then I have acted in a one-act play called 'The Cape Mail,' by Mr. Clement Scott, which gives a great opportunity to an emotional actress; but it is always difficult to put a delicate little play of half-an-hour's duration in an evening's programme.

Mr. Stephenson's 'Impulse' is too well known to need comment from me, and that touching song, "Let me dream again," and the comic opera 'Dorothy,' will endear him to all musical amateurs.

We opened the St. James's Theatre with the 'Queen's Shilling,' which my husband had produced some seasons previously at Manchester. Mr. Godfrey's play of 'Queen Mab' was written long before. His heroines are always pleasant to act, full of life and spontaneity. I was the original Lilian Vavasour in 'New Men and Old Acres,' the joint author of which, Mr. Dubourg, wrote a comedietta, 'Twenty minutes under an Umbrella,' which was a great success, and he paid me the compliment of dedicating to me his five-act romantic play of 'Vittoria Contarini.'

What can I say of Mr. Theyre Smith, whom all the world acknowledges? Amateurs will surely place wreaths of laurel round his brow, for 'A Happy Pair' and 'Uncle's Will' have been the cause of many pleasant parties, many flirtations, and more marriages than any other two pieces I can think of.

And now for Mr. Sydney Grundy. Of course, I like his plays; who doesn't? We produced his first comedietta at the Haymarket, 'A Little Change,' and his last play, 'A White Lie.' He is one of those authors who must positively have his *exact* words spoken; his lines are so terse and epigrammatic—they do not admit of one word being interpolated by the actor. He always writes me the *rôle* of a very high-minded, noble-hearted woman (I think I have already said, one often acts the antithesis of one's own character best). Mr. Grundy is, I must tell you, a very gallant man, and has known me for a long time, and thirdly, he comes from Manchester. I can offer no other explanation of why he always assigns to me such womanly, beautiful characters; unless, indeed, he means to convey a sly hint to me to endeavour to become like

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them in real life. As Lord Tennyson makes Ulysses say, "I am a part of all that I have met." I have met a great many authors, and they have invariably been generosity and kindness itself—generous in all their dealings with me and with my husband—(for man and wife are one—when I write *I*, I mean *we*, and when I write *we*, I mean *he*)—all except one!

If I am asked how children on the stage are treated by grown-up actors, I reply that I have never in my life seen anything but uniform kindness; they are encouraged in every possible way. Bulwer Lytton, in one of his books, says that if you wish to be *en rapport* with all the world, as it is of to-day, you should live with old people when you are a child, and live with children when you are old. Therefore, I believe that you must take children and surround them with the atmosphere and the treatment of art from childhood if you wish them to be artists. Whether that will ever develop art in them, depends upon the individual character. In many instances it does so, especially with women; and as boys are fathers of the men, I do not see why the same should not hold good with *girls!*

I do not think it is an absolute law that great actors *must* begin as children, but as a rule, the enormous influence exercised upon the mind by what becomes habitual in the most receptive period of life cannot be replaced by later training. It has been said that no one can hope to make a first-rate violin player who has not begun to study the instrument as a little child; and so it is, in my opinion, with acting. If you take a very mobile girl of seventeen and make her work hard until she is twenty, you may mould her into an actress; but if she does not begin until then, she will find it very uphill work. On the other hand, how easy it will be for 'Little Lord Fauntleroy'—Vera Beringer—to play a boy. Directly I found she was to play a boy, she was put into trousers, that her movements might be those of a boy, that she might put her hands in her pockets and walk in boyish fashion. I rehearsed her in trousers, so that when the child came before the public she did not feel that she was dressed in anything unusual. If you want to wear classic dress and to have the peculiar movements that are necessary to carry the classic robes, you must wear them when you are sufficiently young not to know that you have got them on. If I thought one of my children was capable of going on the stage—for I should like them to do so, if they have talent for it—I should certainly make them begin early.

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Little children do not feel shy and awkward. How can they? In 'The Squire,' the part of a village child was given to a girl about four years old. I said to the little creature, "Now, when I ask your name, I want you to say 'Stores' very loudly, and if you say it very loudly and very nicely, every night you will get an orange." She simply shouted it; I never had to tell her twice. She probably did not know in the least what "Stores" meant. But she got her orange, and ended by making the theatre reverberate with her voice.

Audiences always delight in witnessing the performance of children. There is something peculiarly attractive in the charm that youth, extreme youth, brings to everything. What can be more beautiful than a graceful little girl acting some pretty child-like part?

What a duck of a thing that little girl was in 'Partners'! I loved to see her. It was all I could do to keep from jumping out of the box and kissing her.

Since then, this little child I so admired—"Minnie Terry"—has acted with us in 'A White Lie.' She only rehearsed a week, she was so quick, caught up every idea, every intonation of the voice; she is even better in health, so her mother told me, when she is at work. She rests all the afternoon, and looks forward with joy to the evening's amusement, for, to children, the theatre is a delightful place—full of friends who pet them before and behind the curtain. Another delightful performer was little Miss Clitherow, in 'The Silver King.'

Then, too, the talent of the grown-up actor can, as I have said, generally be discerned in the child. Although the little monkeys only try to imitate their elders, they have their own way of doing it, some better and some worse.

Often of course we are disappointed afterwards. Lots of children have been brilliant while young, but then if they exhaust their stock of brains, it is like the wearing out of a clock's works, which once exhausted can never be repaired.

Again, there are children and children. There are thousands of plays in which none appear, and when you want a child it is sometimes most difficult to find a clever one. There was a child of about four, the boy in 'William and Susan.' We used to teach him to play with his little boat and to say "Aye, aye, your honour." Sometimes we had the most dreadful trouble. One morning he would not do it at all, while the next

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he would be ready with his "Aye, aye, your honour," at the right moment. If you employ a child so young, you must take the consequences. I had to look at him if he forgot, and give him a little touch, then perhaps he would say "Aye, aye," so confidentially that the audience would not hear. Another time he would burst it out at the top of his voice.

Of course even the smallest children must soon get beyond this. Then before long comes the time when they are neither little children nor grown up, and when there is nothing for them to do.

Six or seven is a common age for a child to go on the stage. When they have been in the theatre for a year or two, and are eight or nine, they begin to take great interest, and an intelligent interest too, in the profession. They are very old-fashioned, from always being with their elders. They naturally must dress in the room where "grown-ups" are, and their minds become prematurely advanced. Thus throughout their lives they give the impression of being older than their years. I have experienced this myself. I have been on the stage since I was a child. Suppose a case of a woman of my age who was not an actress, and who began her career at twenty instead of, as I did, at three. How much younger her mind would be than mine! How much more room there would be in it! With me the feelings, sensations, experiences which pass through my heart and try to find relief in words are so merged one into another, so crowded and tumultuous, that fast as I talk, I cannot express the half of them.

But to return to the children: their grand time is in the Pantomime season, when enormous numbers are employed.

And what an excellent thing! Oh, think of the families at Christmas that are positively kept from starving by the Fairies' weekly stipend! Think of fairies, and then think of dinner—so unfairylike! But oh, what joy! Could any fairy of Hans Andersen's creation give more joy than the flesh and blood fairy of the stage, when on Saturday mornings she takes 15*s.* or 18*s.* to the mother, and there is meat for dinner on Sundays! What else in the world but a fairy at Christmas time can do that? Then fancy the bacon which they have lived on all the rest of the year disappearing and mutton taking its place! Look how beautifully the poetry of life can be elicited even from the pantomime! The Duke's child sits in front in the dress-circle and feasts its eyes upon the fairies in all their glory; but what are its feelings compared to those of the poor mother who

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sees the fairy come home, wingless and uncrowned indeed, but bringing in her hand the well-earned salary? That is the joy the pantomime gives to me, who sometimes go behind the scenes. Then think of the kindness—the uniform kindness of actors and actresses—to these children: there is nothing under the sun too good for them. There are such noble things done, that outsiders would be amazed at the record. Far be it from me to advocate that children's whole lives should be passed in a theatre, but there are times when it can do nothing but good; and when you come to think that managers who produce pantomimes sometimes engage as many as 150 little children, to none of whom they ever give less than 12*s.* a week, it will not surprise you to hear that hundreds of children are seen waiting at the stage-door of Drury Lane and Covent Garden and the "Standard" at Christmas time.

It is sometimes urged that harm comes to the children. But what does this amount to? Of course they have late hours, but when they do get home, they have plenty of time for sleep. Then, of course, the School Board interferes nowadays. People frequently come to me, and ask my opinion upon certain matters connected with the employment of these children. They want to know what I think of their being taken away from school and made to play in the pantomimes, and to rehearse, considering that it constitutes a serious interference with their education. I reply, My dear ladies, I really do not know anything about that. But this I do know, that by giving children the recreation of going to a theatre and dancing, you are providing for them an immense pleasure; you employ them in a childish pursuit, and you enable large numbers to make merry together. Why, the dancing mistress at Drury Lane is simply worshipped by the children. Again, the manager, as a rule, if he keeps them certain hours over time will give them food. And, when they return home, the little child of the lowest and poorest woman in the world will certainly be looked upon and treated with more urbanity and kindness, for being the bread-winner. Even where the mother is neglectful, the knowledge that this is the child who brings money home, rather than the child whom she has to supply with a penny for school, will make a difference. And if they have to go through the rain and sleet and snow to the pantomime, must they not do the same to go to school? With this difference, that at the end of the second week of the pantomime, the mother will have money enough to

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buy her child a waterproof. At the pantomime, the wages are often 12*s.* a week, and this is as much as a labourer gets in many parts of the country. It is true that when the pantomimes are over, the children have to return to their *moutons*, or rather want of *moutons*, but they have all had several weeks of profitable work, and that is so much to the good, and may balance the few cases where, as the good ladies would say, the little heads have got filled with "inflated theatrical notions," perhaps even the serious disaster of having lost their places in the class!

It may be it has its evil sides. No doubt it has. They acquire a silly love of admiration, and there is the reaction after parting with the kind friends they have made. But often the friends they have made in the theatre are able to help them in after life.

I may be told that however correct my views are with regard to the children who perform at the pantomime, the conditions under which young people of a better class begin their career are very different. I am told that if my own children went upon the stage, they would be looked after far more closely, and that I should admit the existence of a number of bad influences which I should take uncommonly good care to keep them out of. I entirely deny this. What influences would there have been, for instance, at the St. James's Theatre that I should have had to keep my girl out of? Whom would she see? There are the same influences behind the scenes of a theatre as there are in a drawing-room. If a girl is pretty, weak and vain, and some man says to her, "I love you," those magical words will, as long as the world goes round, turn the heads of *some* girls and have no effect upon others. I do not care whether they are sitting behind the scenes in a theatre, in a drawing-room, in a ball-room, in a lodging-house parlour, or anywhere else, the words will take effect or not according to the ground they are thrown upon. They may be said to an unresponsive ear and an unresponsive heart, or they may be said to an ear, a heart, a soul, that are responsive. It would depend entirely upon the impression on the girl's heart at the moment whether any echo of the words reverberated in her soul. It does not signify *where* these words are spoken. It is the magic sympathy of one life with another that decides their influence.

Consider, too, what love-making on the stage really means. A young girl comes into a theatre to play *ingénue* parts. She

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stands in the wing ready to be called upon the stage, and she sees a man and a woman making love. The man says, "Dearest, fly with me." The woman says, "I dare not." The man says, "We will go at once. Come." The first time such words as those fall on the ears of a young girl unaccustomed to them, they might, if said with fervour and passion, mean something; but this is the way it generally goes:

"Dearest, fly with me."

"No, no, no!" from the stage-manager; "when you say that, you stand at the back of the chair, you lean over Miss Snooks' back; she waves her hand against you. Now, try it."

This is gone over twenty times, until at last the idea of "Fly with me," as understood by the young *ingénue*, must be of a most appalling kind. The gentleman has had his right arm, his left arm, his right leg, his left leg, his back, his chest, both his hands, his head—all talked over. He has tried it in a high voice, he has tried it in a low voice, he has tried it in a thin voice, he has tried it in a heavy voice, until there is no sense left of what "Fly with me" might under other circumstances mean. All the romance of love-making is gone. Therefore, what effect can it have? In love, is it not the fact that some of the charm lies in treating of an unknown land?

Since writing the above, the Bill, about which so much discussion took place, has passed, and children are forbidden to act, or do any kind of work in a theatre, until they are ten years of age!—but this will, of course, be reconsidered, and *well* considered.

What says the poet? "What would the world be to us if the children were no more!" Fancy pantomimes without children, without fairies! Fancy anyone's life without fairies! Don't we all know it's the fairies who whisper the good things to us? Every human creature carries a tiny fairy in his or her heart, who whispers messages of hope, ambition, and love. Now fancy "lovers" without a fairy to fetch and carry pretty speeches one to the other! All the pretty tales we have told our children about the "good deeds" of the good fairies will be dispelled, unless at Christmas-time they can *see* the fairies creep out of the flowers, and rise out of the water in the moonlight, and dance! and *prove* all that their mothers have told them is true! What will poor mothers do when their babies are ill, and, "Oh! tell me a fairy tale!" is swept away? What will the district visitor

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fall back upon if Cinderella cannot have a fairy godmother? And all the tales become *facts* when Christmas is here, and the fairies are actually to be seen—*seen* at the theatre!

Then, please, dear, good, kind gentlemen, don't deprive us of them. Why, how could "Titania and Oberon" have ruled their court without their changeling? Certainly they did quarrel about him, and have a difference of opinion like wretched mortals, but still he *united* them again! Titania summons all her little fairies to scratch Bottom's ears, and delight his eyes. Then how can we believe in "Caliban" if we cannot believe in the fairies? And oh! above all, don't deprive us of "Prince Arthur!" If you deprive us of Prince Arthur, you deprive us of a lesson of love and faith that men, women, and children can all understand, sympathise with, and delight in. Then the two Princes! Only the seeing of Richard the Third makes us more and more appreciate Sir John Millais's picture of the two frightened little fellows clinging to each other, because, please remember, that though the Prince of Wales was a *big* boy, yet the Duke of York was only a baby less than ten, and, if you see an older child, half your sympathy is gone.

Then again, "Puck." Oh, really, you must *not* deprive us of Puck. Why, lovers would no longer quarrel and make it up without Puck to show us how he led them "up and down" and threw dust in their eyes.

Imagine that jolly old knight, "Sir John Falstaff," without "Little Robin" as a contrast! or "Banquo's" going on his journey without "Fleance!" Why, you destroy Macbeth's chief ambition, and upset all his future arrangements. *This can never be!* Not many plays of Shakespeare could be acted.

And oh! horror of horrors! what would become of *me*, the "*domestic* actress," who can do nothing without a baby? At least, so Mr. Punch says, and *he* ought to know, for he has a great many of his own—so is a good judge!

But seriously this question of not allowing children under ten years of age in a theatre is not to be lightly thought of. These "Baby fingers, waxen touches, weigh upon the actors' rest" (humble apologies to Lord Tennyson will follow), for the drama cannot live without its children, and the kind people who, with the best intentions, have taken up this question, will assuredly be taught they are wrong.

There are, of course, many points for and against, but I am all for "for." With few exceptions, nearly all the actors and actresses

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who have "achieved greatness" have begun early in life. *Before* they were ten years old, the first germ of their talent has been seen. If I dare mention names, I could give example upon example; but now I am packing up for America, and thinking of the ocean, and—(now, if I were that funny man Mr. Punch, shouldn't I write something here about a "*Water Baby!*")—and saying "Au revoir" to my friends. Like these papers, I must leave to you, my dear, kind, gentle readers, the settling of this great question about our dramatic offsprings! Deal gently, justly with them, and oh! deal *more* than gently, *more* than justly with these silly scraps of "Dramatic Opinions," jotted down just as they came into my silly head, for

> "Strong gales keep the clouds from raining,
> Work lulls the sad heart's complaining."

And my heart is sad often, and sadder still at saying Good-bye to you who have helped me with your encouragement and applause (for I address my reader as a play-goer). With one more apology to a poet:

> "Be to my good points *more* than kind,
> And to my faults—why, blind, blind, *blind!*"

THE END.

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An International Census of Hallucinations.

AMONG the countless projects, more or less modest and reasonable, for the amelioration and advancement of things in general, to which the modern reader's attention is somewhat distractingly invited, hardly any scheme perhaps could sound to most men's ears at once more pompous and more futile than the notion of an International Census, or widely-reaching collection, of cases where sane adults have experienced hallucinatory sights and sounds. To invite civilized mankind to record, not what they have really seen, but what they fancied they saw; not what they really heard, but what they fancied they heard; not the facts of Nature, but the figments of their own brains; this certainly looks like a chase of shadows which a sensible man may fairly let alone.

Yet this is the invitation issued by a group of men who at least are not idlers or dreamers; the International Congress of Experimental Psychology lately held in Paris under the headship of Profs. Charcot, Ribot, Richet, &c.; and attended by some scores of those physicians and others who, in the various countries of Europe and America, interest themselves in that wide range of inquiries—from Heredity to Hypnotism—by which we are now learning to analyse with a new exactness the intimate constitution of man.

A few words of explanation will help to show that there is nothing paradoxical in the importance now attached to hallucinations, and that the lessons to be learnt from them, already of great value, are likely to be rapidly extended by further knowledge such as the census seeks.

Writing for a popular audience I will avoid as far as possible the use of technical terms, and must refer those who wish to see

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the subject more philosophically treated to Mr. Gurney's Essay on Hallucinations, contained in 'Phantasms of the Living,' vol. i. p. 456 (*Trübner*).

In the first place, we must distinguish between *hallucinations* and *illusions*. By an *illusion* is meant the misinterpretation of some real sensory object, as when Sir Walter Scott took a hat-stand with cloaks upon it for Lord Byron, or the late Mr. Proctor took a surplice hanging on his bedroom door for a ghost with outstretched arms. Such misinterpretations are very apt to spread by suggestion from one observer to another, as a crowd of peasants have sometimes taken an odd cloud in the sky for a fiery cross or a fiery hand. In fact we almost always observe objects in a summary manner; we look at them just enough to recognize them, that is, to fill up our observation with memories of what we have observed before. Illusions, naturally, are extremely common, and vary in degree from the very slightest mistake or misreading of the objects on which we look to a degree of mis-sight or error which involves a good deal of actual seeing of what is not there to be seen, or hallucination, properly so called.

Of hallucination the best definition is, I think, Mr. Gurney's: "A sensory hallucination is a percept which lacks, but which can only by distinct reflection be recognized as lacking, the objective basis which it suggests."

An example will make these distinctions clear. Suppose that I have a friend Smith whom I expect to see. I see some other man in the twilight and take him for Smith. This is a mere *mistake;* but it probably involves something of *illusion;* that is to say, that my mental interpretation of the vague figure actually seen contains certain elements drawn from my recollection of Smith. I go into the house and see Smith, as I fancy, sitting in a chair by the fire. On going closer I find that what I saw was only a coat thrown over the back of the chair. This is a full-blown illusion, and it possibly contains something of hallucination also. Part of the form of Smith, perhaps, was actually invented, was actually externalised, by my mind,—was not merely the result of unconscious *selection* amongst the confused lines of the coat and chair. I then sit down and think of Smith. If I have good visualizing memory I can fancy Smith sitting in the chair—can draw a sketch of him as he would look in the chair, correcting my drawing from time to time by reference to the picture of him in my "mind's eye." But

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this is *not* a hallucination. I am not deceived by my self-summoned picture. It is called into being by the conscious part of my mind, and I know perfectly well that it is only my imagination.

And now suppose that I suddenly see Smith walk into the room—as I think. I start up to greet him, but the figure passes on and walks out through the wall. This is a *hallucination;* it is a percept, or thing seen (I am here for simplicity's sake taking *sight* as the representative sense), which lacks the objective basis which it suggests; that is to say, which does not really tell me truly that Smith is there in the room, and would be seen by other persons as well as myself. And note at the same time that it has required a distinct—though of course a momentary—act of reflection on my part to assure me that this figure was not actually Smith. This act of reflection was not needed when I had merely summoned up a mind's-eye picture of Smith. That was not a hallucination, it was a figure which my conscious self summoned up, and I knew (in a certain sense) why it came and how it got there. But the unexpected figure of Smith coming in at the door was summoned up by some unconscious part of myself: it took me by surprise, it was a hallucination.

Once more. Suppose that I go to sleep and *dream* that I see Smith. Is this a hallucination? The answer must be, Yes, dreams are hallucinations. It is a figure evoked not by conscious effort, but from some unconscious region of my mind. And an act of reflection is needed to enable me to be sure that it is not a reality. The act of reflection in this case is of course so habitual and easy that it generally passes unnoticed; but a dream may easily slide into a waking hallucination. I may dream of Smith, and after waking I may still seem for a few moments to see him standing beside me. In such a case the dream actually manifests itself as a sensory hallucination; there is the dream-image; and for a few moments it deceives even the waking senses.

Well then, hallucinations are images—sensations of sight, sound, taste, smell, touch—which are not due to any object in the world about us, and are not set going by our conscious mind, but by some working of the brain of which we, our recognized habitual selves, are not aware. And, having got thus far with our definition, we see at once both why hallucinations have in times past been neglected even by philosophers, or treated as

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mere meaningless disturbances of our rational being; and also why, with the gradual rise of a more searching psychology, they come to have a profound interest of their own.

The reason is that they are messages whose obvious superficial meaning is false or nonsensical; but from which, nevertheless, an indication may be drawn of the nature of processes within us which we cannot get at in any other way.

The value in diagnosis of the indications given by the hallucinations of the *insane* has long been recognized. With the hallucinations of insanity or delirium, however, we have here nothing to do; our present inquiry is restricted to sane persons, most of them, as we shall soon see, in perfectly normal health. Now until lately it was hardly thought possible for a sane and healthy person to undergo a hallucination. Hallucinations were vaguely confounded with *nightmares;* and if any one said that he had "seen a ghost," the recognized joke was to bid him "cure it with a pill" and avoid late suppers. Now late suppers will certainly produce nightmares,—vague dreamy oppressions of circulation or breathing, &c.; but, oddly enough, we cannot find among several hundreds of recent first-hand cases, which we have collected and studied, a single one where over-eating seems to have been the exciting cause of any definite hallucinatory figure or voice. *Starvation*, indeed, does produce hallucinations; so that if my reader should "see a ghost," and wish to ascribe it to his own interior condition, he may at least console himself by supposing that he has eaten too little instead of too much.

But the fact is that until a few years ago hardly anything was known as to these casual hallucinations of the sane. The same scanty anecdotes were repeated over and over again; and it hardly occurred to any one that the *content* of the hallucinatory pictures might be a valuable key to mental processes impossible to reach by other means. Two independent researches were then made which have given quite a new aspect to the study. In the first place the French hypnotists (Liébeault, Richet, Bernheim, &c.) showed again, as the older mesmerists had shown long ago, that it was possible to create in certain healthy subjects vivid and prolonged hallucinations by *suggestion* in the hypnotic state,—such suggestion taking effect either immediately, or at any subsequent date which the operator may choose to assign. That is, the hypnotiser can either say to his subject, "See, there is B.! Go and shake hands with him;" or

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he can say, "At noon next Tuesday, B. will enter your room, and you will shake hands with him," and in each case the subject will see B. at the time and in the attitude thus previously fixed for him. In this way hallucinations can be manufactured in any quantity; and we can analyse the elements of which they are composed, noting how much of the detail is due to the hypnotiser's suggestion, and how much to the subject's own mind.

An important step had thus been made in the study of the mechanism of *experimental* hallucination. There still remained the need of some wider knowledge as to what hallucinations *spontaneously* occur. It is to the late Mr. Edmund Gurney that we owe the first systematic attempt to supply this information on a large scale. He set on foot the first census of hallucinations, in 1885, and succeeded, after much trouble, in getting 5705 persons, selected at random, to answer questions somewhat resembling those which I shall presently describe. With the resulting information to go upon, the study of the hallucinations of the sane has left the anecdotical and entered on the scientific stage. A multitude of psychological questions are opened up; nor can any discussion on the nature of memory, the association of ideas, the scheme of images by which thought is carried on, the relation between the conscious and the unconscious mind, &c., be henceforth conducted without reference to what the study of hallucination has taught us.

Still more recently, a further discovery, or rather *re*-discovery of an ancient phenomenon, has shown still further possibilities of instruction. In a paper on "Some recent Experiments in Crystal-gazing," in Part XIV. of the 'Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research' (*Trübner*), we find the rational interpretation of many a discredited story from the Dark Ages or the East. Crystal-gazing, in fact, is simply an empirical method of inducing artificial hallucination. If a person gifted with the right kind of visual memory—or whatever the faculty be—looks intently into some clear object, undisturbed by reflections, he will gradually see scenes or figures shaping themselves therein. These figures are plainly analogous to figures seen in dreams; they seem generally to proceed from some unconscious stratum of the gazer's own mind; they rarely depict anything which he might not conceivably have dreamt. But at any rate there the figures are; they are hallucinations experimentally produced; the gazer can watch their behaviour—sometimes even through

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a magnifying-glass—and become, as it were, the conscious spectator of the automatic working of his own mind. Little is as yet known as to the conditions which tend to produce these figures; but there seems thus far to be no evidence that they are morbid phenomena, but rather to the contrary, that they come in times of healthy tranquillity, and are put a stop to by illness or fatigue.

These self-induced hallucinations, however, lie outside of our present subject. I mention them here in order to illustrate the growing change in our attitude towards hallucinations. We are ceasing to look on them exclusively as signs of injury or disturbance; we are beginning to regard them as messages transmitted upwards from the unconscious to the conscious self.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show that there may be a good deal of knowledge to be gained from the study of these singular bye-products of the human mind. Let us see in what way the Census attempts to gather it.

Professor Sidgwick, Hillside, Cambridge, will send to any one willing to aid a Paper A., affording space for twenty-five answers, Yes or No, to the following question :—"Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?"

This question has been carefully framed so as to exclude, as far as possible, both *dreams* and mere *illusions*, or misinterpretations of real sights and sounds; and to include all hallucinations, except those of taste or smell, which are rare and difficult to distinguish from mere illusions. It will be observed, moreover, that reports of sounds other than voices are not asked for; the reason being that it is difficult to be sure that such sounds have not some physical, but undetected cause. The first point which we wish to make out is *what percentage* of sane adults have had any kind of hallucination. It is therefore just as important to collect negative answers as affirmative. The question should be put indifferently to any acquaintance of the collector's; he should not single out those whom he knows to have had some hallucination. Such persons should indeed be asked for their experiences, but a mark should be put to their names in the census-paper to indicate that the collector knew before he asked them that their answer would be Yes. With a little care in this and other points, which I need not here explain in detail, it is

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possible to get a very fair sample of the experience of the community at large. There were good reasons for thinking that even Mr. Gurney's 5700 formed a fair sample; and the number of replies which we now hope to collect should be five or ten times larger.

When, however, these answers Yes or No have been collected, the greater part of the work still remains to be done. It remains to elicit the real meaning of the affirmative answers; and for this purpose, a Paper B. is submitted to each informant who has answered Yes to the question on Paper A.

After asking for an account of the actual experience, Paper B. proceeds to inquire whether the percipient—the person who experienced the hallucination—was in grief or anxiety at the time. Grief and anxiety are popularly supposed to be strongly predisposing causes of hallucination; and no doubt they are so to some extent. But the result of our collections thus far,—both of Mr. Gurney's census and of many other inquiries made in different ways—has been to show that the influence of these moral causes has been much exaggerated, and that *emotional* hallucinations (so to term them) form a small proportion of the total numbers. And here we approach the most curious point in the whole inquiry; the evidence, namely, that the percipient's hallucination is often due not to his own state, but to the state of some other person. The next question on Paper B. runs as follows:—"Was the impression that of some one whom you were in the habit of seeing, and do you know what he or she was doing at the time?" Now in a proportion of cases which, as it stands at present, is far too large for chance to explain, the answer to this question would have to be, "the person whose figure I saw was *dying* at the time, although I was in no way aware of it."

It might have been expected that relatives watching by a death-bed, or anxiously awaiting the news of a death, might experience some imaginary sound or sight. But no ordinary explanation will meet the unquestionable fact that many trustworthy men and women have experienced the sole hallucination of their lives in the shape of the figure of a friend, at the moment when that friend, about whom they felt no anxiety whatever, was actually dying in some distant place. This, as some of my readers may know, is the main thesis which the testimony collected in 'Phantasms of the Living' tends to prove; and during the three years which have passed since the

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publication of that work the evidence for that thesis, in this and other countries, has become materially stronger. The force of evidence of this kind is *cumulative;* and inasmuch as the detailed cases are tedious reading, and the whole conception of *telepathy*, or influence exercised at a distance by one mind upon another, is strange and repugnant to many minds, it will be necessary to go on patiently gathering fresh evidence for a long time before we can expect its weight to be generally admitted. But I beg of the reader to observe that in advocating and carrying out this present census we are offering to those who differ from us the only possible method of conclusively *disproving* our own view. Suppose that 50,000 answers, or more, are collected from England, France, America, &c., and that among those answers we find few or no *veridical* or truth-telling hallucinations—sights or sounds which in some way coincide with some actual event, like a death, occurring at a distance, but a great multitude of *falsehood*-telling images; figures of friends whom the percipient supposes to be dying, but who are really in their ordinary state, and the like—then it may become plain that we must explain away as the effect of chance even the close and detailed coincidences of which 'Phantasms of the Living' affords many specimens. If the inquiry is pushed far enough, it must either refute or confirm our theory in a decisive manner. Other points of interest there will be on which the census will probably suggest as many problems as it solves. But on this point of *coincidence*, if only the inquiry goes far enough, the mere doctrine of chances must afford a conclusive reply.

Those of us who believe in these truth-telling or veridical hallucinations have at least, therefore, done all that we could to put our view to the test. We formed that view on the strength of evidence collected in a less systematic mode than the census offers, but greatly exceeding in amount all previously existing first-hand evidence as to the hallucinations of the sane. We tested this evidence as well as we could; travelling many hundred miles in order to obtain personal knowledge of our informants. We then published the evidence in full detail, endeavouring to bring out its weak as well as its strong points. Mr. Gurney then laboriously carried out his census, in order to ascertain whether there was such a multitude of merely delusive hallucinations in the world that the coincidences which we had discovered could be explicable by chance. The figures resulting

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from his census told strongly—I might say conclusively—against the explanation by chance. But it was still his wish—which is now being carried out—so largely to extend this basis of inquiry, that the result, on one side or the other, might come out with the clearness of a mathematical operation.

The public may, I think, be confident that the census will be fairly conducted. The name of Professor Sidgwick, whom the Congress has set over the task in England, does not need my comments. M. Marillier, who is managing the Census in France, is necessarily less known to my readers; so I may say without offence that he was selected simply for his scientific competence, and that he is at present unconvinced of the existence of any veridical hallucinations at all, and inclined to press the explanations of *chance* and *defective testimony* to the utmost.

Whatever the truth may ultimately prove to be, surely the patient dispassionate collection of actual contemporary facts is the only course worthy of fair-minded men in an age of science.

The next question on Paper B. brings us to a point of singular significance. "Were there other persons present with you at the time? and, if so, did they in any way share the experience?" Now hitherto hallucinations, strictly speaking, have been supposed as a matter of course to be confined to the one mind which creates them. Of course, *insane delusions*, of persecution and the like, are frequently propagated by suggestion from one insane person to another. But who would think of asking whether a stranger coming into the room while Nicolai was watching his phantasmal figures would have observed any greyish people passing through the apartment? The delusion depending on the state of Nicolai's brain must obviously be confined to the sufferer himself. Well, we have discovered a good many cases in which, contrary to all apparent probability, the same phantasmal figure has been observed, or voice heard—simultaneously, distinctly, and without traceable suggestion—by more than one percipient at the same moment. Look at this fact how you will, it is one of the greatest puzzles which psychology has ever encountered. We cannot wonder that persons who have had such an experience as this should altogether repudiate the idea of a *hallucination*—should assert that what they saw must have been in some sense a *reality*. And in the present state of our knowledge we cannot answer such remonstrances. We cannot bring forward cases where hallucinations which were provably the mere result of morbid states have been communicated without suggestion from one

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person to another. And, if the word hallucination be objected to, it may be dropped altogether. Its use has been avoided in the census-papers which I am describing, in order to avoid even the appearance of prejudging any question which the inquiry raises.

As an illustration of the kind of difficulty which meets us here, I will give a brief sketch of a case, not of an emotional or exciting kind, communicated to us independently by the two percipients, who have never talked of the matter and scarcely met since the month of the incident, and whose accounts coincide with remarkable closeness, considering that one account was written down nineteen years, and the other twenty-three years, after the incident. It is worth noting, by the way, that it is impossible to generalize as to the degree of correctness of memory after the lapse of a given number of years. Sometimes details are utterly distorted after a few years' interval; sometimes, as here, independent accounts will reproduce the incident many years afterwards with no more discrepancy than there might have been were the story a week old. We printed this case in 'Phantasms of the Living' (vol. ii. p. 348), on the strength of Mrs. Elgee's sole testimony, being then unable to trace her fellow-percipient, now Mrs. Ramsay, but whose married name Mrs. Elgee did not know. By a fortunate accident we lit on Mrs. Ramsay, who kindly consented to write out *her* account before reading Mrs. Elgee's; and we had then the satisfaction of perceiving that our confidence in Mrs. Elgee's accuracy of recollection had been fully justified. These two ladies, who were travelling to India together, but not otherwise intimate, were sleeping in the same room at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Cairo, in November, 1864. Both of them, without any communication, saw by the early morning light a figure in the room. It is absolutely impossible that the figure can have been a real person; and it was in fact recognized by Mrs. Elgee as the phantasmal likeness of [General, then] Major Elgee's intimate friend, Colonel L. (since dead), who was at that time in England, and who, as Mrs. Elgee learnt from himself subsequently, was at that moment—unless some error has crept into the dates—earnestly desiring to consult her as to an offered appointment. Well, if Mrs. Elgee alone had seen the figure, the hallucination (though unique in her life) might have been deemed a purely subjective phenomenon, and the coincidence with Colonel L.'s earnest thought of her might have been ascribed to chance. But

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the curious thing is that Miss Dennys (now Mrs. Ramsay)—who had never seen Colonel L., and knew nothing about him—actually saw the figure *first.* Mosquitoes had kept her broad awake; she saw the figure-form itself in the room and advance to Mrs. Elgee, and she saw Mrs. Elgee wake and show perturbation at the sight. Each lady describes the figure's movements and expression in much the same way, but the lady who did not know Colonel L. thinks that the figure had a beard, whereas Colonel L. had only whiskers and moustache. Mrs. Ramsay, like Mrs. Elgee, has never seen any other hallucinatory figure whatever. Now we do not of course expect that every one will implicitly accept the explanations offered in 'Phantasms of the Living' for this or cognate phenomena. Far from it; there must be a much wider attention directed to these problems before any consensus as to their solution can be attained. But the man who thinks that there is here *no* problem to solve—that the collection of further cases of the kind could teach us *nothing*—has surely marked out the limits of human knowledge with his own foot-rule in somewhat too confident a spirit.

The next question on our census-paper is as follows: "Please state whether you have had such an experience more than once, and, if so, give particulars of the different occasions." This question also has brought some interesting replies. In the first place, it is clear that if a percipient (like Mrs. Elgee and Mrs. Ramsay above) has had one single hallucination only in the course of his life, and if that one hallucination has coincided with the death or grave crisis of the person whose phantom is seen, the *evidential* value of the case is greatly strengthened. If the single hallucination of my life represents my friend Smith, and Smith dies at that moment, there is more ground for supporting a real connection between the two events than if I had several hallucinations every week; and it so happens that the majority of the persons who have had a *coincidental* or *veridical* hallucination have had no other hallucination whatever. But there are cases where the same percipient has had several, or many, hallucinations. Sometimes all of these seem to be merely subjective, and to occur only under special conditions of health. Sometimes, on the contrary, the same percipient will have experienced several hallucinations of varying kinds, all of which seem to have coincided with some external event which they in some way notified or represented. And sometimes—and these are not the least instructive cases—the same percipient

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will have had some truth-telling and some delusive hallucinations, which two classes will sometimes be distinguishable by his own sensations at the time, before the event is known.

I have indicated some of the more important points which the census-papers are intended to bring out. Thus far the collector's work, and the percipient's, will go; the task of weighing and analysing the evidence is a more complicated one, and cannot be described here. Suffice it to say that our principle has always been to give our material fully to the world; to afford our readers (as far as we can) the same opportunity with ourselves for independent judgment; and carefully to point out any mistakes into which we may discover ourselves to have fallen.

We will do our best, I say, to present the evidence in such form that others may be able to judge of its value as well as ourselves. But we cannot make bricks without straw. The success of the inquiry depends in reality on the number of persons whom we can persuade to expend a certain amount of time, trouble, and tact, in collecting first-hand evidence from their own acquaintances. Our group of active and capable volunteer collectors is a growing one; and we observe that, as soon as any one has looked deeply enough into the matter to feel its *reality*, his interest is pretty certain to continue and to increase. Considering how many people there are who are anxious for more light on the deepest problems, we may fairly hope that more and more of them will come to see that it is by collecting facts, and not by cherishing aspirations or spinning fancies, that light is ultimately won.

Light, I repeat, on the deepest problems which can occupy mankind. For although I have thought it right to explain that in the view of the majority of the *savants* who have set their sanction on this inquiry the fresh knowledge to be looked for is such as will fall within the domain of accepted science, ordinary psychology, yet I have no wish to conceal my own confident hope that more light will thus be shed, even as (I hold) much light has already been shed, on man's inmost nature, and his prospect of survival after death.

Up till the present time there has been scarcely any serious attempt to collect and weigh the actual *evidence* for our survival, in the same way as we collect and weigh the evidence—often still more sporadic and inferential—for all kinds of phenomena in the past or present history of the earth and man. The inquiry is virtually a new one; and although to those who are wont to scale the Infinite with leaps and bounds ours may seem a sadly *terre-*

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à-terre proceeding, yet the advantage of *terre-à-terre* progress is that at least you feel firm ground beneath your feet.

A pike and a perch—my readers will recognize that this is a fact and not an apologue—were once confined in a tank, each on one side of a glass partition. For some months the pike butted constantly against the transparent barrier, with no result except bruises on his nose. At last he concluded that the perch could not be caught, and ceased to try for it. The partition was then removed; and the pike could have swallowed the perch at any moment. But he had made up his mind that the thing was impossible, and he let his prey swim under his jaws without even making a snatch at it.

Now let the pike represent mankind, and let the perch stand for knowledge of an unseen world. The sheet of glass will be the supposed impassable demarcation between "material" and "spiritual"—"natural" and "supernatural" things. Perhaps if we make a bold dash we shall find that there is no barrier at all, and that perches innumerable are swimming about in our midst. Let us hope that the meshes of our census may be drawn tightly enough to catch them.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

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Fleets and Forts.

A GREAT deal of discussion has been going on of late between those who desire to persuade the public that this country can and should be defended against any formidable attack by the Navy, and nothing but the Navy, and those who, while admitting that the Navy should be developed to its utmost possible strength, yet hold that land-defences in considerable measure are equally necessary for a perfect and efficient system of defence; but it seems to me that there is still room for something to be said, in order that the public may fairly and thoroughly understand the position.

I have said a "formidable attack," because those who think strong land-defences a costly mistake, admit the advantage of slight, lightly-armed works, capable of keeping off chance cruisers bent on the petty operations which General Lloyd, who studied these questions in the interest of the French more than a hundred years ago, derided as "operations for robbing hen-roosts." They only deny, and with some scorn, the necessity or the advantage of such extensive, strong, and heavily armed defences as were projected and carried out some thirty years ago, according to the necessities and conditions of those days.

The presumption from tradition is entirely in favour of the forts, for throughout the whole of our history the wise men who have ruled our destinies have provided strong defensive works on certain parts of our coasts, in many cases in the same places as our most recent works. At Dover, for instance, may be seen a succession of works of the strongest kind, beginning with those erected in Norman times, followed by additions and improvements in the later medieval periods; then by samples of the new fortification introduced by the Italians in Henry VIII.'s reign. Of these Holinshed says: "The most prouident prince that

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ever raigned in this land for the fortification thereof against all outward enemies was the late prince of famous memorie, King Henry Eight, who besides that he repaired such as were alreadie standing, builded sundry out of the ground. . . . Having offended the Pope, the Emperor, and the French King, he determined to stand upon his own defence, and therefore with no small speede and like charge he builded sundry blockhouses, castells, and platformes upon diverse frontieres of his realme . . . whereby no doubt he did verie much qualify the concieved grudges of his aduersaries, *and utterly put off their hastie purpose of invasion.*" Other works were constructed at Dover, when invasion seemed possible in the 17th, 18th, and early part of the 19th century, so that a history of the Art of Fortification might easily be illustrated by examples taken from existing works there. Portsmouth has been a fortress for centuries; Plymouth has its citadel, erected in the time of Charles II., and large defensive works have been constructed at both places at subsequent periods; and elsewhere forts, expressly intended to guard against invasion on a large scale, have been systematically provided for three hundred years or more. Our forefathers late in the last and early in the present century established for themselves a more decided superiority at sea than we could hope to have at the beginning of a war, and the commerce they had to protect was incomparably less than our Navy would now have on its hands; yet they did not think land-defences by any means superfluous. It is well known that the large works of thirty years ago were carried into effect at the instance and by the advice of statesmen soldiers and sailors, some of whom had a practical experience of warfare, and of the necessities of this country in regard to defence incomparably larger than any of our statesmen soldiers or sailors now living; and in the case of several of them the views they held as to the most effective means of providing against the contingencies of the future, and of the conditions under which any future contest would be carried on, were founded on a vivid personal recollection of the times when England was struggling for existence. They were as well aware as we are now that the conditions had been altered for the worse for England, inasmuch as she depends for her food in these days on the efficiency with which her Navy keeps open the lines of sea commerce by which it is brought, and they found in that a reason the more for the land works they recommended.

We ought therefore to hesitate a long time before accepting

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the views of the new lights, who tell us in effect that during all these years we have been blindly throwing away money by not relying solely on the Navy, because we try to guard against the contingency of the Navy by some mischance failing us temporarily at the critical moment.

I believe the arguments of these latter days are correctly represented as follows: 1. There are two conceivable ways by which England may be brought to her knees and put at the mercy of an enemy, viz., by successful invasion of the territory, or by stoppage of her commerce, especially that by which she is supplied with food. 2. The latter is so much the easier, that any enemy which had sufficient naval strength would undoubtedly select it by preference for effecting his object. 3. To prevent this we must have a fleet powerful enough to have command of the sea. 4. If we thus have command of the sea no invasion is possible, so that we need make no provision against this contingency. We should limit our land-defences to means of resisting small flying attacks on our coast towns or principal ports.

This argument has such an attractive appearance, and sounds so sensible and so obvious, that one wonders how it happens that it has only just been revealed. On examination the reason will be found in observing that the keystone of this argument lies in the words "command of the sea," which is a somewhat elastic term, and it is necessary to consider in what sense it is used by those who hold these views. Have we the necessary command of the sea in that sense now? I believe they would say, No. Have we ever during the present generation, or, say, during the last fifty years, had it? I believe that a great body of authoritative naval opinion would also answer to this question, No. I certainly have been an attentive observer of these matters for a considerable time, and I do not think that there have ever been, say, five consecutive years in which it has not been alleged on excellent authority that our Navy was in a disgracefully dangerous state of weakness, compared with those of other naval powers, and in which, consequently, special efforts have not been put forth to repair the errors or neglect of past administrations, to be followed after an interval by a renewal of similar depreciation of our naval condition. I am aware that we are now making one of these special efforts, and no doubt a considerable addition to our strength of ships will result by 1894; meanwhile we are admittedly too weak, and I do not

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feel any confidence that, before our deficiency is remedied, other powers will not have put forward similar efforts, or that the progress of knowledge and invention may not prove our efforts to have taken a wrong direction, or that we shall be in such unquestioned superiority as the foregoing argument requires, even if what we are doing is supposed to put us into that position. In fact, I see that professional opinion already asserts that, when all is done that is now projected, we shall not be in a position to defy a possible combination against us.

It will be instructive to recall what our grandfathers had to do in order to obtain command of the sea, and what standard of superiority constituted protection against invasion according to their views.

From 1792 to 1798 we had four successful stand-up fights with the French fleet, besides numerous other engagements and single actions with men-of-war, and two victories over the Dutch fleets. This did not prevent the French from sending in 1798 an invading army of 30,000 men from Toulon to Egypt, capturing Malta on the way, and landing troops to help the Irish rebellion besides.

Up to 1802 we had taken and destroyed 541 ships of French, Spanish, and other powers in alliance with them, of which 277 were ships of the line and frigates; yet in 1803 the most formidable preparations for invasion were at once commenced, and the strategy by which Napoleon designed to secure the necessary temporary superiority in the Channel was as nearly as possible successful. It was not until the French and Spanish fleets were absolutely destroyed at Trafalgar that we ceased to be in danger; but even then we felt it necessary to take or destroy the Danish and Russian fleets, and between 1802 and 1814 we took or destroyed 569 ships, of which 281 were line-of-battle ships and frigates. After all these years of successful naval war, we still found it necessary to spend £18,786,509 per annum on our Navy, and to maintain a force of 901 ships, of which 177 were line-of-battle ships, to guard the commerce and the colonies of those days.

I do not think that the naval strength which would be necessary to put us in a corresponding position of superiority now has ever been laid down by any responsible person and accepted by competent naval authorities; estimates have certainly been made by men having the highest claims to attention of the force necessary to keep our commercial routes open, and

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these have been at once set aside as beyond the possibility of realization. We have to take into account naval powers which had no existence half a century ago, so that, on the whole, I venture to think that until this crucial point is settled—first by satisfying ourselves that we can provide a naval force which *at the commencement of a war* would secure to us such absolute and unquestioned command of the sea as the argument assumes; and, secondly, by actually finding ourselves in possession of such a force and providing permanently for keeping it up—it would be infatuation to reject such help as has always hitherto been sought by the provision of land works.

Our food supplies may come to us from the North of Europe, from the South of Europe, from America, or from India and Australia by the Cape of Good Hope. Would an enemy find it easier to permanently block all these routes than to achieve a temporary superiority, say, in the Channel? The task thrown upon our Navy would be to keep all of these lines open, to protect the commerce passing along them, and, with the help of local works and local forces, to prevent an enemy from ruining our colonies and capturing or destroying our coaling stations. Surely this task is so large that the Navy might welcome such help from land works as would justify our naval commanders in not feeling absolutely tied to our shores, and make them so far free in their movements that they might leave these coasts for a time with confidence in their being able to take care of themselves.

There are some who hold that the command of the sea is ensured to us by simply having a certain number of ships in excess of our strongest possible enemy. But this view ignores altogether the art of war, which is to contrive to be in superior force *at the decisive point.* A skilful strategist may achieve this, though on the whole inferior to his enemy. It is what Napoleon aimed at in 1805, and failed in only by reason of the faint-heartedness of his Admiral at one critical moment, which alone saved us from his formidable invasion. He wanted only twelve hours for the crossing, and three weeks in the country, for he said, "Je n'allais pas soumettre et occuper comme César la fière Albion; j'allais ruiner ses chantiers, ses arsenaux, ses manufactures." If, therefore, we depend for our "command of the sea" on any such limited superiority, we must assume the certainty of our fleet being so skilfully managed that it may not be outmanœuvred and find itself in inferior force at the

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decisive point; for, if we may be allowed to assume the loss of this superiority for a time in any of the various localities our fleet would have to guard, that might be the particular one an enemy had selected for an invasion. What guarantee have we that our naval affairs will be so skilfully conducted? Is our system of government and of naval administration such as to make it even probable that we shall have the highest naval ability at the head of affairs when the critical moment arrives? As it seems to me, the unquestionable command of the sea at all times and places which is necessary to justify the arguments of those who would have us rely on the Navy, and nothing but the Navy, is only possible when we shall have crushed and destroyed the fleets of our enemies as we finally did at Trafalgar. Until that event happened, both Napoleon and our forefathers believed invasion to be practicable, although we certainly held command of the sea more effectively than we could now hope to do at the beginning of a war.

We have for so long been accustomed to the remembrance of our naval successes in the last great war with France as to forget that not many years before that period the French fleet was superior to us in the Channel, and that our supremacy has frequently been far from assured and unquestioned. It has become, too, an article of faith among us, that if an English and a foreign fleet of anything like equal force meet in battle we are bound to be victorious; but I venture to think that we have to prove our superiority afresh under modern conditions, as we did under the old conditions. Most of the elements of our superiority in the old war have disappeared in the changes of naval construction and armament that have occurred since those days, and it is not wise to leave out of account the possibility of disaster which might imperil our superiority, and make us welcome any assistance our Navy could receive by being temporarily relieved from one of its tasks.

It should be remembered that an invasion is a very much easier operation if the enemy has not to make provision for the attack of formidable works of fortification. To transport and disembark an army fit for fighting a battle or two is one thing —to transport and disembark an army, with means of laying siege to strong and extensive works, is quite another; and the time required for the former operation is so much less than for the latter, that it would be fair to say that the one might be

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effected by an enemy who could outmanœuvre our fleet, as Napoleon did at the beginning of the century; while the latter implies a very much more prolonged superiority of the enemy in our home waters than mere outmanœuvring could effect.

If the principles laid down by those who deny the necessity for extensive land works, and disparage those which were erected on the advice of the Royal Commission of 1859, and who contend that all our resources should be expended on building and arming ships, had prevailed at that time, we should have spent the money the Government decided to spend on the land works the Commission recommended, in building ships of the type in favour at that period. The most advanced type of ship at that time was the *Warrior*, which had four and a half inches of armour, and cost £400,000. For our six millions we should have had fifteen of these ships, and should have now what remained of them after nearly thirty years' service. Would anybody say that these obsolete and worn-out vessels could give protection to our naval ports and arsenals which could compare with what the works actually put up on the land and sea fronts give them; or in fact any protection at all? On the other hand, the land works, if in some respects not abreast of the latest ideas, could without great difficulty be made so, or nearly so. Those on the land fronts, intended to prevent an enemy contemplating the possibility of capturing these ports by a force landed to right or left of them, fulfil that object as well as when first erected, for it cannot be doubted that these works would prove so formidable an obstacle to the designs of any enemy, as immensely to increase the difficulty of an attack on the places they defend, and so make the attempt highly improbable.

Ships have over fixed works the advantage of mobility; they can go where it is supposed they are wanted; but the same mobility may take them away from where they are wanted, and thus the fort has this advantage, that it is sure to be on the spot when required. It stands to reason that, gun for gun, the ship, which is a floating battery with capacity for rapid movement, must cost more than a fort which rests on solid ground, and it is subject to contingencies a fort cannot suffer from. A sunken rock, a storm, a ram or a torpedo may send it to the bottom even in time of peace, like the *Captain*, the *Vanguard*, the *Sultan*, and the *Grosser Kurfurst*, and of course the cost of repair and maintenance of the ship vastly exceeds that of a fort; while its

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natural life is incomparably shorter. It used to be estimated that a ship lasted on an average thirty years, but the strain of firing the enormous guns now carried will much reduce this, and prevent vessels keeping the sea so long as formerly.

It would be unreasonable to deny that there must be some limit to our capacity for creating and manning fleets. The warships of the present day are machines of the most intricate construction, twenty-nine hydraulic machines are required to work the largest guns, and each ship must carry, besides ordinary seamen, a considerable trained staff to manage the machinery and work the guns. The available supply of this staff must be limited in amount, so that it would be difficult to increase their numbers or to replace losses. How unwise, then, it would be to throw upon this one limited class the whole burden of the defence of the country, instead of taking advantage of all its resources in preparing our system of defence! Instead of saying, Dispense with land defences as much as possible, it would be much more reasonable to say, Dispense with naval defences wherever it is possible, that is, wherever the objects to be defended are themselves fixed, and so set the Navy free for duties which it alone can fulfil, viz., those for which mobility is required.

The works which have already been constructed in accordance with these views should therefore be kept up in full efficiency, and be altered or strengthened so as to meet the change and advances in the form of weapons of attack since they were constructed. Further, effect should be given to the well-considered recommendations as to the provision of an arsenal or arsenals instead of, or in addition to, our only one at Woolwich, where its capture and destruction would be one of the early objects of an invasion.

The necessary steps should also be taken to make it clear that an enemy could not hope to capture the Capital unless he were able to devote to the operation the time and means required for the attack of a fortified position, for such a conviction would go very far to prevent such an operation being contemplated.

The subjects, to the discussion of which I have ventured to contribute this article, are of such vital importance, that an authoritative conclusion, such as the public could place confidence in, should be come to upon them. This will not be effected by speeches in Parliament carried on between persons who have not and do not pretend to any technical knowledge, but have to get

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up the case like a counsel from his brief—nor by individual writers in the press, whose difference of opinion gives the politician who shrinks from the expenditure involved the convenient excuse that the experts are not agreed among themselves. It might well be made the duty of a Royal Commission to examine these questions and settle the principles on which our defence against invasion should be founded. They should consider and report:—1. What naval force would be necessary by itself to assure us *at the beginning of a war* such superiority at sea as would protect our colonies and our commerce, secure us our food supplies, and also give us complete immunity from invasion? 2. Could we create and keep up such a force, and at what cost? or, 3. Is it necessary to continue and develop the system of guarding our territory by land defences so as to assist the Navy in repelling an invasion and give it greater freedom for performing its other duties? 4. Would it be desirable to protect London either by a system of works surrounding it, or by several independent fortified positions on or near the line of an enemy's advance? 5. What steps should be taken to remove the disadvantage arising from our only or chief arsenal being in such an exposed position as Woolwich?

E. F. Du Cane.

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Joel Quaife's Return.

I.

In one of the most solitary ranges of the South Downs a man was fighting his way against a storm of wind and rain, which seemed to beat upon him from all quarters of the heavens at once. Night was coming on, and heavy clouds were blowing up from seaward. Sometimes the "denes," or valleys, were full of mist, and the man looked round him every now and then as if he were not sure of his track. A sort of mystery always hovers over the South Downs in the dim light of a winter's evening. The winds rush in and out of the hollows with strange wild sounds. Sometimes they fill the air with cries which seem to come from human beings in pain. A nervous or superstitious person might imagine that the weird spirits which, as the old people believe, still linger in these secluded hills were holding high carnival, and seeking to drive the intruding mortal from their domain. Every such sound evidently had an effect upon the man who was battling against the storm on this December night. Wet, cold, and miserable, he looked eagerly round for some place of shelter. There was nothing better than the thick furze, which, in some places, had grown to a height of ten or twelve feet. A pile which had been cut for fuel stood ready to be carted off by the side of the faint track the man was following. He threw himself down at the back of it, so as to get some shelter from the wind, and lit a short black pipe. For a little while he sat motionless, puffing jets of smoke from his mouth; then he began talking in a low voice, as if some one had silently joined him.

"I was a fool to come here at all," he said; "but I never till now fancied there was any danger in it. Night and day, something was always pushing me on to come back. If it all turns out right, I shall say it was luck; anyhow, it can't be worse than it was over there in Canady. *There's* a starvation hole for

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you, if you like! I thought I might as well be hard up here as there—if you've got to starve, may as well do it in your own country. It comes a bit easier at home—anyhow, I fancied so. Must die somewhere—what's the odds where, provided it isn't——" Here the man stopped short, and stood up and looked round him nervously. There was a hunted look in his eyes; for a moment or two his hand shook so that the pipe fell from it, and lay in fragments on the ground. This mishap appeared to rouse him from his dreams.

"That's gone," said he, with an oath, as he kicked the broken pipe from him; "it was about the only thing I had left. What the deuce came over me all at once?" He shook himself impatiently, and strode on towards the ridge of the hill, in the hope of descrying some cottage or barn before the night set in. His head was bent down, his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he went along at a pace which showed that he was still in the full vigour of his powers. By the time he neared the ridge, there was so little daylight left that he could scarcely see more than a few yards round him in any direction. The only object on which his eyes fell was a small cottage, in a hollow of the Downs, with a large rambling barn standing near it—a place where, at least, a rough shelter might be found. The man quickened his steps until he got close to the cottage, when some unaccountable impulse seemed to stop him, and again the hunted look came into his face. In a moment he had hurried from the direction of the cottage down towards the valley.

"Anywhere but there," he muttered, as he tried to retrace his steps. "I thought I was miles away from here. The round tops of these hills are enough to confuse the very deuce. But I know where I am now. I can get to Newhaven in an hour."

The darkness had come on so quickly that the hour had passed away, and another after it, and still the traveller was as far as ever from Newhaven.

II.

A few minutes after he had turned away from the cottage, a strange-looking figure was advancing towards it from an opposite direction. It was dressed in a long coat reaching to the heels; on its head was a dilapidated felt hat; in the right hand it brandished a long ash stick, which it sometimes threw with sure aim at a small herd of cows. Presently a cry was heard from the

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direction of the cottage, a cry several times repeated—"Barbara, Barbara!" The person in the long coat answered with a peculiar whoop, which rung through the hollows far and near. Apparently the signal was understood, for the call was not renewed. The cows were shut up in the barn, and the long-coated figure made its way towards the cottage, at the door of which an old man was standing.

"Here you be at last," said he querulously; "I began to be afeared you was lost. Come in, gal, come in! My rheumatics is worse than ever, and I be that dog-tired I can scarcely stand. I brought in the 'ood, and lit the fire; let us have our bit o' supper afore it gets bed-time. What's the good o' bein' so late?"

The long coat was taken off, and the wearer shook her black hair free from the rain which had gathered in it. Her frame was vigorous and strong, but in her eyes there was a half vacant and wandering look, and she seemed unconscious even of her father's presence after the first greeting. She went about the cottage talking to herself as she spread a homely, but clean, cloth for the evening meal. In the corner stood her father's crook, the true crook of a South Down shepherd. It had belonged to John Zone's grandfather, and few are to be seen like it in these degenerate days. The girl touched it in a friendly way as she passed, threw a fresh heap of faggots upon the fire, and then took her supper by fits and starts, the father watching her with uneasy glances. At last she sat down on a low stool by the side of the fire, and rocked herself to and fro, humming broken snatches of songs, as if she were singing a child to sleep.

"Ay, that's the way she goes on now," said the old man with a heavy sigh. "That's been her way ever since the night her mother died. It's over ten years ago this very month, and she gets worse and worse. At first she would talk to me now and then; now she says nothing for two or three 'days together, unless I ask her about them cows. Barbara, Barbara, I say!" and here the shepherd raised his voice a little, "the beastës have got the disease down at Mus' Vinall's farm. It be a spreadin' all over. Has any o' your cows been took?"

"No, father; there's one a little lame, but it be'ant the disease. I don't let them go near Mus' Vinall's land." Then she relapsed into dead silence.

"Ask her a question about the beastës," muttered the shepherd, "and she'll answer you like any Christian; but if you speak to her 'bout sothin' else, she turns deaf or foolish, like she is

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now." The girl was looking straight at him, but apparently she did not see him. Her mind, for the moment, was a perfect blank.

"She saw that man," muttered the father, in a lower tone; "perhaps she actually saw it done. She was took the same night as her mother died—I thought she knew who did it. But she could not speak; for a long time she was a' daft. She were allus fond of her mother, poor gal, and still thinks she's comin' home some day."

The shepherd lit his pipe, and sat down opposite his daughter at the fireside, but she took no heed of him. Her hands were clasped round her knees, and except for the crooning sound which she occasionally made, and her rocking motion, she showed no sign of life or consciousness. The shepherd had fallen half asleep, and his daughter appeared to be asleep too; but at length she turned her head towards the door, and drew herself up in a listening attitude. The storm had increased in violence, and swept over the Downs in sudden gusts which shook the cottage until doors and windows rattled. But these were not the sounds which roused the girl. She stood up and put her hands on her father's shoulder.

"What's the matter with thee now?" he asked. "One of thy bad dreams comin' on? Better have it out upstairs, gal. Go to bed; it's a'most nine, I reckon." But she did not change her position. She pointed to the door, and said, "There is some one coming; we must let him in."

The father looked up astonished. "It's one of they tramps," he replied; "why should we let him in? He must go on furder, I reckon, for I won't have him here. The last one we took in gave us a lot of trouble before we were rid an him. There were no tramps on these Downs when I was a lad; but now they're all over the country, for beggin' comes easier than workin' to some folk. I allus thought it must have been a tramp that was here the night your mother died; but no one can tell now —unless it be you."

"There it is again," said the girl, apparently not hearing him. Three loud blows upon the door resounded through the little room.

"It be the wind; haven't ye larned to know its tricks yet? Doesn't it sometimes nearly break the door in, ay, and make the walls quake like as if they'd coom down? I tell ye there be nobody theer; why dost look so scared? If it is

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a tramp, ye needn't be so afeared—ye've seen one afore to-day, surelye?"

"I know who it is," said the girl, with a strange fire in her eye, "and he must come in. I knew he'd be here at last."

"Who do you mean?" asked the shepherd, taking the girl by the shoulder, as if trying to awaken her. "Why don't ye go to bed?"

"I tell you, father, he must come in," she repeated; and there was something in her manner which compelled him to give way. She motioned him towards the door, and a spell seemed to be upon him. He took up his crook, and went to the door, while his daughter watched him as if all power of movement and speech had been taken from her.

III.

The bolt was drawn back, at the same moment the latch was lifted from without, and a man hustled himself into the room. For a moment or two he stood as if bewildered, and there was a strange silence. The stranger's gaze was fixed from the first moment upon Barbara. He stood staring at her as if she had been the ghost of one whom he had known long ago, and under the first influence of some strong emotion he turned to the door to face the storm and darkness again, but a look from the girl seemed to hold him fast. He was a man of about fifty, with a grizzled beard and thin hair, wrinkled and worn in feature, and a restless look hovered over his face.

"Well, some of you here know me, I suppose," said he, with a hard laugh, as he threw his hat upon the floor, and passed his hands over his dripping clothes. "I've been out there long enough, and thought I'd just drop in to see you, in a friendly way. I reckon *you've* seen me before, anyhow," and he turned to the shepherd as he spoke. John Zone looked at him doubtfully, then went up closer to him and peered into his face.

"So you're back again," said he, when he had finished his scrutiny; "I thought you were dead long ago, Joel Quaife!" The daughter started slightly when the name was mentioned, and she again fixed her eyes searchingly upon the stranger. Her gaze irritated him, and he turned impatiently away.

"Dead men don't come back, John Zone," said he, "whatever they may tell 'ee. The women folk may, though," he added, with a sort of shiver; "leastways, I know of one as does, and

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not only at night nuther; I've seen her at times when I knew I was awake. You can't keep 'em from worrittin' of ye, livin' or dead." He moved round to the fire as he spoke, and sat down on the stool before it.

"What brings thee back here when every one thought thee dead?" asked the shepherd, suspiciously.

"I came back because I was tired of furrin parts," replied the stranger. "I thought all my old friends would be glad to see me again; but you don't seem to be over glad."

"Have ye been far away?" said the shepherd, not committing himself to any opinion.

"Ay, to Ameriky, Canady, all sorts of places. At last I wanted to see the old country again; but I'm thinkin' I'd better ha' stayed where I was. I've been wanderin' round this house the last three hours at least—lost! These Downs all look alike at night."

"Coom a little nearer the fire," said the shepherd, moved to sympathy, in spite of his distrust.

"I'll be glad enough to do that, for I'm nearly starved with the cold. I did my best to get on to Newhaven, but somehow I was always brought back to your cottage, and glad I was at last to see the light in your window. I thought to sleep among the furze, but it was too cold and wet. So I had to come here after all—it's what they call fate, and you can't run away from that. Anyhow, I'm here, and I can't stand that cold outside any more to-night. So you'll let me bide here, John, for the sake of old times?" As he spoke his eye rested upon Barbara, and a fit of ague seemed to seize him. He trembled all over, and his teeth chattered violently. The shepherd looked at him in alarm.

"Don't be scared," said the man, "you've seen the shakes before to-day, down in the brooks yonder. I caught mine in Ameriky. They're bigger over there, to match the country." As he spoke, Barbara came softly to the fire and threw more fuel upon it.

"That's right," said the stranger, rubbing his hands gleefully; "there was always lots o' dry fuzz about here, and it makes a good fire when you can't get nothing better. On with it, lass. There's a wind outside enough to freeze a man's heart in him, if he had any to freeze. Who is she?" he said to Zone, pointing to Barbara. "She stares at me as if I had come out of a wild-beast show. What ails her?"

"It's my darter. Don't you remember her?"

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"I never see her before as I know on, but she'll remember *me* next time." The girl laughed aloud, but there was a ring in her laugh which the stranger evidently did not like. He left off rubbing his hands, and looked hard and long at the girl.

"Is she a natural, or what?" he asked. He seemed to shrink as the girl returned his gaze in an undaunted manner.

"She's never been right," exclaimed Zone, "since that awful night we had here ten years and more ago. We found her in the marnin', all soft and foolish like, tryin' to hide away from us, and her senses never came back to her. You were away then, I reckon? Did you hear tell of it?"

"Hear of what? What are you mumbling about? You've got a nice family party here!—one of ye quite cracked, and the other three parts. You must make each other lively these long nights!" He burst into a hard grating laugh, which seemed to jar on Barbara's nerves. She shivered as she turned her face from the man.

"The night when the poor missis died," said Zone, who had been plunged in his own thoughts. "Of course you've heard how it all happened?"

"How should I hear of it when I was in another country?" replied the stranger irritably. "What's the good of rakin' up all your old troubles? Let 'em sleep, man; that's what I do, leastways, when I can. It doesn't pay to go pokin' and rummagin' into one's past life—you a'most always find something you didn't want to see again. Let sleeping dogs lie, and tell that gal o' your'n to get me something to eat. You've got a crust of bread and cheese, I suppose? Now, my lass!" he added sharply.

"Let her bide," said the shepherd. "She don't understand 'ee. Once in a while she can tell what I say to her, but it's all unsartain like. She's got one of her fits on her now." The poor old man looked at her attentively and shook his head. "Anybody would think," said he, "that there was something about you that frightened her. She ain't often like this." Barbara had crouched down in a corner near the door, moaning softly as if in pain. "I told you she's been light-headed ever since she was a child. It was cruel hard on me, comin' just after I lost her mother. Nay, man," he went on, seeing that the stranger was rapidly losing his temper, "never mind her starin' at ye like that; it's only her way. Likely as not she doesn't even see you. She's in a sort o' mizmaze."

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"Well, anyhow, let's have something to drink," said the man, with a dark look still on his face. "It may be all right what you say about the gal, but I shouldn't care to see her often. You've got whisky, I suppose? Pull it out; my throat is as dry as a limekiln. This place and your mad wench have upset me. Give us something to drink, and be quick about it." His manner was rapidly becoming insolent, and now he struck his fist heavily on the table as he spoke.

"I got nothin' but a little whisky that I keep for the rheumatics," said the shepherd nervously. Little observant though he was, he could not fail to notice that his unwelcome guest had already been drinking, and he rose reluctantly to get his bottle. Once more the stranger struck the table so violently that the girl was startled into consciousness, and made a sudden movement to reach a knife that lay upon the table; but in an instant her mood changed, she nodded to the man vacantly, and again turned away.

"Roof all off," said the man, touching his head. "Why don't you shut her up in an asylum? It's all she's good for. Out with the whisky," he went on impatiently. "Pack the gal off to bed; we've had enough of her." He seized the bottle, and tossed off a glass of the spirit with a quick, nervous movement. "Keep it for rheumatics, do you?" said he, as he put down the glass. "That's about all it's good for. I needn't have come all this way to drink bad whisky—there's plenty of it in Ameriky. And so the girl was born like that?"

"No, no; I told you it was only since her mother died. Sometimes we think she must have seen what happened in the old barn yonder. All her singin' stops short when she comes in sight of that place. If she saw that night's work, it was enough to drive her crazed, surelye. The poor missis had never done harm to any living creature, and"—the shepherd lowered his voice and spoke in an awe-struck whisper—"they murdered her for my week's wages. And you never to hear tell on it! Why, everybody was a talkin' about it, and folks did say as it war in a' the papers. The people actially knew of it away up in Lonnon."

"Well, I didn't," interrupted the man, more and more irritably, "and for a good reason. I was far enough from here long before that night as you keep on talkin' of. Don't you remember me goin' off to get work? Well, I've been knockin' about ever since. I wasn't doin' well, and I thought I'd like to

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see the old home again, down yonder." His voice and manner softened a little as he spoke these words. "That's a feeling you don't seem to get over, no matter where you go. Though I don't suppose there'd be any one but you hereabouts who'd know me now; that's why I thought I'd look in on you, and ask you to let me stay the night. You won't mind doin' that much for an old friend?"

"Ay, do it, father," broke in the girl suddenly, to the intense astonishment of both the men. "We'll take care of him till the marning, and then"—again she burst into a loud, vacant laugh, which seemed to send a thrill through the stranger.

"Never mind her, I tell 'ee," interrupted the shepherd, seeing that the visitor had risen from his chair and seized the girl by the wrist; "she don't know what she says. Why, man, you look as if you were afeard of her. Let her go, and sit 'ee down, if ye don't want to make everybody oncomfortable. She ain't much to frighten anybody! She just picks up a word here and there, but don't understand you, nor nobody else. She'll never be different now, they tell me. Doctor says it was a shock as did it. A shock of some kind, that's what the doctor says. And a great shock it must ha' been if she saw her mother killed. My poor missis was a lyin' in the barn over yonder, stretched out on the straw, stark dead, with a great big cruel stab in her. It was done for the little wage she'd been down to the farm to get. It must have been dark when she got back, for it was about this very time of the year, and she never left the house till nigh fower."

"Cut the story short," said the man, muttering an oath. "Haven't you got anything more sociable like to talk about?"

"Not till nigh fower," the shepherd went on, too intent upon his story to heed interruption. "I was makin' a fold for the sheep down in the bottom, where the feed was, and once I thought I heard a strange kind of cry. But I was hammerin' at the wattles, and worn't sure; besides, you know how the wind sounds up here very often, just like women and children screamin' and shoutin'. It is as if some one was close behind you. But that night when I stopped to listen I didn't hear nothin'; it was still as death all at once. After an hour or so I got home, but the missis worn't there. I thought mebbe she'd gone into Lewes to do some marketin' and taken the girl with her; she was about ten year old then. Neither of them came

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home. I waited, and waited; bimeby summat or other took me out to the barn, and what do you think I seed there?"

"Confound you—how should I know?" The stranger poured out another glass of spirits, and drank it almost at a gulp. He gave a vicious kick at the fire, and was evidently falling into a half drunken, quarrelsome fit. The girl had her head hidden in her hands, apparently fast asleep.

"It was my missis lyin' all bleedin', her bonnet tore off, her pocket cut out of her gownd, and all the money gone."

"Did she say anything?" asked the man eagerly. In spite of himself this part of the shepherd's story seemed to interest him.

"How could she say anything? Don't I tell 'ee she was stone dead?"

"And did you see nobody about?"

"Nobody but the old dog. My little gal—her as you see theer—had run away or suthin'. But the next marnin', when I opened the door, there she was sittin' down outside, all shrivelled up with the cold, and lookin' to'rds the barn as if she see'd some'at that scared her. Soon as I opened the door she ran in and throwed herself on her bed upstairs alongside our'n; and there she lay for a week, and scarce ever raised her head. The doctor came over once from Newhaven and said she wouldn't get well; but she did, except here," and the shepherd placed his hand gently upon her head. "She is fit for nuthin' now but mindin' the cows, and that she does better than any one else. Bless ye, she gives 'em all names, and they knows her ever so far off."

Joel Quaife nodded sullenly, and again helped himself to Zone's hoard of whisky, which was now all gone. Then he drew from his pocket a flat stone bottle, and quickly emptied that, and before the shepherd had finished his story—for he went over it more than once—he had fallen into a stupid, heavy, drunken sleep. The shepherd also was tired and drowsy. His voice fell, his chin sunk upon his breast, and soon all was silent in the room.

Barbara raised her head, and looked cautiously round. Her first glance was at the stranger. She soon saw that he was unconscious of everything around him. She approached him closely, and bent over him for two or three minutes, intently scrutinising every feature. A strange excitement was upon her, and yet there was an alertness in her movements, and a keen

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look in her eyes, which her father had never seen there before. She touched him slightly, and he looked round at her in a gaze of startled amazement.

"What's the matter, gal?" He spoke in a whisper, so much had the change in his daughter's face surprised him.

"Hush!" She put her finger on her lips, and whispered back a few words to the old man. He seemed as if he had not understood her. She moved quickly and silently to the other side of the table, and as she did so her sleeve touched the stone bottle, and it fell with a crash to the floor. The noise awoke the stranger in an instant. He stood up and gave a quick glance of alarm round the room, and snatched the heavy iron poker from the fender. The girl watched every movement closely, but evidently without a trace of fear.

"Where am I?" said he, turning to the shepherd. No one answered him. He looked unsteadily round, and sat down again. "It's all right," he murmured to himself. "There's only that old fool and his idiot girl here. I must have been dreamin'." He was about to sink off into his drunken sleep again, when the shepherd went up to him and shook him.

"When be you a goin', Joel Quaife?" he shouted in the man's ear; "it be a-gettin' late, and we must be up airly. You've drank all the whisky long ago." But the man did not seem to hear him. His senses were confused, and blank oblivion was evidently stealing over him.

"Better for 'ee to go over to the barn, if ye cannot get on further to-night," said Zone, still speaking as if his guest were deaf.

"Didn't you say *she* was killed in there?" murmured the man, with a partial gleam of consciousness.

"What's that to thee? It was ower ten years ago, and there's nothing to harm any one now. We've nowhere else to put 'ee. So come along, man—here, Barbara, bring the lantern. It's warm and comfortable in there; but if he likes outside better he can stay there among the fuzz."

"This way," said the girl, taking the man by the other arm, and leading him along. A curse was growled from between his teeth, but both father and daughter were strong, and with little trouble they got him over the few paces which separated the cottage from the barn. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold than he sank down in a heap on the floor among the straw, the shepherd took up the lantern, and his daughter followed him

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back to the cottage—though not before she had put up the heavy wooden bar which secured the door of the barn. What was inside now had to stay there till the morning.

IV.

How long Joel Quaife had been sleeping he knew not, but suddenly he was roused by a voice calling to him out of the darkness. He sat up and listened, but there was no sound. He tried to go to sleep again, but a light seemed to be dancing before his eyes, and the shepherd's story about the murdered woman found its tangled way into his drink-sodden brain. In the midst of the unearthly stillness of the night a wild shriek seemed now and then to rend the air, and once more his name was called aloud. He tried to drag himself to the door, but he seemed unable to make the slightest exertion. All his senses were partially stupefied. With uncertain and rambling fingers, he gathered the straw round him, and relapsed into a deep but uneasy sleep.

An hour later all was still. In the cottage the inmates were apparently at rest; there was no light, and no one was stirring. But Barbara Zone was still waiting and watching, all her delusions gone, and a new intelligence alive within her long-shattered mind. There was no clock in the house, but she was accustomed to read the heavens, and knew the signs of the hours written there, by day or night. The moon was in its decline, and began to show its white crescent face over the top of the Downs. The bark of a dog miles away rang clear in the frosty air. From the fold below there reached her ears the tinkling of a sheep bell, melting as it travelled along into a soft and plaintive melody. The wind had fallen, and but for these sounds the heavens and the earth alike were wrapped in silence.

Barbara Zone rose up and seized the short stake with which her cattle were familiar, and put on her hat and the long tattered coat. She moved with a noiseless step, evidently fearful of waking the old man in the chamber above. She took a stout rope, which was sometimes used for tethering up the cows, gently opened the door, and passed out into the night. The steep "combes," deep in couch grass, were hidden in the darkness, but here and there could be discerned the white top of one of the old chalk roads, or "borstalls," which climb the sides of the Downs, and which for hundreds of years have been

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high roads between the scattered hamlets of the hills and the people of the plains. The girl looked round her nervously, for the old legends of the Downs were all realities to her. She had seen the rings on the grass made by the fairies in their midnight dances, and knew that they sometimes came in a single night. A few miles off, in one of the hollows, a gipsy woman had been found many a year ago, frozen to death. She still wandered about the Downs in dark or stormy weather; people had met her with a basket of knitted work upon her arm, on her way from village to village, just as she used to go when their fathers were little children. Barbara Zone had often looked out for her; but since her mother's death it was a different form which she was ever watching for, and which she sometimes believed she saw gliding through the furze, or along the lonely hollows. To-night she knew for certain that this form was near her, and that she was going to meet it. But every trace of nervousness passed from her face, and she walked with a firm and light step towards the barn.

She crept stealthily to the door, and listened breathlessly for any sound from within. There was none. Then she slowly and cautiously let down the bar, and opened the door wide enough to enable her to slide through. Once inside, she stood and listened again, and this time she could hear the heavy breathing of a man in a deep sleep. A few faint rays of moonlight were visible here and there through the chinks of the wall and roof, but Barbara could have found her way in the dark. She moved carefully over the floor, until she came to the sleeping man. As she stood over him she could see that he was being racked with terrible dreams. There were moments when he was trying to cry out, and others when he was enacting some part in a fierce struggle, for his chest heaved convulsively, his hands clutched at the straw on which he was lying, and he made a desperate effort to rise to his feet. Barbara looked on with a hard, fierce expression in her eyes, and noiselessly lit a candle, placed it in her lantern, and stood it on the ground in such a way as that the light was hidden from the man's eyes. She then stooped down and gazed into the sleeper's face. There was something in her own expression as she watched which seemed to take all traces of the woman out of her features. Her lips were compressed, and a fierce light gleamed in her eyes. She crawled nearer and nearer to the man, who was still stupefied with the whisky, and with a quick and

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dexterous movement she passed the rope she had brought with her round his arms above his elbows, and again round his wrists, and with still greater rapidity she carried one end of it in a loop round his neck, and made it fast to the head of the stall to which the man had retreated for warmth. Then she stood back and laughed, for she saw that, the more violently her prisoner struggled, the more certain he was to strangle himself.

V.

So expertly had Joel Quaife been pinioned that he was not fully roused from his sleep before he was entirely helpless. The great physical strength of the girl, and her skilful handling of the rope, had put the stranger in her power before he regained consciousness. The first movement he made tightened the rope round his neck, and a cry of terror burst from his lips. He tried to spring up, but the noose held his neck as in a vice; he tried to get his hands free, but the harder he pulled the tighter became his bonds. The shepherd's daughter sat down and watched his efforts with a savage delight. "Father taught me how to tie a rope like that years ago," she said to herself; "I never thought it would be so useful as it is to-night." As Quaife's senses slowly returned, he looked at the girl with a sort of dim surprise. "It's only the mad wench," he muttered. "At first I thought it was—the other one. I must get out of this place, or I shall go mad myself." But he could not move without pain, and presently he lay back and looked at the girl, and a horrible fear crept into his very heart. He roused himself from this, and cursed the girl from between his blanched lips.

"What devil's tricks are you up to now?" he said hoarsely. "Come and undo this rope, you crack-brained hussey, or I'll wring your neck for you. What are you staring like that for? Do you know me?"

"Ay, well I do," replied the girl, with a calmness which increased the dread that had stolen over her prisoner. Was her madness of the night before merely feigned? The rope seemed to be eating into his neck as the suspicion crossed his mind. "Well do I know thee," she continued. "Do you think I could forget you after what I have seen? I knew I should find you some day, because she has come in the night and told me so. But it seemed a long time waiting for you, and sometimes I thought you were never coming. When you put your face in at the door

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last night I knew you the first moment. This is the very place —do you remember?"

"Remember what, you mad moll? I've never seen you before, nor you me."

"Ay, keep on saying that, Joel Quaife, and see who'll believe you after they've heard what I've got to tell 'em. I was lookin' in at yonder door, ten years ago, when a man came out of the barn with a knife in his hand. He turned round and almost saw me, but I hid myself, and ran away, and crouched down in the furze. I saw him all the while, though he didn't know it." The man uttered a growl like that of a wild beast, and glared at the girl with a fury which might well have made her tremble, but she looked on at him calm and unconcerned.

"Many a time since," she went on, "I have seen that man's cruel face, on the Downs or in the combes, and always as it was as he came out of that door—with a streak of blood across it. I forgot everything else, but not that. My head has been in a whirl these many years, but now it is right again. You were that man, Joel Quaife!"

"It's a lie, you lunatic," growled the man.

"Last night, as you sat by the fire, I made up my mind what I would do. Father could not have helped me, and I should have been afraid for him to go near you. So I had to manage you myself, and I think I have done it pretty well."

Quaife gave one more violent wrench at the rope, but was soon obliged to admit that the girl spoke the truth. Her work had been done so well that there was no chance of undoing it.

"I am going to wait till father comes," said the girl, watching every movement of her prisoner; "he will go over to Lewes, and fetch the police. You will be tried for killing my mother, and hanged over yonder at the jail."

"Why, you idiot," said Quaife, with a forced laugh, "do you think any one will believe you? Don't everybody know you ought to have been sent to the 'sylum long ago? Come, undo this rope, you Jezebel, or I'll make it worse for you."

"I'm not afraid about their believing me," said the girl quietly "You've washed the blood off your face, but you can't wash out the murder. You killed her for a few shillings, and she was buried in the little churchyard below. But she has been following you ever since, and at last she has brought you here again—to be hung. You couldn't help comin,' and you can't help yourself now."

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"Come now," said Quaife, in a coaxing tone, "there's been enough of this. I tell ye, I never saw your mother in my life You've made a mistake, my girl. Undo this rope like a good wench, and I'll give thee a sovereign. There's plenty of time for me to get away before your father comes, and I'll tell no one what has happened. You've had a kind of nightmare, but I don't bear thee any grudge. Only loose this rope, and let me be off."

"The rope has made a red mark round your neck," said the girl, in a tone which made Quaife's blood run cold. "It is the hangman's mark! He will know you by it when he sees you, and he'll not have long to wait."

The man uttered a groan, and threw himself down under the head of the stall, in such a position as to lessen the strain of the rope. "Go and fetch your father," he groaned. "Tell him to come and see the wild-beast show as you've set up here. "Tell him there's two tigers, a male and a she-male, and hang me if the she-male isn't the savagest."

At that moment the voice of John Zone was heard calling for his daughter. She gave the peculiar cry which was her usual signal, and in a few minutes her father appeared in the doorway.

"Come in, father," said the girl, with a faint smile; "it's only Joe Quaife. He is waiting to go to the big jail. We both began to think you was never coming. Get your breakfast first, father—I don't want any to-day—and then you can go and fetch a policeman."

"Barbara, my lass," said Zone, with a half-frightened glance at his daughter, "what ails thee? Go back in the cottage, and get thy breakfast. This is goin' to be one of thy bad days. Why, what have you been doing in here?" His eye for the first time fell upon Joel Quaife, and he started back astounded, for he had taken his daughter's words as nothing more than an indication of a fresh delusion. When he saw Quaife a prisoner, unable to move without pain, the old shepherd trembled, for the event which he had in secret long dreaded seemed now to have happened—the harmless craze of poor Barbara had turned into a dangerous form of madness.

"Why, Joel," said he, in a sorrowful voice, "how cam'st thou to let her tie thee up like this?"

"She came on me when I was asleep, four or five hours ago. And she's been watching me ever since. She'll bring thee into

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trouble, John Zone; you've no right to have a raving lunatic like this at large, trying to murder people. Come, man, don't stand gaping there—take that knife from your mad wench, and cut the rope. I ought to have been well on my way to Newhaven long ago." He saw that Zone was hesitating, and in his nervous anxiety he bit at the rope round his wrists, and struggled until it almost cut into his flesh.

The shepherd stood helpless and stupefied. The first fear of his daughter's utter madness had taken possession of his senses; but as he looked at her, and noticed her calmness, a new idea came into his mind. Evidently, she knew what she was about. Had Quaife been trying to rob him, and had the girl discovered it in time? There was not much to lose in his poor cottage, but enough to tempt a ne'er-do-well like Quaife. "What made you do this?" he asked the girl.

"Come on, John Zone," the prisoner burst out feverishly, "she doesn't know what she's doing. Cut this cursed rope, and I'll say no more about it. The gal is not responsible for anything she does. Only look sharp, man. If you'd ha' been tied up here like a hog all these hours, you'd be ready to be cast off by now. So look alive."

As John Zone moved forward to obey him, his daughter stood in his way and caught him by the arm. Her cool manner and her deliberate words made him pause in a moment.

"You must not let him go, father," said she. "The police must come; if you undo that rope now, he will murder you—the same as he killed my mother!"

The shepherd fell back as if he had received a heavy blow.

"He—Joel Quaife—killed your mother?"

"She lies!" hissed out Quaife; but his lips were white and parched, and a horrible fear once more entered into his heart. "If you keep me here much longer, it will not be *me* that the police will want, but *you*, John Zone! You shall pay for this as sure as you're born. I never see the gal or her mother afore, and don't want to see 'em again."

"Go to Lewes, father," said the girl, in the same quiet tones which had overawed the old shepherd, "and tell the police what I have done, and ask them to come up here. I saw this man come out of the barn the night my mother was killed. I was only a child then, but I recollect it. What happened to me, father?" She put her hand upon her father's arm, and looked earnestly into his face, as if to read the mystery which was

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hidden from her. "Have I been ill? I remember all that happened that night—the man there; my poor mother lying bleeding; the knife on the ground. Then I felt something break in my head, and the hills all turned round, and since that I cannot recollect anything, till last night. Have I been away, father? Is it long ago since that night? The man there—I see him just the same as he was when mother died. He came over the hill in the evening, after she got back with your wages. It was bitter cold, snow was comin' on, and mother went into the barn for some wood. This man was watching her from the thick furze—I saw it all, though I did not know what it meant. I saw him go into the barn, and afterwards I heard mother scream. I ran and looked in, and mother was lyin' down, and then this man ran past me, and threw down a knife. I picked it up, and went in to see what was the matter with mother, but I could not make her hear me. See, there are two letters on the handle of the knife—J. Q. I never told anybody where I found it, but there's many who know it to be Joel Quaife's. Twenty in the village can prove it to be his'n. So now let the police settle with him. Ask him if he did it? He will not deny it when all the people come before the Judge." The girl leaned over Quaife as she spoke, with the knife outstretched, and glared at him with a look that made him shudder.

"It's his knife, sure enough," said the shepherd. "I remember it well, for I've borrowed it off him before now."

"She stole it out of my pocket a few minutes before you came in," said Quaife desperately. "Come and uncut the rope with it, and don't be a fool."

"Not just yet," replied the shepherd slowly. "There may be something in what the gal says. Anyhow, she's got the knife, and some one else ought to hear her story. I shall just do as she says, and go and tell the police. But suppose he gets loose while I'm away?" He turned to the girl as he said this.

"No fear," said she, with a hard laugh. "And, if he did, you forget I have this!" She held the knife up as she spoke, and Quaife fell back in silence. He seemed to have made up his mind to give up the struggle, and the shepherd was far on his road before he knew that he was gone.

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VI.

"We've suspected Master Joel all along," said the Superintendent, when he had heard John Zone's story; "but we hadn't much to lay hold of, except something that was said long after by a woman he had lodged with. She dropped a few hints about this and that, but she was generally drunk, and her story would not have been believed without anything else at the back of it. She went away from these parts, but I rather think I can lay my hands upon her. Didn't they say Quaife was dead?"

"Everybody believed it," replied a policeman, who had known Quaife well.

"I've heerd it dozens of times," struck in Zone; "he died about six years ago. That was what folks said, and I donno as it isn't true."

"But I thought you said he was up at your barn now?"

"Well, so he be," replied the shepherd, half doubting the reality of all he had seen and heard during the past twelve hours; "or else it is some one as might pass for him. My darter found it all out; she has come back to her senses all at once. At first I thought the person as came to my cottage was a ghost, though they do tell as there be no such things any more. I reckon you couldn't tie a ghost up with a rope to a stall, and hold him there all night?"

"I never heard of it being done," said the Superintendent gravely.

"That's what my darter did. She is main strong in the wrist, pretty much what her mother was at her age. Joel Quaife is the only one that's mad up there now, 'cardin' to my opinion."

"Well, if the girl can tell her story straight, I wouldn't give much for that fellow's chances," murmured the Superintendent, as he slipped on his great-coat. "There's a good deal of other evidence that would help, though it mightn't have been enough without this. Come along, Zone. I'll go with you myself." He whispered an order to one of his men, and in a few minutes the dog-cart was bowling swiftly towards the Downs.

"Never walk when you can ride," said the Superintendent to the shepherd, who now began to think there must be something in his daughter's story, or why should so clever a man as the Superintendent put himself out of the way about it? "I suppose

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you don't often see a four-in-hand up your part of the world? Well, never mind, we'll go as far as we can with this trap, and see what happens."

VII.

Barbara Zone stood on the summit of the Down, with her face turned in the direction of the town to which her prisoner had been taken a few weeks before. Her eyes were strained a though she expected to see some one in the far distance, but the clouds were dark and lowering, and even the valley below was hidden. Little by little, a damp white mist gradually crept up the sides of the hill, and stretched its cold and clammy fingers over the edges of the combes—a ghost-like mist, which seemed as if it had power to blot life and sunshine out of the world. The girl stood watching it, until it reached the Downs, and completely enshrouded her form. Then she stood rigid, motionless, listening intently, her whole being absorbed in that one act of listening. Suddenly her eyes flashed, and a wild gleam of exultation passed across her face. Through the mist and over the valley there came the sound for which she had been waiting —the dull and mournful tolling of the prison bell, counting out at each heavy stroke the fast ebbing moments of the life of Joel Quaife.

L. J. JENNINGS.

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Achilles.

HORACE'S 13th Epode.

ROUGH times have made the welkin one great frown,
Rainfall and snowflakes draw the sky-lord down;
Now mere and weald roar to the wind of Thrace,
We'll meet the day, lads, we'll take heart of grace;
And while we're lissom as the greenwood boughs,
We'll fitly sweep sad eld from ruffled brows.
From jars that bear my birthday on the seal,
Draw wine, boy. With the rest let silence deal.
What irks us now God will perhaps allay,
And smooth us to the peace of yesterday.
Now for the drenching nard of Eastern kings,
Now for the twanging of mercurial strings,
Now for the cure of sour imaginings.
As sang Sir Chiron to the page full grown;
O peerless knight, o'ermatched by death alone!
O sea-queen's child! The land which Asrac rules
Awaits thee; which Scamander's brooklet cools,
And shimmering Simöis tricks with glassy pools.
Thy fate-spun threads of thence returning crack,
Nor shall thine azure mother waft thee back.
There ease all plagues with wine and tune and lay,
Sweet counter-charms for grief and foul decay.

OFELLA.

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Wintering in Florida.

IT is a glorious day. There is a charming inconsistency about the air—the mildness of milk and yet the sparkle of champagne. The sky is literally cloudless, the sun gives all the warmth of an English summer, and there is a geniality in the breeze which sends one's spirits up with a bound. Yes, the day is as perfect as most things can be had in this "best of all possible worlds." Moreover, it is a typical winter's day in Florida.

As the great white steamer churns its way up the broad river of St. John, the blue-green pine-woods give place to square miles —ay—and square leagues of orange-groves and fruit-gardens. From whole landscapes of orange-trees—from their dark and glossy foliage—there twinkle millions of the golden fruit which it seems Florida's special mission to provide. The great orange season is at hand, for the winter has begun. Is not this suggestive enough of the nature of that season? Or need I go into careful description and elaborate statistics to prove my point?

And this is my point—that to winter in Florida is to spend several months of the year in the most delightful climate on the whole continent of America, and to mix among the many English who have "gone in" for fruit-culture—men and women of so superior a grade as to afford a society the like of which you cannot meet out of England, unless it be in that always exceptional country—India. For it is not merely the physical or horticultural character of Florida which attracts the English gaze so steadily. Much of the interest now felt in that peninsula is owing to the many lives which have gone from among us and are being lived out more or less successfully there —lives which were the very best we could spare as a nation, and which as individuals we felt wholly unable to be without. It is this which rivets the interest of English people to Florida, which brings the elderly as well as the young people over in Cunarders and White Star Liners, and which keeps up a constant current

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and interchange of thought and feeling between those who dwell in the "right little, tight little island" on the verge of Europe, and the hopeful young settlers in the most unique peninsula in the world.

Florida has been called the Italy of America, but I think the comparison is not wholly to her advantage. Of course there is no comparison possible except on physical grounds. For Florida shares with the rest of the United States that hopeless blank of ancient history. America has no Bologna, no Padua, of course she can have no Rome. And yet of all the States Florida has, I think, the lion's share of history and romance. The Spanish, the French, and the English have all fought and wrestled with one another at different times upon her sandy plains and under her interminable pines. A few hundreds of the aboriginal Seminoles still survive, and to this day we hear talk of "Spanish grants" and see the descendants of old Spanish settlers dwelling under their own fig-tree. And Florida contains the oldest city in the United States, St. Augustine. It is built of coquina, and its massive old fort, its city-gates, its ancient streets, all take one back to days when Drake and Dampier and their ilk were bold buccaneers upon the Spanish Main.

But to return to the comparison with Italy on physical and climatic grounds. While Italy is shivering in those cold mountain winds which sweep over the peaks of Monte Rosa or down the Splügen and Simplon Passes, Florida is basking in the daily breeze which comes from the tepid Gulf of Mexico on the one side, and the no less tepid Gulf Stream which washes it on the other. While insufferable siroccos drive the unacclimatized out of Rome, and send them as fast as modern expresses or old-time diligences can take them to the temperate delights of Zermatt, Saas, or Davos, the Floridian rejoices in that punctual breeze which daily through the summer heat arises at the hour of ten, and blows until it has brought up the refreshing showers of the afternoon. Who has travelled through Italy and not wondered at the extent of her irrigation works? In Florida such things are unknown: her rainfall is distributed over the summer and autumn seasons. Are snow-capped mountains the kind of scenery to buoy up the spirits of the invalid? Florida knows neither mountains nor snow. Florida is certainly, like Italy, a peninsula; but she extends into the Gulf Stream, that caloric river which prevents all Western Europe from becoming ice-bound; she thrusts herself into the region of the trade-winds,

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the children of the equatorial ocean, while Italy is surrounded by the waters of an inland sea no warmer than those of the external Atlantic.

Italy can be compared with Spain, with Greece, with California—but not with Florida. Florida is homogeneous in virtues and failings alike; she is unique.

A brief description of the country which some eighty thousand 'cute Yankees annually come south to winter in may probably interest the English winter-wayfarer. On reaching Florida by rail or by steamer from New York, one first passes through a district given up to pears, peaches, strawberries and vegetables, and secondarily to oranges. That is to say, the orange industry is not supreme here; but the pursuit of "trucking"—ordinary fruit and vegetable farming—takes its place. The rivers St. Mary and St. John are broad, affording in their lagoon-like reaches ample opportunity for yachting and fishing. Here and there the peculiar wire-grass of Florida is disappearing before the assiduous attacks of those who think that the Blue Grass Regions of Kentucky can here be excelled by proper draining and sowing. In this district the pine-forests are fairly plentiful, and the clumsy but efficacious "train" of the lumberer is a frequent feature.

At Jacksonville one first feels in touch with the whole State, for it is practically the metropolis of Florida—the mirror of the entire country. To the traveller the great attraction of Jacksonville will be the splendid hotels which surround the City Square or line Bay Street. It is indeed a cheerful sight to see the verandahs—which are very wide and long—crowded with people on pleasure bent, attaining that pleasure in a multitude of ways. Not far from Jacksonville and easily reached by rail is the seaside resort of Pablo Beach. Here a magnificent hotel has been built, and every comfort in the shape of swimming baths and tennis-grounds provided. The beach itself is as hard as a road. You can drive to the mouth of St. John's River, a distance of twenty miles, without your wheels making a rut in the sand, or your horse experiencing fatigue. In the neighbourhood of Pablo Beach there is excellent wild-duck and snipe shooting, and at Mayport—an easy drive—first-class fishing.

Returning to Jacksonville, and sampling the sporting and travelling requisites which crowd so many of the shops and for which fabulous prices are asked, one leaves by a river steamer

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for the South. For no one stops short at Jacksonville; it is merely the gateway of the State. From it one can go west to Tallahassee, the legislative capital, and thence it is a comparatively short run west to New Orleans, Queen of the South, or north-west into Alabama, the "Brummagem" State. But in winter-time nine-tenths of the visitors follow the steps of the emigrant—and the flight of the swallow—by going south. They steam up the river St. John, pausing here at Mandarin or Magnolia Springs, and there at Palatka or Sandford, until the river widens out into Lake George, and they enter upon a vast basin of gleaming water, reflecting on every side the golden-fruited orange-groves which reach to the very shore.

When the visitor has "done" Lake George he will have formed an excellent idea of an orange-grove, or, maybe, of the habits of the alligator, but he will not yet know the variety of scene which constitutes one of Florida's great charms—a variety of scene only less diffused than the character of her soil. By going east, west, or south in this the distinctive region of the orange culture—the Orange Belt, as one may call it—you may ride over the high dry ridges of what would seem barren sand did it not support such a growth of pine-trees and willow-leaved oaks; you may ride through white sand scrubs covered with "blackjack" oak—through the dense sub-tropical vegetation of fertile though malarious hammocks, or across those open grassy marshes—with anything from a few inches to a foot or so of standing water—which are here known as "prairies." Here you may have to negotiate a small and shallow lake and there to ride for miles over undulating grassy pine-land. Above all, there is reserved for the visitor who likes to wander afield that typical Florida scene—the Cypress Swamp.

It forms one of the most desolate scenes I have ever beheld. I have gazed on the black rocks of St. Paul's, standing almost alone in the vast expanse of the Southern Indian Ocean; upon the repellent rufous hills of St. Helena; the salt marshes of the delta of the Godavery; the cruel solitude of Cape Agulhas—but I do not think that I have ever seen anything so dismal, so desolate as the Cypress Swamps of Florida. You enter them almost without warning; you hold your breath, as it were, while passing through them, and the feeling of relief on leaving them is only less strong than the strangely morbid attraction they have for you, and which makes you visit them again and again. The white-barked cypresses stand overhead, reaching to a great

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height and spreading their limbs widely round, and yet there is not a leaf, not a single green leaf to be seen. From bough and branch and twig there hang long tails and festoons of Spanish moss—an air-fed plant, grey in colour, and looking for all the world like the dishevelled tresses of an aged woman. Everywhere you look, these sad grey hairs are either hanging listlessly, or swaying mournfully in the breeze. The water, which is often four and five feet deep, even in the paths—if paths they can be called—which are selected by your guide, is coloured a dark reddish-brown by the quantity of tannin exhaled by the spongy mass of vegetation which everywhere underlies it. As you ride slowly through this dismal scene in Indian file—as the horse cautiously forges ahead—the water washes up to your stirrups, and a sharp eye has to be kept, unless, by a momentary departure from the narrow track you cannot see, you are to get a ducking. This dark ruddy water, silent and motionless, save where your party is churning it into something like frothing beer, is made even more dismal by its perfect reflections of the ghostly desolation overhead. It reproduces with startling vividness the long white trunks of the cypress-trees and the tangled grey hairs of the Spanish moss. Now and again the harsh piping cry of some lonely water-bird accentuates the stillness; here and there the deadly mocassin coils about the spreading roots, black and grimy with the stagnant water, and adds by its very movement to the uncanny—the desperate desolation of it all. Such is a Cypress Swamp in Florida. None who visit this favoured peninsula should omit a ride through the labyrinths of its gloomiest feature.

There is a reverse to the medal, however. Many a time when riding through the open pine-forests, or sailing on some wide and alligator-haunted lake, or dropping down the larger rivers, one meets with an Englishman's home. The house is invariably built of wood and roofed with "shingles." It is more often of one story than two, and in other respects of the species bungalow. In every case there is one prominent feature—the verandah. It runs round at least three sides of the house, and it is wide enough to form an agreeable arena for the social festivities of the English settlers. The roof of the house is usually painted white, but the walls, windows, and verandah revel in variety. Buff and pale blue are favourite "ground-colours," and they are picked out with white, red, green, and chocolate. The result is gay and joyous, though, perhaps, not always harmonious.

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The house usually stands in a small garden of tea-roses and gardenias, camellias, japonicas, and poinsettias; and from the nucleus of the garden there radiate in every direction long lines of orange-trees. Orange and lemon-trees are always planted in avenues—much as the Kentish hop-grower plants his vine—and as a rule radiate from the owner's house. The result is charming. Sitting under the deep roof of the verandah, one's eyes wander away from cluster to cluster, and tree to tree, until the very distance closes up the view with the dark glossy foliage and golden fruit of the orange. Here and there, breaking the monotony of beauty, there shoots up a lofty palmetto or a group of stately pines. Around are paddocks and stables, and all the appurtenances of a well-kept property. It is indeed a lovely spot—a lovely home; and it belongs to a fellow-countryman.

For as you draw rein outside the entrance-gate to pause and admire this not infrequent feature in a long day's ride, there comes down the sandy drive a sturdy, well set-up man, jolly and genial. His hearty welcome—those deep chest-notes of his—stamp him as a Briton. No American slouch, no Yankee nasals about him! His loose grey clothes of such excellent tweed were never made in New England; they hail with their wearer from the mother-country. And the pleasurable feelings which you rightly experience are enhanced when he calls to a negro groom to take your horse, and leads you out of the white sunshine into the cool darkness of his drawing-room; when, before you have barely noted that the cane lounges and swinging hammocks are unusually dainty, he introduces you to an English lady and a bevy of charming fair-haired children.

I have described a home which is common enough in Florida a home in which the wayfarer may find a hearty welcome. Hospitality and open house are the order of the day in most new countries, but I defy Canada or the Cape, Australia or New Zealand, to produce in such unbroken sequence the chain of refined and delightful English homes which runs throughout Florida. It is impossible for them to do so, for the emigrant element is so unlike. The social status and qualities of the Florida fruit-grower place the English society in that State on a plane of importance out of all proportion to its numerical strength. It is indeed true that there have gone out from Britain to that balmy land the very best that she can afford to spare.

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Among the hospitalities of the Briton who is satisfactorily settled in Florida is "a day's shooting." Unfortunately, there being no game laws, or at any rate none enforced in that State, such game as once abounded everywhere is now nearly everywhere scarce or shy. It is most difficult to get a good bag of quail or duck within ordinary distance of a settlement. Alligators are very plentiful still, but they are poor sport. When you have once shot a twelve-footer, ambition is generally satisfied and rests on its laurels. A few rabbits may be bagged in a day's stroll through the woods, a few brace of quail, perhaps a turkey or two, rarely a deer. In fact, in the settled parts of the orange and "trucking" regions of Florida game, though present, is never plentiful.

It is different when the "gunner" seeks his quarry further afield. He then has a rich choice of game, and that in abundance. In the Okefinokee Swamp, which lies in the extreme north of the State and extends into Georgia, he can sail from creek to lake and from lake again to creek or island day after day. On his way he can bag as much duck and snipe as he has ammunition for. On the islands he can shoot both deer and bear. From this swamp he can sail "down de S'wannee ribber," if he pleases, through several counties of Florida, and finally emerge into the Gulf of Mexico. There will be plenty of sport on either bank. Or he may return to Jacksonville and wander away down the east coast. Near St. Augustine quail and snipe are to be had in abundance, especially on the Matanzas River. Here, too, there is sometimes a chance of a deer. Following down the east coast, that most interesting section of Florida, the Indian River, is reached. Though called a river, it is properly a huge salt-water lagoon, fed through the Indian River Inlet, a hundred miles south of its head. In summer the mosquitoes of this region would render sport rather a trial, but in winter the weather is simply perfect, and a good deal of execution can be done with both gun and rod. Mallard, widgeon, teal, even the much-prized "canvas-back" duck are met with, and coot and black duck simply appal you with their density. The black or "raft" duck gather in cohorts of a few thousand at a time, and float down the river in one solid phalanx, just like some huge lumber raft. Indian River duck share the perverseness of their kind: they are shy to a degree. Good sport can be had with turkey, plover, snipe and curlew; 'coon can be "treed" with great success on any moonlight night; foxes can be view-halloed to your heart's

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content, and every now and again, in the more southern and less settled parts of the Indian River, wild-cat and bear and panther may fall to your gun. On the long narrow coralline strips of land between the Indian River and the Atlantic bear is common and can be shot on moonlight nights on the shores, whither they come to eat the turtle-eggs or anything else edible.

Details as to sport would be out of place here. It is enough if I generalize. I would therefore say that round most of the large lakes fair sport can be had; that on the Great Lake Okeechobee and up the rivers in its vicinity—the Kissimmee and Caloosahatchee—there is a large quantity of duck, and within tramping distance of the shores turkey and deer. Between the Suwannee and St. Mark's Rivers some of the best quail shooting in the State is to be had. If any one intends to go on a "shoot" in Florida, he should remember that the weather is one of the great charms. I have a photograph before me now—a reminiscence of a shooting party in mid-winter—and not one of us has coat or waistcoat on. Moreover we were camping out in tents without experiencing the least discomfort.

The subject of sport in Florida cannot be left without some reference to the boundless opportunities for the angler. It is a country of lakes—there are over twelve hundred of them—and a country of rivers. It is surrounded by seas which, owing to their warmth, swarm with strange varieties of fish. The rail and water communications are so extensive, that any part of the State can be reached with comparative ease. From the mouth of the St. John's River on the north-east to Charlotte Harbour on the south-west one can practically "fish the country" without a break. You can hook a 20 lb. catfish within half-an-hour's walk of your hotel in Jacksonville, or capture a 150 lb. tarpon off Charlotte Harbour. The wayward Walton may even tackle a manatee in the southern waters of Florida. A few miles off the north-eastern coast 15 lb. "red snappers" give first-rate sport; farther south, sheephead, channel and sea-bass are very much in evidence, and at the mouth of the Indian River Inlet there is a perfect *omnium gatherum* of the finny tribe. A well-known American fisherman has stated that he has caught no fewer than fifty-three sheephead in one hour! What is perhaps more remarkable is that he has probably told the truth. But I would advise every angler who visits Florida to make straight for Charlotte Harbour and put up at the very comfortable hotel on Pine Island. He will not only have the best of sport with a

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whole catalogue of varieties, but he will be able to indulge in the most glorious of all piscatorial triumphs—the capture of that bolting, jumping, fighting king of fish, the tarpon.

But there are many who when they visit a new country do not go ardently in for such sport—the elements of which are identical all the wide world over. The fittest study may seem to them to be man—man and his habitations. I have already pointed out how pleasurable they will find this study in Florida. To others, and I think this sort is in the majority, a fairly well-organized ramble through the country—a perpetual picnic on horseback, on the steamboats, or in the railway cars—recommends itself. To such Florida will be no disappointment. It embraces most of the charms of a Lotos-Eater's land. It is a land of streams, a land where the charmed sunset lingers in the red West, a land in which

> "To hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
> Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine."

Such a land is worth seeing; and there are few parts of it which more amply repay the traveller than the Ocklawaha River and the trip up that tortuous stream to Silver Springs. It is better to ascend the river than descend it, and Palatka, on the St. John's River, is the proper starting-point. Usually, the steamer starts about nine in the morning, ascends the St. John's to Wakala, which it reaches about noon, and then, turning sharply to the right, plunges you in a few moments into a wonderful succession of scenes. Some idea of the tortuousness of the Ocklawaha may be gathered from the fact that though, on an air-line, Silver Springs are not fifty miles from Palatka, the steamer spans out no fewer than a hundred and forty miles in its navigation of the river.

And what delightful navigation it is! Here are vast trees with clinging vines and creepers, as thick as your arm, reaching down to the water, there you see the blossoming orchids making whole branches scarlet or purple or pearly white; here again you pass through the desolate silence of a cypress swamp, and there, once more, is the long grey drapery of Spanish moss investing the trees with weeds of weird romance. Near the banks grow lofty rushes, on the bosom of the stream the broad-leaved water-lily. As the quaint little steamers, expressly built for the navigation of the narrow and twisting stream, puff and snort their laborious way through this avenue of novelty, there is a

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general tremor and excitement among animated nature. Great white herons and blue herons take alarm, and in their company long-necked snake-birds, erratic cormorants, flamingoes, cranes and limpkins seek security in flight. The alligator, who is taking his siesta on the bank, is roughly awakened from his slumbers and plunges into the river—keeping his snout and his eyes just above the water for purposes of scrutiny. They used to shoot at these creatures in days not so long gone by—rifles, breech-loaders, and pistols all doing more or less ineffective service. The traveller who prefers peace and nature to the hey-day of sporting cockneydom should thank his stars that this is no longer allowed.

But the greatest attraction of the trip up the Ocklawaha comes when the surrounding forest is wrapped in the darkness of night. As we pace the forward deck—from side to side—during the day, we again and again pause and look at a queer sort of iron fire-pan, which stands on the top of the pilot-house. This pan is full of resinous light-wood knots. When night has fallen, a burning pine-torch is thrust into this inflammable pile, and at once a bright flame springs up and glares into the surrounding forest. The effect is unearthly; it is like a dream summoned by the incantations of a wizard. The roosting birds fly through the tangled profusion of vine and moss and creeper, flapping their wings loudly, and screaming hoarsely in their fear. The gaunt grey trunks of the trees appear like advancing ghosts behind their hangings of parasitic vegetation. As the flame swirls and rises with the motion of the steamer, great black waves of shadow rush frantically around and give life and motion to the gnarled and twisted roots, and turn them into huge boas and pythons. Ahead there looms an inky blackness which seems waiting to engulf you. There is a vagueness, a weirdness about the whole scene which lingers in the memory long after the sights which have been seen by day have faded on the mind.

The goal is Silver Springs—and, lest any one may think I am describing rarities, let me at once say that there is a score of such springs and at least a dozen of such rivers in Florida. But these are lying within easy reach—only just off, if off at all, the beaten track. It is on the second morning that the steamer enters that nine-mile branch of the Ocklawaha which is the direct effluent of the Springs, and changes the ruddy turbid water of the river for the crystal clearness of the "Run."

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Despite the swiftness of its current the long grasses and ferns at the bottom are as clearly seen as if they were in your hand. Suddenly the channel widens, the view ahead expands, and you are at Silver Springs.

The Springs form a lake, on whose bosom you can row about until you tire, and watch the unspeakably clear water well up from a cavern fifty feet below in a stream a hundred feet wide. So clear is the water that you can drop a "quarter"—alias, a shilling—down to the bottom, in some places sixty, eighty, and even ninety feet deep, and see it with perfect ease. You look, as it were, through glass upon an aquarium, for amid waving aquatic plants of rainbow hues you can watch the fish and turtles and the alligators moving to and fro, pursuing their ordinary avocations and the even tenor of their way. So still is the water, so distinct its bed, that you can almost fancy yourself gazing through air upon another world!

Having gone thus far on the road to wintering in Florida, my reader may naturally want to know what the winter climate is actually like, and require more detailed information than the opening passage of this article conveyed. I have wintered in Florida, and I have lived the seasons through in all quarters of the globe, and I can truly say that I believe the winter climate of Florida impossible to beat. My statement may gain a little in value if I add that I have not a shilling invested nor an acre of land in that country.

During winter time there is no prevalent "local" menace to health. The malaria which Florida has in fairly plentiful store in common with nearly all the States in the Union is very much in the background—is, in fact, hibernating. Through the later months of the summer it has been prevalent, and during the autumn months of September and October has claimed nearly as much attention as the Dengue or "break-bone" fever. But in winter there is little to fear from malaria. Moreover, as no hotel is built on hammock and few on limestone soil, the chance is rendered infinitesimal. Should any one contract malaria in the winter season, there is little doubt that he has been guilty of some rash imprudence, or gone out of his way to seek the ills that flesh is heir too. On the other hand, the consumptive, asthmatic, and rheumatic have in Florida a climate where life may be prolonged, where the lungs may do their work without let or hindrance, and where the limbs which were fettered by rheumatic pains in the unkindly North regain their suppleness

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and use. Indeed, the climate of Florida has gained so good a name among those who dwell in the regions of the blizzard, that Florida estate agents have been accused of "selling the climate at so much per acre!" It is true that there are a few days in every winter when it is either raw or tempestuous, but it is in this very fact that the merit of the winter lies. They are so glaringly the exception, that clear and cloudless days have been accepted as the rule.

Some comparison of Florida winter statistics with those of European winter resorts may be of interest to many who fly from our shores when the northern hemisphere is tilted away from the sun. Take the rainy days. During the last five years Jacksonville, which fairly represents the great central belt of the peninsula, has annually averaged in the five winter months from November to March thirty-seven of such days. What the meteorologists mean by "rainy days" are days on which even a slight shower may have fallen. Mentone, with its average of thirty-seven and a half days, shows to a slight disadvantage in comparison. Some people have complained of the extreme dampness of the Florida climate. Let statistics speak. The mean relative humidity of Mentone and Cannes during the same winter period is 74·5; that of Jacksonville 72·7. Here again Florida scores. But put this dampness question another way, and take the rainfall. The winter average fall of Nice is 16·86 inches, of Mentone 16·50 inches, of Genoa 23·40, and of Jacksonville 16·62. Florida is a good second in this matter of rainfall, and when we take the record of Punta Rassa, which in the south is to the great central belt of Florida what Jacksonville is in the north, and find that this record is only 8·77, it is perfectly obvious that the general distribution of rain is very slight. And this is a well-known fact. Florida owes her prosperity to the winter being her dry season. California, on the other hand, has cold and wet together. Any one with a mere rudimentary knowledge of agriculture can see how favourable such a climatic condition must be to vegetation; and it is because of this that Florida can rely on being unrivalled as a caterer in early fruits and vegetables for the rest of the United States.

In fact, the ethics of Florida's climate are extremely simple. Her peninsular portion has no ridge of mountains to obstruct the free passage of the winds from the Atlantic or the Gulf; there is consequently a general and genial distribution of

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humidity, which brings up the dew-point many degrees, and thereby equalizes day and night temperature. This equableness applies to a whole season as well as to a complete day. In an official report the Surgeon-General of the United States Army says: "The climate of Florida is remarkably equable and agreeable, being subject to fewer atmospheric variations, and its thermometer ranges much less than any other part of the United States." No wonder that the people who annually come south in their thousands liken the winter to the well-known "Indian Summer" of the Middle States. No wonder that with its high atmospheric pressure the country is ignorant of the cyclones and the devastating tempests so common in the North-Central States of the Union; or that, taking its latitude into account, the summers are cooler and the winters warmer than those in countries not insular or peninsular. The high temperature of the Gulf and the Gulf Stream, the relative absorbing and radiating power of large bodies of water, the daily ocean breezes, are all factors in the genial winter climate. In a word, the seasons of Florida are moulded by the surrounding seas; its climate, though sub-tropical, is essentially temperate.

Can we wonder that as many as eighty thousand 'cute Northerners, year after year, come south to winter in Florida? Or that so many English people cross the Herring-Pond, and visit their kinsfolk and the orange-groves of this favoured land in the winter season?

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE.

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The Railways of Scotland.

V.

THE Prince of Wales every spring sends his hunters from Sandringham to Windsor for change of air; but in England, as a rule, less aristocratic animals have to do without an annual outing as best they may. Not so, however, in Scotland. In the fall of the year tens of thousands of the small Highland sheep from Skye and Stornaway are landed at Strome Ferry, and carried by the Highland Railway to the warm belt of rich country lying along the shores of the Moray Frith. There, to the great contentment of the Moray and Nairnshire farmer, they eat his turnips and manure his fields till spring comes round again, and they can return once more to their mountain pastures. The railway rate is sixpence per double mile for a truck-load of, say, fifty sheep; or, roughly, half a farthing per head. The Caledonian has a somewhat similar traffic, though on a much smaller scale, from the Perthshire hills to the low ground of Forfar and Kincardine.

But by no means all the Highland sheep provide themselves with return tickets. In or about the month of October each year there is an enormous exodus southwards. Dalwhinnie alone sometimes sends away 20,000 sheep within a few weeks, a large proportion of them going to the Carlisle market. Talking of markets, the July wool market at Inverness is of a somewhat remarkable character. Not a pound of wool is shown, for the best of reasons, namely that it is still growing on the backs of the sheep perhaps a hundred miles away; but at this market the bulk of the Highland clip for the year is sold. The price apparently is settled by the reputation of the flocks of the different breeders. To the lay mind it seems not a little strange that, if home-grown wool can be dealt with in this summary fashion, in the case of colonial wool for the London sales, it is necessary to cart up every bale from the docks to the sale-room

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in the heart of the City, and then cart it away again to the railway station on its road to the West Riding or the Stroud manufacturer.

This spring the sheep and cattle traffic from the West Highlands was largely swollen by exceptional circumstances. The grass on the East Coast farms grew so luxuriantly that the farmers were at a loss what to do with it, and bought great numbers of Highland cattle to eat it down. One great market for these latter is at the Muir of Ord, a point a few miles south of Dingwall, where the Skye line * diverges from the main road to the north. I was there one day last June, and was watching a mob of them being coaxed and driven into the railway trucks. All of a sudden up drove two long, low, narrow, covered carts, and from out of the carefully padded interior there stepped two yearling bulls of the black polled-Angus breed. They were beautiful little creatures, well worthy to take a prize at the Windsor Agricultural Show to which they were bound, and when their clothing was removed—for they were as tenderly cared for as any racehorse—their coats shone like satin; but by the side of those noble savages, the Highland cattle, with their straight sharp horns and their bright eyes gleaming through the shaggy masses of red hair, they looked about as much out of place as a couple of palefaces in evening dress would have looked in the midst of a party of Indian braves.

To make up for the unusually large cattle traffic there was this spring a considerable falling off in the West Highland herring fishery. In 1888 the weight of fish caught was over 7000 tons; this year the amount was but little over 4000. Last year steam carriers which took the fish as far south as Fleetwood entered for the first time into competition with Strome Ferry and Oban, and as there was plenty of fish for all three routes, they did well enough; but this spring their owners have probably been forced to the reluctant conclusion that, taking the rough with the smooth, railway rates may not be so much too high after all. To add to the Fleetwood association's disappointment, after their boats had been taken off, the fish that

* The Skye line is the usual name for the branch which runs across Ross-shire from Dingwall to Strome Ferry. It is of course named—on the same principle which induced the sanguine promoters of the railway from Aberystwith to Pencader to christen their road the "Manchester and Milford"—because it is the natural route to the Island of Skye. But the first time I heard it, having no opportunity of seeing the spelling, I thought it was a mere nick-name, analogous to the Michigan "Air" line, or the "Nickel Plate" Railway.

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according to all precedent ought to have come to be caught in May and June, did come later on in September and October; and the fish trucks, that in the earlier months were standing idle by hundreds at Strome Ferry, then had a busy enough time of it.

Fish and cattle traffic not only comes in rushes and by fits and starts, but also, needless to say, must be worked, when it does come, with the utmost promptitude. The endeavour to do so over long stretches of single line without delaying the rest of the traffic has given rise to one or two interesting developments of what is probably the most perfect method of single-line working, that which is known as Tyer's Electric Tablet System. Elsewhere* I have described that system fully, and pointed out its superiority over the ordinary method of staff and ticket. Suffice it here to say that the line is divided into sections; that to every section there is assigned a set of metal tablets with the name of the section engraved upon them; and that no train is permitted to pass over any section unless one of the corresponding tablets is in the driver's possession. When the section is unoccupied, the whole of the tablets, and when a train is in it, all except the one in the driver's possession, are kept in boxes at either end, which are securely locked by an electric current. Now the Callander and Oban line mounts a steep incline for the first two miles after leaving Oban, and then runs along the level for another four miles to Connal Ferry station, where the tablet is exchanged for one bearing the name of the succeeding, Connal Ferry to Taynuilt, section. Up the incline the trains often need the assistance of a "bank" engine, which is detached at the top, and returns by itself—or to use the technical phrase, "light"—to Oban. There would, therefore, be a possibility that a down train, starting from Connal Ferry as soon as the up train had passed, might catch it up and run into it before it got back home. To obviate this risk, there has been introduced, in addition to the tablet which is carried in the ordinary way by the train engine, a staff not unlike a small policeman's truncheon, which is given to the driver of the "bank" engine. This staff forms a part of the electric lock which closes the tablet-boxes, and the result is therefore that, till the "bank" engine has got back to Oban, and returned its staff to the box at that end, it is impossible for the signalman at Connal Ferry to get a tablet out of his box, so as to send forward a down train which may be waiting there. Another and

* 'Railways of England,' p. 394.

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more amusing, except perhaps for the station-masters, if less ingenious modification is this. A fish or cattle boat may arrive at Oban after the line is closed for the night, and it may be desirable to send forward its cargo immediately. Arrangements have therefore been made by which the act of closing and locking the door of the booking office at intermediate stations diverts an electric circuit through a bell which is placed in the station-master's bedroom, a current therefore can at any moment be sent along the line, which will ring the bells and warn the station-masters to get up and make the necessary arrangements for working the coming train.

One of the chief disadvantages of the tablet system is found in the fact that it is necessary to stop or at least to slacken speed at the various stations to exchange tablets. It is true that on some lines, in order that they may be exchanged the more speedily, the tablets are hung on wire rings of perhaps a foot in diameter, through which driver and signalman respectively thrust their arms as the train runs by. But this plan is certainly not free from risk. I have never heard of any accident actually happening, but it is at least conceivable that a man might be knocked down insensible by a disc of metal a couple of pounds in weight striking him on the head, that his arm might almost be pulled out of the socket, or even that he might be dragged under the wheels of the train. On the Great North of Scotland, where the tablet system is in use on the newly opened Buckie Extension, the locomotive superintendent has accordingly devoted much time and thought to the construction of an apparatus which should exchange tablets automatically, much in the same fashion as the travelling post-office apparatus exchanges mail-bags. I had the opportunity of seeing the new invention at work on the second day of its performance in public some time last May, and being on the engine could watch its action closely. Everything worked without a hitch, even the driver expressed his approval—and it is no small triumph to win the approval of an engine-driver to new-fangled innovations—and I have since heard that six months' experience has only confirmed the first impressions.

Briefly, the apparatus consists of an iron post some five feet in height, standing at one end of the platform, just far enough back from the rails to clear in safety the engine and carriages of a passing train. From the side of the engine, a little above the foot-plate, a corresponding arm, which can be drawn back, and

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even altogether removed when not in use, projects level with the top of the platform post. Both post and arm have sticking out on either side of them what looks something like a pair of exaggerated tuning-forks, and the two pairs of course correspond with one another except that their action is reversed. For the pair fixed on the post has strong jaws facing the approaching train to receive and grasp firmly the tablet which it brings, while the jaws on the other side are much more lightly constructed, and hold but loosely the tablet which the train will have to pick up. The arm on the engine, on the other hand, has for the same reason the jaws in front strong, while those behind are weak. Imagine then a train approaching the station. A tablet, enclosed in a square envelope of stout india-rubber, is placed both by engine-driver and signalman in the weak, that is the delivery, fork. The engine reaches the post, its projecting arm sweeps over the top, a sharp click is heard, the delivery forks are empty while the two receiving forks have each safely caught their tablet, which a moment later is extracted from their tightly clenched jaws by the help of a strong brass disgorger. As I saw the apparatus at work, when everything was new and the operators unfamiliar with their duties, the speed of the train was reduced on each occasion to some 15 to 20 miles an hour. But now that further experience has been gained, the exchange is daily made at what is practically full speed. One point more must just be added. Mr. Manson has refused to patent his invention, and it may be adopted freely by any company that wishes to do so. No pecuniary interests of his own, so he quietly replied when I asked the reason, should delay for one hour the introduction of an apparatus which he hoped would tend to protect railway servants from risk of injury in the discharge of their duties.

The question of single-line working naturally recalls us to the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire, with its thirty miles of line all single, to which we promised to revert several months ago. This plucky little company, which may be taken as the single exception proving the rule that in Scotland the small undertakings have all been amalgamated into fair-sized systems, has a curious history. Its *raison d'être* was the construction of a line from Girvan in South Ayrshire, the terminus of the Glasgow and South Western, to Challoch, where a junction was made with the Portpatrick and Wigtownshire, so affording direct access from Glasgow to Stranraer and Portpatrick. The

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line was duly made, but at the cost of £600,000, a sum ridiculously disproportionate not only to the necessary expense of construction but also to the possible returns of the traffic. For though the country at either end is fertile enough, the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire itself runs through a desert. Mile after mile there is scarcely a sign of life, unless it be the wooden labels hung at intervals along the telegraph wires to give notice to the grouse not to fly too high. If the line was to live at all, it would have to exist not by local but by through traffic. And that was hardly to be obtained at prices which would more than pay for working expenses over so heavy a road.

From the very first the line was in difficulties. It was worked by the Glasgow and South Western, and the South Western gave it a service which in its proprietors' opinion only starved the line, but which the South Western in their turn declared could not be given by them except at a loss. More than once the line was closed altogether. Finally the Court of Session ordered it to be sold out and out for what it would fetch. The only railway in the neighbourhood, except the South Western itself, is the Wigtownshire and Portpatrick, which is the joint property of the South Western, the Midland, the Caledonian, and the North Western. The joint board agreed not to bid, and then it was supposed that the South Western would be able to buy the line almost at its own price. How much exactly it offered, I cannot say. I was told £150,000 on authority which I should have supposed conclusive, had I not been assured by another gentleman who ought to have been equally well informed that the bid was only £100,000. Be that as it may, to everybody's surprise, a private syndicate of London capitalists bid £155,000, got the line at the price, and what is more, determined to work it themselves. From the energy with which they have undertaken their task, it is even possible that, with so small a capital, they may be able to work it at a fair profit. In that case, the South Western, which sooner or later is almost certain to have to buy the line, will need to offer a considerable advance on £150,000.

Meanwhile the task is unquestionably an uphill one. It is true that Portpatrick is a harbour with a history, as it was in former times the route by which the mails were sent to Ireland; and hereafter perhaps, if, after finishing the Channel Tunnel and the Eiffel Tower, Sir Edward Watkin has time to turn his attention to the subject, it may rise to fame as the starting-

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point of the new Irish Tunnel to Donaghadee; but at the present moment it is little better than a fishing village. In fact the whole place struck me, when I saw it, as very much like a large-scale model. There was a toy harbour with a toy breakwater in front, with the stump of a toy lighthouse upon it. Close beside, the walls of a deserted cottage might have been made by a very slight stretch of imagination to do duty for the ruins of a miniature castle; while, to complete the illusion, the postman, who came to the station to fetch Her Majesty's mails, was a small boy who wheeled away one tiny mail-bag on a child's go-cart.

Stranraer of course is on a different scale from this, and is a place with a considerable Irish trade. At the present moment a new steamer for the cross-channel service to Larne is being built by Denny of Dumbarton, which is to be not unlike the fine new Ostend boats, and is to maintain a speed of eighteen knots an hour. But the traffic of the Stranraer route is to the East of Scotland and to England, in fact to anywhere rather than to Glasgow. From Glasgow to Belfast the goods traffic naturally goes by sea throughout, and if it does not, both the Glasgow and South Western and the Caledonian have roads of their own, though longer, round by Dumfries; while passengers prefer to join the boats which sail from Ardrossan or Greenock, rather than take a long and tedious railway journey, followed by a sea passage and then a second change into a train. Moreover, the boats leave Stranraer early in the morning to suit the arrival of the London night-mails, so that Glasgow passengers would need to reach Stranraer over-night, for an attempt that has more than once been made to start an express about 6 A.M. from Glasgow has had to be abandoned for lack of support. This last summer Messrs. Burns, the steamship owners who have monopolized the Glasgow Belfast route for more than half a century, put on a splendid new steamer of 4000 horse-power specially for passenger traffic, by which it was possible, leaving Glasgow at 8 in the morning, to be in Belfast by 1.45 P.M., and on the return journey, leaving Belfast at 3 P.M., to reach Glasgow at 9.40.* So the natural result is that, for all its energy, the little

* The *Cobra* was a fine vessel, but she did not quite come up to the specified requirements. So Messrs. Burns refused to accept her, except as a temporary stop-gap, and the Fairfield yard has got to try its hand again. It is understood that the new vessel next summer will probably sail not from Gourock but from Ardrossan. And it is worth mention, as a sample of the keenness of Scotch competition, that, though both the South Western

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Ayrshire and Wigtownshire cannot do much with the through Irish traffic.

This would be bad enough, but worse remains behind. There is a considerable amount of agricultural produce, cheese more especially, sent from the neighbourhood of Stranraer to the Glasgow market. Of this, if it were a case of railway competition only, the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire ought to get a fair share. But here the coasting steamers step in and carry off the traffic by offering prices which a railway, and especially one working over heavy gradients, cannot afford to take. Considering all these disadvantages the energy and enterprise which the little line displays is worthy of high commendation. It has recently bought some excellent new carriages, and its best train runs from Dunragit to Girvan, with four intermediate stops and a long "set-back" into Girvan station, 32 miles in the level hour. Travelling by this train the other day, I had a good opportunity of seeing how hard a commercial undertaking will work for a dividend. A farmer was very anxious to send a horse by it to a station at which the train was not booked to stop. It was pointed out to him that to take the horse-box would delay the train at least five minutes, as the engine would have to draw it away on to the other line, and then come back and couple up to the carriages. But the man persisted in urging his request. So finally the horse-box was attached at the tail of the train, a second brake-van being placed behind it for safety's sake, and the one horse and the two vehicles were hauled off to New Luce and there detached. The farmer was satisfied, and the Ayrshire and the Wigtownshire was richer by perhaps five shillings. If every crown is as hardly earned, there should not be many people to grudge the new proprietors their modest 1½ per cent. of dividend. Let those who look forward to a millennium of State-owned railways—a body which seems to be increasing in numbers in Great Britain at present, though curiously enough in Germany, after a decade's experience of State-ownership, the trend of public opinion in all the other way—say whether Government officials would be likely to give their subjects equal facilities.

In the first of these articles it was stated that "in universal

and the Caledonian have railway piers at Ardrossan, it is understood that the boat will be run in connection with a Caledonian train service, because from the pier of this latter company a vessel can steam straight away, while in the case of the South Western it is necessary for her to turn round.

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and ubiquitous competition is to be found the key-note of the Scotch railway system," and as this statement has since been taken by one of the Scotch chairmen as the text of his discourse at the half-yearly meeting of his shareholders, perhaps it may now be considered as having received an official *imprimatur*. From that competition there flow naturally two results. On the one hand the companies are driven to do their utmost to economize in working their traffic. The average proportion of the gross earnings absorbed in working expenses is about 47 per cent. in Scotland as against something like 52 per cent. in England. One instance in which economy has been effected that must be patent to every traveller in Scotland, is to be found in the abolition of second-class. Second-class carriages still run all over the Highland line, and on the East Coast and West Coast through English trains. But elsewhere they have practically ceased to exist. A year or two back they disappeared from the Edinburgh and Glasgow expresses; this summer they were given up on the "coast" trains from Glasgow. The Great North has, it is true, not abandoned second-class, but that is for the best possible reason—it never had any. We have lately been told on good authority that Sir James Allport, though he only succeeded in abolishing second-class on the Midland in 1875, urged upon the Sheffield board the propriety of adopting such a policy as far back as 1850. Whether it was from Sir James that the Great North learnt wisdom, probably no one now alive can say, but the fact is certain that the line has never possessed any second-class carriages.

Whether, however, their former habit of charging what practically were second-class fares for ordinary third-class accommodation was an improvement on the usual practice, is a different question. From a "Bradshaw" only ten years old one can see that from Aberdeen to Banff, 65 miles, the first-class fare was 10*s.*, third-class 7*s.* 2*d.*, "Government" 4*s.* 9½*d.*; to Boat of Garten, 101 miles, the charges were 17*s.* 6*d.*, 12*s.* 6*d.*, and 8*s.* 5*d.* respectively. In those days there was only one "Government" train each way in the 24 hours, and as it took 7 hours and 20 minutes over its 100 miles, it did not much exceed its parliamentary minimum of 12 miles an hour. Needless to say, nowadays, almost all over the kingdom—the most conspicuous and least justifiable exception with which I am acquainted is to be found on the Wye Valley section of the Great Western system—"parliamentary" and "third-class" are convertible terms, and

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any passenger who knows the distance he is going to travel knows, not always the minimum, but certainly the maximum number of pence he will have to pay.

But to come back to the abolition of second-class, for my own part I can scarcely doubt that the Scotch companies have done wisely. No doubt they have sacrificed a portion of the fares of the passengers who formerly went second and now travel third, but in return they have done a good deal to simplify and to lighten their trains. And this is a very serious matter. The question is often discussed as though it were merely one of dividing a train into two or three subdivisions. In fact a main line train is as a rule composed of portions for, say, four different places, and on each portion the company is expected to provide accommodation for ordinary passengers, for smokers, and latterly also for ladies, of all three classes. Thirty-six subdivisions in all, or a good long train, even if one compartment apiece was all that was required. Strike out second-class, and you reduce your possible subdivision at one blow from thirty-six to twenty-four. It may be said: Why not then abolish first-class also, for it pays, if Mr. Findlay's figures may be relied on, even worse than second? The answer is here, not that it is theoretically wrong, but that it is practically impossible. It would be not a reform but a revolution, and no company dare lead the way. The great iron-masters, or coal-owners, or manufacturers, who found themselves suddenly compelled to travel third-class, would avenge themselves for the discomfort by sending tens of thousands of pounds' worth of traffic by the rival line. Besides as long as society in Great Britain is organized as it is, it must be admitted that most people would find it incongruous, if Lord Salisbury for instance had to travel between King's Cross and Hatfield in a third-class compartment. With second-class passengers there are no such difficulties. They are neither distinguished nor influential, and as long as compartments—third as well as first—are reserved for ladies travelling alone, the only class likely to be in any way inconvenienced by the change is amply protected.

The other result of competition may be said to be the concession of advantages and facilities even beyond those to which we are accustomed on the most liberal lines in England. For instance, to meet the steamboat competition, passengers are carried every Tuesday and Friday—not in summer only, but all the year round—from Edinburgh to Aberdeen, 160 miles, for

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7s. 6d. All over the Great North system, return tickets are issued every Saturday at very little more than single fares for the double journey. "Guest tickets" again are a peculiarly Scotch institution. Holders of season-tickets, say between Glasgow and Largs or Moffat, can obtain batches of return tickets for the use of their families or friends coming to stay with them at a single fare and a quarter.

Here are some samples of liberal treatment within my own personal knowledge. A gentleman the other day took a monthly season-ticket from Glasgow to the sea-side. Two days after the ticket was issued he was taken ill, and it was over three weeks before he was able to return to business. He stated the fact to the company, which at once consented to cancel the ticket, and hand him back the money less the ordinary return fare for the two days on which it had actually been used. Some years since, coming down from England by the night-mail, a party of three, of whom I was one, missed the connection from Kilmarnock to Ayr, owing to the unpunctuality not of the Scotch but of the English company; and consequently we reached our destination about two hours late. More out of curiosity to see what he would say than for any other reason, I wrote to the general manager of the Glasgow and South Western, at that time an entire stranger to me, and laid my grievance before him. Next day a reply was despatched, expressing regret that the station-master at Kilmarnock had not sent us forward "special" at once, and stating that orders had been given that this course should always be adopted in future. It ought to be added that in this instance the traffic is entirely non-competitive.

As for children, the liberality with which they are treated is almost ridiculous. I remember a gentleman going with his wife, two nurses, and six children, ranging in age from twelve down to three, to spend the day at a place twenty miles away. With the full approval of the responsible officials, though the company had a right to charge for seven, he took four tickets for the entire party. Again, a boy of fourteen at school in Edinburgh came down to stop from Saturday to Monday with his people at their house in the country, some sixty miles away. He tendered half a guest-ticket to the collector, but it was promptly returned, with the remark that his father was a season-ticket holder and that was quite sufficient. School children indeed make use of the railway in Scotland to a much larger extent than is the case in England.

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It is impossible not to notice the numbers of them who come into the country towns every morning and go back again to their homes in the afternoon. No doubt, however, this is due to the Scotch preference of a day-school over a boarding-school education, quite as much as to the liberality of the railway companies.

In one respect Scotland is distinctly in advance of England. Two of the leading companies have begun to experiment in heating their carriages by methods less primitive than the universal English hot-water tin. On the Glasgow and South Western the waste heat from the roof-lamps of the carriages is the agent employed. Above the flame of the lamp is fixed a miniature wrought-iron boiler, connected by two small pipes with a reservoir placed below the seat. The hot water from the boiler is forced down into the reservoir, whence it drives out the cooler water before it, and sends it up to the roof to supply its place. In fact, with the exception that in this instance the kitchen fire is placed, after the fashion now usually adopted in the most luxurious *ménages*, on the top floor, the system is merely that which is adopted for the supply of hot water in every modern house. The system in use on the Caledonian makes use on the other hand of the waste steam of the engine—or rather of so much of it as escapes from the cylinder of the Westinghouse brake. Iron pipes, connected between the coaches by pieces of old worn-out india-rubber brake-hose, run from end to end of the train. In each compartment there is, under the seat and connected with the train pipe, a pipe four inches in diameter, which serves as a radiator. To allow the water as it condenses to escape, a tiny hole is made in the bottom of the bend of each of the india-rubber connections. This system has now been in use for some time on several of the Glasgow suburban trains, and the only objection I have heard made to it is, that passengers ought to have the power of shutting off the steam when they please, as the carriage often gets unpleasantly hot.

The Caledonian locomotive and carriage works at St. Rollox are, however, busied with matters much more serious than carriage heating. Merely as engineering shops they are well worth a visit. They are not perhaps quite the finest belonging to any railway company in Great Britain—that proud position probably belongs to the still newer shops of the Lancashire and Yorkshire at Horwich—and of course they are by no means the largest; but compared to places such as Crewe or Doncaster, which consist of the gradual accretions of well-nigh half a

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century, their spaciousness and general convenience is instantly visible. Strangely enough, the most famous Caledonian engine —some people might say the most famous engine at present running in Great Britain—the wonderful No. 123, which, week in, week out, for nearly two years, has taken the Carlisle-Edinburgh express up the Beattock "bank," with its gradient of 1 in 70 or 80 for 10 miles, at a speed which most lines would term express along a dead level—was not built at St. Rollox at all, but by the well-known private firm of Neilson, though of course to the designs of the Caledonian locomotive superintendent. Hitherto, moreover, the type has not been repeated, and No. 123, with her 7-foot single drivers, remains so far alone in her class. Mr. Drummond's new engines are all "4-coupled;" but if he expects them to surpass the performance of their predecessor, he must be an unusually sanguine man.

I was behind her the first time that the West Coast went from London to Edinburgh in 8 hours. She was booked to cover the 100¾ miles from Carlisle in 112 minutes, and the railway servants themselves declared that the thing was impossible. But she did it in 104, and went up the 10 miles from Beattock Station to Beattock Summit in 14 minutes, spite of a check at the signal half-way up which brought our speed down to some 15 miles an hour. Another day, long after the excitement of the great "Race" was over, and when the Edinburgh and Glasgow carriages were worked once more on the same train, I was on the footplate, when she took a train of ten coaches for several miles on end at an average speed of 65 miles an hour, not down hill but along the level. On this occasion we stopped at the foot of the incline for a "pilot," and including this stop, the 10 miles took 15 minutes. Now that the respective possibilities of West Coast and East Coast routes are being somewhat keenly canvassed, it is perhaps worth while to point out that the disadvantage to the West Coast caused by the existence of this climb of 1000 feet, as compared with a similar distance over perfectly level line, cannot at the outside be estimated at more than 5 minutes. A disadvantage it is, and must remain unquestionably, but not a disadvantage so overpowering that it cannot be abundantly compensated elsewhere in the course of a run of 400 or 500 miles.

There are already a good many of the new type of express engine, with 4-coupled 6 feet 6 inches driving-wheels and a 4-wheeled bogie in front, at work on the line, and they are

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constantly put to most severe tests ; for no line, take it for all in all, hauls as heavy trains over as bad a road at higher speed than does the Caledonian. Not only their power but their endurance is constantly tested, for it has latterly become an everyday thing for the same engine to run right through, for the whole 240 miles, between Aberdeen and Carlisle. So much so indeed, that recently this was done even in the case of the Queen's special. When I was last at St. Rollox, some six months back, a batch of six of these engines, with 18-inch cylinders and 26-inch stroke, was under construction. They were alike in every particular except this, that two were to work at a boiler pressure of 150 lbs., two at 175 lbs., and two at 200 lbs.—this last a pressure that has never hitherto, as far as I am aware, been adopted for locomotives. For Mr. Drummond, who is no believer in "compounds," shares with Mr. Johnson of the Midland the opinion, that the unquestioned economy of fuel shown by engines of this type is due not to the principle of compounding, but to the higher steam-pressure at which they are usually worked. Another novel feature which they possess is a sanding apparatus, worked not by steam, which is said to be liable to condense and so clog the pipes, but by a jet of compressed air from the Westinghouse pump. These engines have also exceptionally large steam-ports, that so the back-pressure of the escaping steam, which at extreme speeds mounts up very rapidly till it finally absorbs almost the whole power of the engine, may be reduced to a minimum. They have just left the shops within the last few weeks, and those who are interested in locomotive progress will watch their future performances with interest. If there are not abundant opportunities of doing so in the course of the coming summer, at least the Scotch public will be much disappointed of their present expectations.

Compressed air is turned to another use at St. Rollox, namely to help the men in the foundry to make the moulds for their castings. By the force of compressed air the two sides of a casting-box are brought together in a fraction of the time that was needed under the old hand system ; while the turning of a tap on a flexible pipe from the air reservoir sends all the particles of loose sand away in an instant and spares the moulder much unnecessary puffing and blowing. Adjoining the locomotive shops there is an establishment which, though its like must exist on every railway, has not hitherto, as far as I am aware, won for itself a place in railway literature, and that is the

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grease factory. The importance of this establishment is perhaps hardly what it was a few years back, for on passenger carriages grease is rapidly being superseded by oil; for goods and mineral trucks, however, it is still indispensable. The reason for the difference depends on the difference of the work required. Oil is a more perfect lubricant than grease, and therefore renders the friction less when the train is actually running. On the other hand, it is much thinner and less viscous, so that, when the wheel is at rest, it is squeezed out and allows the axle-box to come down hard upon the axle, while grease would have left a film between. In other words, with grease the friction at the first start is much less. Now goods trucks start and stop much oftener than passenger carriages; they stand still for a much longer time; and what is still more important, the engine of a goods train is habitually loaded to its full power, and therefore has as much as it can do to set its train in motion. Consequently for goods trucks grease still holds the field, and for the use of its 45,000 goods trucks the Caledonian railway manufactures some 600 or 700 tons of grease per annum.

The ingredients consist of palm-oil, soap, soda, tallow, and a small quantity of an extremely fluid white oil which looks not unlike the finest castor-oil. They are turned in by barrow-loads at a time into a huge boiler. This boiler is jacketed with steam, and the inner lining is perforated, so that jets of live steam can be admitted all round. More water is added to bring the mixture to the proper consistency—thicker or thinner according to the weather and the time of year—and then the whole is made to boil freely, after which it is drawn off into shallow vats and left for a day or two, to cool and harden. Finally it is dug out, placed in casks, and sent away down the line to the different goods and mineral depots.

It was mentioned above that the Caledonian is the owner of 45,000 trucks. Perhaps it would not be wrong to imagine that its shareholders have no reason to rejoice in the fact. Theoretically there can be no question that the railway companies ought to own the trucks which work over their line. The system of private ownership of railway waggons, says the great American authority, Professor Hadley, "gives to English freight trains a disreputable appearance which contrasts almost ludicrously with the solid excellence of the line and buildings. An uninstructed observer might readily suppose that the companies had spent all their money on the permanent way, and having nothing left for

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equipment, were tottering on the verge of hopeless bankruptcy." Mr. Hadley further declares, and it would be difficult to contradict him, that the system "is inconvenient to both railroads and shippers. The shippers complain of damage and detention of cars; the railways complain of waste of space and power; and both parties have good ground for their complaints." He might have added that it is highly dangerous to the public safety. Spite of inspection and repairs as frequent and as thorough as railway companies, with competitors on either side hungering for their traffic, dare to enforce, one or two private traders will always persist in sending over the railway waggons, which, if they had been the property of the railway company, would have found their way to the scrap-heap years before. Ninety-nine times when these waggons break down no harm is done, except that the line is blocked and the traffic disorganized, but the hundredth time the break-down comes when a passenger train is passing on the opposite line, and a terrible disaster is the natural result.

Professor Hadley ascribes the long continuance of this indefensible system to "English conservatism," and "the inertia of English business habits." This perhaps is scarcely an adequate explanation. The evil—and it must be remembered that, in the case of a large and prosperous coal or iron company working its trucks over the line of a small, poverty-stricken railway company, it is not an evil at all—can only be stopped by general and compulsory legislation. No single railway dare promote a Bill to banish private waggons off its line altogether. The thing must be done universally or not at all. It is not enough merely to offer to buy up the traders' waggons. This the Midland set to work to do some ten years back and allocated a million pounds of capital to the operation. But the result has not been over-encouraging. They have bought a great many, and, if they were not to offend their customers, they had sometimes not to be too critical about the prices. Then they had to spend almost as much as would have built new waggons in putting the old ones into thorough repair. The Caledonian, which followed in the Midland footsteps, has had a yet more disappointing experience. The traders, having disposed of their old waggons at a very satisfactory price, forthwith proceeded to spend the money in the purchase of new ones; so that the day when the Company will own and be responsible for all the stock which runs on its line seems to be just as far off as ever.

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There is another charge, which is yet more frequently brought by American writers against our railway management in this country, and that is the size of our goods waggons. If they held 30 tons as in America, instead of 5 or 10 as is the custom here (so we have been constantly assured of late in railway newspapers by a gentleman who appears to hold a brief for the American system), we should be able to work our traffic for many millions less *per annum* than is spent at present. It may be so, but, before the change is made, it might be well that we should be informed how it is proposed to manipulate a truck 36 feet long built with steel tubular framing—some people have been rude enough to describe it as gas-piping—when it comes to hoisting it on board a vessel, as is the custom in Glasgow, in order to tip its contents straight into the hold. At St. Rollox, at least, the feat is believed to be impossible. Not that they are by any means wedded to the old idea of a four-wheeled truck. On the contrary they have built a considerable number of trucks of a much larger size. These run on six wheels, two of which are fixed to the frame in the middle, while the remaining pairs are on bogies at either end. The weight is something under 10 tons, and the capacity about 15, and the length 26 feet. Beyond this size, say the Caledonian authorities, it is not profitable to go under our insular conditions.

But we have dwelt perhaps too much on Caledonian specialities. Let it, however, be said in excuse, that a writer can only describe what he has the opportunity of describing; and, be the fault whose it may, I have seen more which merits description on the Caledonian system than on that of its great rival. Still, before these sketches are brought to a close, we must note one most interesting point on the North British railway, an extremely ingenious method of electric lighting. As already mentioned, that company has a line, known as the City and District, running underground across the heart of Glasgow. Some of the trains on it start from Edinburgh and work right through as far as Helensburgh. For ten minutes they are in darkness, for the rest of the three hours in the open day. The carriages cannot be left unlighted for the ten minutes; on the other hand, it seems a gratuitous waste to keep lamps burning all the time. Here is the system which has been devised in order to comply economically with these conditions.

Through each of the three Glasgow tunnels there is laid a centre rail, raised up 4½ inches above the ordinary metals and

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insulated from contact with the ground. This rail is kept charged with electricity, generated by the dynamos used for the lighting of the Queen Street station, which stands over the top of the underground railway. Underneath each carriage is an iron pulley with a spring which keeps it in contact with the rail. Originally wire brushes were used instead of pulleys, but the points of the wires were fused so rapidly that this had to be abandoned. The current is led from the pulley through incandescent roof-lamps, then passes down the wheels, and so returns along the ordinary rails. There are two lamps in each compartment; in the first-class compartments both are lit, in the third they are so arranged that, though only one is lighted, if the one is broken or removed—and two or three are stolen every week—the other is automatically thrown into circuit. It should be added that the centre rail slopes up at either end very gradually from the ground to its full height, to avoid a sudden jerk to an advancing train, and that the cost, allowing for interest, depreciation, &c., works out to about one penny per hour for each lamp actually burning. In practice, they are found to burn on an average about one hour per diem. The advantages of the system are obvious. Each carriage is independent. Electrically lighted and oil-lighted carriages can be mixed up together in the same train. The electric lamps can at any moment be taken out and ordinary lamps substituted. And last, but by no means least, neither guard nor driver—both of whom have usually quite enough to do as it is—need to pay the smallest attention to the matter.

Here these notes end. Having sketched what seemed of most general interest on the Scotch Railways as they are to-day, it only remains for the writer to add that, to judge by present indications, if any one chooses to go over the same ground again a very few years hence, he will find the circumstances vastly altered from the position of affairs in the year 1889.

W. M. ACWORTH.

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Holland House.

IN the life of a famous building, as in the life of a man, there are crises and turning-points which irresistibly invite a survey of its past history. We have now reached such a turning-point in the life of Holland House, "once celebrated for its rare attractions to the furthest ends of the civilized world, and now silent and desolate as the grave." And as the old order changes, yielding place to new, a few words of fond and grateful commemoration may not be out of place, even though the writer is painfully aware that in attempting them he challenges dangerous comparison with Lord Macaulay on the one hand, and the numerous and gifted descendants of Pennialinus on the other.

All Londoners and most of their country cousins have seen on their right hand as they journey from Kensington to Hammersmith, within two miles of Hyde Park Corner, a Jacobean palace of red brick and white stone, standing secluded from the dust and traffic of the high road, in the midst of gardens and hay-fields and forest-trees. This is Holland House, and no private dwelling in London better deserves or more richly repays the attention of the artist or the historian. Some portion of its foundation seems to date from the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," but in the main features of its architecture and elevation, in its profusion of pinnacles and turrets and porticoes and arcades, it recalls the handiwork of that mysterious artist, John of Padua, and is worthy to rank with Longleat and Wollaton and Burleigh. Rightly considered, the very fabric is a history, and embodies in concrete and visible form the spirit of the age which gave it birth. In its solid and substantial strength, in its ample scope, in its accessibility to light and air, and in its complete freedom from the dim, religious mysticism of medieval architecture, Holland House is a true product of the age of the Reformation. In its richness of superadded ornament, its perfect adaptation to the requirements of a stately and luxurious life, and its constant suggestions of Italian

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influence, it presents the most characteristic features of the gorgeous Renaissance. To study the general character and successive modifications of its internal equipment and decoration is to trace the rise and progress of domestic and social civilization. Its collection of pictures, of every school and in every style, recalls the days when to be a great nobleman was to be a patron of the arts. The celebrated Library was formed in an age when every fine gentleman was, or wished to be thought, a scholar. China from France and Germany, glass from Venice, and hangings from Spain, are the spoils of many a grand tour, undertaken at a time when one of the chief, and most creditable, uses of great wealth was to secure its possessors a liberal education.

Every hall and gallery is associated with famous names. The Gilt-room was decorated as we now see it for a ball given in honour of Charles I. In one chamber Vandyke painted; in another Atterbury schemed. In what is now the dining-room Addison "breathed his last, having sent for his stepson, Lord Warwick, to see in what peace a Christian can die," though Horace Walpole characteristically remarks, "unluckily, he died of Brandy." In a field belonging to Holland House, Oliver Cromwell held secret conference with Ireton, whose deafness made confidential conversation impossible in more frequented places. In the pleasure-grounds George III. courted Lady Sarah Lennox. In the kitchen-garden Colonel Best shot Lord Camelford. In days comparatively recent, the famous Library has heard the conversation of Sheridan and Byron; of Blanco White and Dr. Parr; of Lord Jeffrey and Sir Humphry Davy and Hookham Frere; of Grattan and Curran, and Romilly and Washington Irving; of Calonne and Madame de Staël; of Luttrell and Sydney Smith and Lord Macaulay. Here Samuel Rogers, intent on discovering the authorship of "Junius's Letters," ventured to inquire of old Sir Philip Francis if he "might ask him a rather delicate question," and received the discouraging but significant reply, "at your peril, sir, at your peril." Here Wilkie "gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Baretti; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz." But all this belongs to a remote and splendid past. The future fate of this most noble and interesting house is wrapped in uncertainty. "Yet a few years, and the shades

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and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as fast as a young town of logwood by a water-privilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble, with the courtly munificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormonde, with the counsels of Cromwell, with the death of Addison. The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them; the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could desire to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, the shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages, and those portraits in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations. They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who put life into bronze and canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals."

These words of beautiful but gloomy vaticination were penned nearly fifty years ago, and the process of fulfilment, though it has not advanced far, has indeed begun. Holland Park and Melbury Road have trenched upon the sacred domain, the shades which once sheltered fallen Bonapartes and exiled Bourbons have afforded a lodging to the captive Cetewayo.

But here, we trust, the course of desecration will be arrested, and, though shorn of some of its circumjacent glories, the fabric of Holland House will remain untouched. Most earnestly must all lovers of art and history re-echo the benediction which Hookham Frere traced with a diamond on the turret-window:—

> "May neither fire destroy nor waste impair,
> Nor time consume thee till the twentieth Heir.
> May Taste respect thee, and may Fashion spare."

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If we turn for an instant from the material aspect of Holland House to the annals of those who have inhabited it, we see in them a curious illustration of the processes by which the greatness of English families is built up.

Its founder was Sir William Cope, a courtier of James I., and his daughter and heiress, Isabel Cope, carried "Cope Castle," as it was then called, into the family of her husband, Sir Henry Rich. The Riches were of the new nobility. An opulent mercer of the time of Henry VI. was great-grandfather to Richard, Lord Rich, Lord Chancellor in the reign of Edward VI. Lord Rich's grandson was made Earl of Warwick, and his second son, Sir Henry Rich, was created Lord Kensington in honour of his marriage with Isabel Cope, the heiress of Kensington. He was subsequently made Earl of Holland, and conferred his name on Cope Castle, which henceforth was known as Holland House. In the strife between Charles and the Parliament, Lord Holland took a devious and unfortunate course, which eventually conducted him to the scaffold. The second Earl of Holland, succeeding his cousin, became also Earl of Warwick. It was his son's wife, the Countess of Warwick, who married Addison. Her son was the last Earl of Warwick and Kensington, and, on his death without issue, his estates at Kensington passed to his cousin, William Edwardes, a Welsh squire, and ancestor of the present Lord Kensington. From the time of the Restoration to the middle of the eighteenth century, Holland House was occasionally let. William Penn was one of its tenants. William III. actually inspected it with a view to purchase. In 1749 it was let, at a rent of £182 16*s.* 9*d.* a year, to Henry Fox, first Lord Holland of the second creation, who bought it in 1767.

Here, for the second time in its history, Holland House passed into the hands of a new family. Stephen Fox, father of the first Earl of Ilchester and the first Lord Holland, began life as a choirboy in Salisbury Cathedral. He early attracted the friendly notice of Bishop Duppa, who laid the foundations of his fortunes. His eldest son, Henry Fox, a prominent politician under George II. and III., was elevated to the peerage by the name of the noble house which he had bought, and which again had acquired its designation from its previous owner. Henry Lord Holland was the father of Stephen Lord Holland, and of Charles James Fox, and the grandfather of Henry Richard Lord Holland, who made Holland House so famous as a resort of

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distinguished and accomplished men in the early part of this century. That most genial of hosts was succeeded by his son, the last Lord Holland, on whose death, in 1859, Holland House passed into the hands of his widow, Mary Augusta, Lady Holland, who died, deeply and widely lamented, on the 23rd of September last.

As the last bearer of an historic name, and herself one of the most charming and accomplished women of her time, the character and career of Lady Holland demand at least some brief record, in connection with the famous house of which for more than half a century she was the most conspicuous ornament.

Lady Mary Augusta Coventry was the daughter of the 8th Earl of Coventry. She was born in 1812, and was brought up to a great extent on the Continent, where she formed many of the most binding ties of her life, and contracted habits of thought, sentiment, and conduct quite unlike those which characterize the general run of home-keeping Englishwomen. In 1833 Lady Mary Coventry married the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, afterwards fourth and last Lord Holland, and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Tuscany. From the time of her marriage Lady Holland lived principally in Italy, and though, after her husband's succession to his father's title and fortune, they spent some part of each year in England, still they always considered Naples their home. There they formed and maintained their most intimate friendships, and there they were continually surrounded by the society which they so peculiarly enjoyed. Their foreign associations were made all the stronger by the fact that they had both joined the Roman Catholic Church. After Lord Holland's death in 1859 his widow was left with full control of all his fortune, including Holland House and St. Anne's Hill—a delightful villa near Chertsey, stored with memorials and relics of Mr. Fox. Between these two homes, most unlike but each perfect in its way, Lady Holland spent the summer months, returning for the winter to Naples. For some years past, however, she had not been strong enough for the long journey to Italy, and she had lived entirely in England, except for an annual visit to some German watering-place.

The greater part of the year was spent at St. Anne's Hill, where she greatly enjoyed a constant succession of visitors from London. For about two months of the late summer and early autumn she lived at Holland House, and there her hospitalities were among the most graceful and delightful incidents of social

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life. For many years her annual garden-parties were unique in their charm, combining all the solemn dignity which clings to one of the most historical of English houses with the fantastic grace and sprightly merriment of an Italian *festa*. Failing strength had brought these large parties to an end; but whenever Lady Holland was known to be in London, even in the desolate months of August and September, her shrine never lacked its devotees. Diplomatists of every nation found a second home at Holland House. To its hospitable doors every distinguished foreigner gravitated by a natural law. Some of the most accomplished of the older men of London were habitual guests, and conversation not unworthy of the great traditions of the House was to be heard at those delightful dinners, un-English in every detail of their composition and service, where half the dishes were French and half Italian, where every European language was spoken in turn, and where the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room simultaneously with the ladies, who did not disdain the peptic aid of a cigarette.

The dining-room of Holland House has certainly seen some strange vicissitudes of social manners. It has witnessed the change from the coarseness of the days when Horace Walpole described the fracture of the French Ambassador's arm as an ordinary incident of an after-dinner romp; when to drink oneself blind drunk was not a vice, but an accomplishment; or even when, in more recent times, an imperious hostess ordered Sydney Smith to pick up her handkerchief, and stopped Macaulay's conversation by telling him that "we have had enough of that;" to the finished courtesy, the exquisite refinement, the unfailing consideration for others' feelings, and the cosmopolitan sympathies which formed the natural and necessary environment of the last Lady Holland.

As years went on, and the fatigues of hospitality began to tell increasingly on her strength, Lady Holland lived less and less at Holland House, and not long ago a speculative builder approached her with what would have been to most people a tempting offer. He proposed to buy the reversion of the house, with its gardens, park, and farm, for half a million sterling. Lady Holland's reply was worthy of herself. She said that she belonged to the house of Fox, not by birth, but only by marriage, and that Holland House, with all its splendid associations, should not, by her act, pass out of the family which had made it famous. It now reverts to Lord Ilchester, who

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represents the family of Fox in the male line, and St. Anne's Hill passes to the Dowager Lady Lilford, sister of the late Lord Holland.

One touch of personal description may not unfitly close this sketch. Mary, Lady Holland, was one of the smallest of women, less than five feet high, exceedingly slender, with the most exquisite hands and feet. Her features were pronounced and sharply cut. Her rich dark hair retained its colour to the last. But her most marked trait was the extraordinary brightness of her piercing eyes. They sparkled and flashed like a girl's, and when she smiled they lit up her face with a peculiarly bewitching expression. In latter years she never laid aside her "customary suit of solemn black," and a cap, which, to quote Lord Beaconfield, "should have been immortalized by Mieris or Gerard Douw."

In mind Lady Holland was singularly vivacious. Her mental gaze was of the most penetrating power. She saw through unreality, vanity, and pretence at a glance; but was full of the most genial charity towards mere error, ignorance, or indiscretion. She was extremely quick in repartee, loved a joke, and had a peculiarly keen appreciation of whatever was fine in character, conversation, art, or literature. For some years she suffered grievously; but her patience and courage in bearing pain, her anxiety that it should not distress other people, and her bright cheerfulness in forgetting it, were models to all like sufferers. In character she was one of the justest, kindest, and most generous of women; the sworn enemy of all cruelty and harshness; and the most faithful and affectionate of friends. All who knew her will join, without distinction of creed, in the beautiful benediction of the Church in which she lived and died:

"Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine,
Et lux perpetua luceat ei."

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Rooks and Farmers.

Is rural England relapsing into wildness? is a question which many people have been asking during the past twelve months. For it seems hardly consistent with a growing density of population that owners and tenants of land should have to combine, in order to offer rewards to the slayer of wild creatures. It was considered an astonishing thing when it was first realized that the European rabbit was becoming a plague to Australia, that the Scotch thistle was spreading over Canada, and that the grain fields of California were being ravaged by the English sparrow. But that the same bird, with the rook and the wood-pigeon, was becoming a serious pest in England, or that the farmer had more than the usual reason for complaining of its petty pilfering, was quite incredible. However, it is in North Northumberland, was the comforting reflection, and the county always was wild. And yet those who know the district need not be told how well cultivated it is. There are hills, it is true, but the only complaint one hears on the green slopes or in the rocky glens of the Cheviots is that bird-stuffers are exterminating the rarest of the birds. No more is the golden eagle to be seen soaring over Hedgehope, the hen-harrier is driven away, and the peregrine falcon and the raven have only Henhole left as their last citadel. There are moors, bogs, and mosses too; but, as more of them are annually riven up by the ploughshare, the curlew flies further and further away to the undrained wastes, where his desolate cry fits in with the desolate scenery. But whoever will climb to the top of "Dark Flodden," or even to the soft and mossy greensward in front of Sibyl Grey's well, where the water is still as pure as when Scott was there, will have before him, as he stands with his back to Howson and the Cheviots, a valley as fertile as any in England, that through which "the deep and sullen Till" winds and twists till it reaches the Tweed. On either side, all the way from Wooler to Milfield, fruitful farms form its banks. There the rook war has raged most furiously.

From inquiries which have been made by myself and others,

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it seems beyond dispute that in every agricultural district of England, except those which are closely adjacent to the large towns, there is an increase of bird life exactly similar to that in Northumberland. A glance at the causes of this will aid us in realizing, what we have all known for a long time, that very marked changes are stealing over the face of rural England. The facts themselves are hardly open to dispute, and may be verified by the most fleeting visitor to the country. One does not need to be very old to remember the time, for instance, when a tame starling was a curiosity, and when a starling's nest was as much of a discovery as a magpie's is now. If a young bird were caught, its tongue was cut with a silver sixpence, and if the owner rose at daybreak, it, as a mysterious consequence of this operation—as necessary as docking a mouse of its tail to tame it—learned to speak. But whoever wishes starlings now may have them by millions. I have seen a forty-acre field black nearly from fence to fence with them, and almost every sheep in a flock of hundreds with one on his head hunting for ticks. The increase of sparrows is not less manifest. Where once they could all rest comfortably in the roof of the cartshed, or under the eaves of the cottages, or among the thatch of the great farmhouse, they are now obliged to send colonies out in every direction. They have ousted the poor swallows from their nests of mud in the corners of the window; long before the martins arrived they had taken possession of the holes they used to build in; and there is a high thorn hedge between the paddock and the wheatfield which, from end to end, showed in spring a continuous jagged line of their slovenly straw-and-feather nests. As soon as the corn ripens they muster in myriads, and, wherever a field of grain is bounded by a thick hedge to which they can retreat, ravage the borders and headlands till there is nothing left but chaff. When scared, they first fly to the hedge, changing its green to a mass of brown feathers, and then, if a shot is fired, fly off to another part of the field. That wood-pigeons, individually the most destructive of all winged pests, for they will devour almost their own weight in corn, have increased to an equal extent, is less capable of proof, as they nest singly, and one cannot number the flocks of them. They come over here, lean and hungry, from the Norwegian forests, and speedily grow so large and fat, that at the end of the season they cannot make up their minds to return.

But the great enemy of the farmer is the rook. He is not

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such a glutton as the wood-pigeon, and varies his food more, but what he wants in eating capacity he makes up in numbers. Of the multiplication of rooks all over the country during the last ten or fifteen years there is full and abundant evidence. Exactly the same thing has happened in Scotland and the Midlands and North of England. As is well known, there are two kinds of nesting-places known respectively as winter and summer rookeries. The former may be regarded as the bird's legitimate home, and the ancestral rookery is an adjunct to a country house which no one would like to be destroyed. To many who are neither poets nor painters there is no music sweeter than the first cawings of the young rooks on a May morning, or the harsher notes of their elders as they tumble and scream in the park, in anticipation of the strong October wind which is coming to sweep the withering leaves from lime and chestnut; or when, still later, the bare and leafless twigs stand out like a black tracery against a clear December sky, they hold a parliament on the tree-tops. These old rookeries they never desert all the year round, and often in the late autumn a careful mother-crow will be seen mending the house which wind or accident has damaged. But the summer rookeries have been erected merely to accommodate the surplus population. As soon as the breeding season is over they are deserted, parents and children alike joining the huge flock which nightly the "many wintered" chief leads back to the ancient roosting-place. Now the farmer, who in his patient way is willing to put up with a moderate amount of thieving, and who regards the hall or castle rookery as being, like the weather, a burden to be borne, loses patience when he finds the rooks encroaching in all directions. And within the past few years they have done this to right and left. New rookeries have been established by the score, until in some districts there is scarcely a strip of plantation or a clump of trees without nests on it. If undisturbed, these annually grow larger, until, as in the old rookery, there is hardly a branch without a nest on it.

It would be more difficult to assign a reason for this phenomenal prosperity of wild life were not the only exceptions to it those species which the gamekeeper keeps in check. There are not more magpies, hawks, ravens or carrion crows now than there used to be, but that is because he is continually reducing their numbers, never missing an opportunity of killing them in the fields, and watching by their nests in spring to shoot the parent birds. And the very efficiency with which this work is done

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accounts in some measure for the increase of the smaller singing birds, the lark and the redbreast, finches—including even the once rare and delicate bull-finch and the gold-finch whenever it can find thistledown—linnets—green linnets may be seen in flocks almost rivalling the starlings—blackbirds, thrushes and others. Indeed, in some districts he does his work too well, as in those where, owing to an absurd notion that owls steal eggs and kill young game, these useful birds were shot down, until rats and mice have grown so numerous in the hedgerows, that game-preservers find it difficult to protect the eggs of pheasants and partridges from them. A chapter from the recent history of the squirrel may be adduced to prove that, unless extraordinary measures are taken, the present conditions are favourable to an inordinate increase of wild life in rural England. A Northumbrian landowner, Mr. George Grey of Milfield, writes to me: "This country did not suffer from squirrels until about fifteen or twenty years ago, and I have heard old men say that they remembered when a squirrel here would have been looked upon as a rare animal." They have, however, increased to such an extent that game-keepers for the last five years have had strict orders to shoot them, owing to the injury they do to fir-trees. "Nearly every Scotch fir in the Fenton Hill Wood," says Mr. Grey, "some mile and a half long, which my father planted, is ruined and will have to be cut down. The young plantations at Ewart Wilderness are similarly destroyed."

Now it is obvious that there must be some very cogent reason for all this. Only ten or twelve years ago, before the Wild Birds Protection Act was passed, it used to be urged that English woods and fields would soon be bereft of their fauna. To some extent, no doubt, the change is to be ascribed to that measure. Yet not wholly, for a glance over the schedule will show that it has been powerless to protect rare species, such as the golden oriole, from the bird-stuffer, and those which have flourished most amazingly are not therein mentioned. There are more potent causes, one of which, no doubt, is the stringency with which gun-licences are issued. Of old, that graceless ne'er-do-weel, the village sportsman, exercised a considerable control over the feathered and furred population within his range. At night he confined himself to game; but in the daytime, when he sallied forth to prove the virtues of his ancient muzzle-loader, he was not particular what he fired at. Whatever could move, whether on foot or wings, served as a target. And on Easter Monday,

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Christmas, or any other holiday, he took part in shooting competitions at the village in which small birds served instead of pigeons. The rook season was his carnival, for, although prohibited from visiting the large rookeries, there were many outlying plantations free from restriction. But the town-loafers, who are now almost the only poachers, when they make their expeditions in a dog-cart, are too intent on business to pay the slightest regard to anything but the partridges and pheasants they are in search of.

There is, however, a stronger reason yet for the growth of wild life and the decadence of the village poacher. Need it be said that it is the gradual depopulation of the rural districts? Rustics are getting over the mad infatuation for the city which caused so many of them a few years ago to forsake the plough to be barmen in public-houses, porters in large shops, or to follow their calling in great towns. They have felt the pinch of hunger as unemployed, they have endured the privation of strikes, and they have made acquaintance with the horror and misery of the slums. Broken-hearted and palefaçed, many of them have found their way back to the hamlets they came from, to spread such accounts as to effectually destroy any remaining illusion in regard to the big wages obtainable in cities. Yet they are forced away by an inevitable law. Not in one district alone, but everywhere, one sees the same thing. Ever more and more land thrown into grass, ever more and more machinery introduced, ever less and less need for men. A single shepherd now suffices where formerly several labourers had employment, not only for themselves but their families. Even the mechanics, the blacksmith, joiner, and wheelwright, who lived by mending the simple thrashing-machines and other gear at the neighbouring steadings, find their occupation gone, and the odd man who eked out a living by doing a job here and a job there has had to emigrate for want of work. His very children, who gleaned the wheat and barley fields, find their labour in vain when they have to follow a low-cutting reaper and a clean-gathering horse-rake. And the birds and beasts have gained by this change. In the wide grassy solitude there is none to disturb them as they breed and rear their young. For the inhabitants of out-of-the-way hamlets—who were partly the restless outcasts of the parish, partly those who had no regular employment, and largely men with many idle days—were extremely destructive. This was owing not only to their own poaching and shooting proclivities, but they had terriers and lurchers which nearly lived

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in the fields, and half-wild cats which did equal damage, and wholly wild boys and girls who harried the nests in the hedge-rows and brought in the water-hen's eggs from the river, and the wood-pigeon's eggs from the wood, and who "speeled" the great trees and despoiled the rookeries. As these gradually move away, only the more steady and respectable classes remain, an illustration of which I saw some time ago. I was staying with a friend who wished a summer rookery destroyed. Ten years ago his game-keeper had to watch it on account of the boys from the village, who spoiled the trees with their climbing. Naturally enough, he thought he had only to send for some of these imps, and, by offering a small reward, have the nests flung down. He did so, but, though several came, not one could swarm up the trees. The art was forgotten. Is it any wonder that in these vastly changed conditions English wild life should flourish as it has never done before, should flourish until it threatens to overrun agriculture and inflict upon it losses serious enough to make the farmer look round him for a remedy?

It is frequently asserted by those who have no pecuniary interest in the matter that it is a mistake to kill the rook, inasmuch as it is so useful an aid towards ridding the land of grubs, and many controversies have arisen on this point. The belief, however, seems grounded on observations made many years ago. A rook's appetite, like that of other creatures, is adaptable. When there were fewer birds and more arable land, it is possible that he could find nearly enough worms to live upon. Latterly he has approximated to the carrion crow in his tastes, and become omnivorous. During the past year I have had occasion to test his diet in a variety of ways, and the results are surprising. That the rook will kill and eat young chickens and ducklings, that it will hunt young partridges along a hedge-row and make off with unfledged pheasants, that it will kill small birds when it can catch them and carry off the eggs of a fowl which has made its nest away from the run, are facts of common observation. During the breeding season a rook was seen to carry off a nest-egg of earthenware to its young in the rookery close to the manor-house. If any doubt had remained as to the identity of the depredators—and town naturalists are always ready to assert that country people don't know the difference between the rook and the carrion crow—it was speedily set at rest. A steel trap baited either with eggs or dead birds was set, and the rooks easily taken. Indeed the old method of taking hawks or carrion crows by means of a trap set on the top

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of a high pole and baited with eggs—which used to be so effectual a quarter of a century ago—is now useless, owing to the fact that the hungry and numerous rooks take the bait so greedily as not to give the others a chance of being captured. It would seem, therefore, that the rook is rapidly developing into more of a bird of prey than he has ever been before.

Yet that is not the main ground of the farmer's complaint. This is the damage done to his crops. The ravages go on from year's end to year's end. Last spring, when the seed corn was just being put in the soil, we shot great numbers, and examined their gizzards to find that not one in ten had a worm in it, while nearly all the rest were full of the barley, wheat and oats from which the farmer expected a manifold return. Further on in the season, when the first green spear-points were being thrust through the damp mould, the rooks seeking for worms would run their bills along the tiny drills, and in their search uproot the sprouting grain and leave it to wither in the sun. During the period which intervenes between seedtime and harvest, when the land is all green with unshot corn and grass ready for the mower, and potatoes and turnips are just appearing above the ground, there is no agricultural produce to steal, and the rook is thrown almost entirely upon grubs for existence. It is then he develops his carnivorous propensities, for there are families to support, and barn-yards and game-preserves are raided. But in my opinion the rooks are often half-starved in Midsummer, especially if the season be a hot one. In a dry June or July, if shot when digging for food in a bit of old pasture or in a gravel pit or dry ditch, their stomachs are as empty and their bodies as lean as they are in the heart of a hard winter. But as soon as the grain begins to grow yellow, and when the sheaves are nearly ready for the leading-cart, they soon become fat and plump again. At that period the crops examined with a microscope showed in almost every case nothing but grain, and that of the finest kind. Nor is this the only tribute they exact from the harvest field. When the winter frosts come, and the grubs dive underground to escape it, and the land is all hard, they approach the stackyard and tear off the covering of the stacks, till they reach the corn, leaving, as they do so, holes, which if not stopped before the rain comes will be ruinous. At that time, too, they do incalculable mischief in the turnip-fields, for every root which has its skin broken by their strong bills wil fall a prey to the frost. In this way whole drills and fields are

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often destroyed. The rook is also very fond of potatoes. Some naturalists say he works along the drills only for grubs, but, if watched, he will soon be noticed making off with a tuber in his mouth, flying off to his nest with the seed-potatoes in spring, and fighting with his comrades for the best of the young ones later in the year.

Taking all these things into consideration, and still giving the rook all the credit due to him for killing grubs, the farmer holds that the blackmail exacted is out of all proportion to the protection given. The lime, vitriolized bone and other manures which he uses, are much more effective grub-destroyers than the birds, and help the crops instead of damaging them. It is not as in the days when stable manure—with which grubs were actually carried to the land—was in common use. Among the farmers and proprietors in North Northumberland there was therefore practical unanimity, when it was proposed that extraordinary measures should be taken to cope with the extraordinary multiplication of the enemy. This was the origin of the "Association for controlling the numbers of Rooks, Sparrows and Wood-pigeons." It was a calumny to say that extermination ever was contemplated. Indeed the very names of the members, many of whom had more than a local reputation as sportsmen, offered a sufficient guarantee that no effort would be made to reduce the number of species of English birds. At a meeting held on the 15th of February of the present year, the following rules, which I give in a summarized form, were adopted.

That each occupier of land be asked to pay one halfpenny per acre of arable land, the owners to be asked to subscribe as may seem best to them. (To this request a very liberal response has been made.)

The Association to provide ammunition free of cost, and to pay twopence for each old rook killed, and twopence per dozen for sparrows' eggs.

Committees were appointed in each County Council Division to have the work carried on, and to them shot rooks and sparrows' eggs were to be taken.

Owners of rookeries were to appoint their own men to shoot.

It was not judged necessary to offer any reward for killing wood-pigeons, as, for obvious reasons, many proprietors had scruples about giving permission. To sum up the results as briefly as possible up to the end of August—practically the end of the year—10,650 cartridges were issued, besides powder, shot, caps, and wads for the muzzle-loaders. Claims were made and

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recognized for the killing of 4263 old rooks and the destruction of 273½ dozen sparrows' eggs. But this does not represent half the work done by the members. In the early portion of the year it was customary to station men at various parts of the large rookeries at night, to shoot the old birds as they came home to roost for the evening. The party was usually composed of the gamekeepers from several adjacent estates, and on these occasions the proprietor provided ammunition, and no claim was made for the birds killed. Over 5000 old rooks were killed in this way. Thus, nearly 10,000 old rooks, besides young ones, have been destroyed. It can hardly be said that they are missed. To all appearance there are just as many as ever in the fields and plantations; but it will not be possible to estimate the diminution until next breeding season, when it will be interesting to observe if the nests are rebuilt in the summer rookeries where they have been destroyed. Some favourite rookeries, from sentimental and other reasons, have not been shot at all; probably they will next year be increased in size. What is to be noticed, however, is the very much greater shyness of those which remain. The alacrity with which a flock of old rooks would disappear from a field to which a man with a gun came was always proverbial, but now it is a difficult matter to get within sight of them at all. The labours of the little boy employed by the farmer to scare them with a wooden clapper have been very much lightened.

Why the rook war will be most closely watched in future, however, will be to notice how far it extends to other countries. That it should begin in Northumberland was only natural, but the conditions which obtain there exist more or less in all other counties. From every part there is a stream of migrants making townward and leaving a solitude in the fields. Everywhere grazing is being substituted for arable culture, and there is no prospect of this ceasing as long as corn is imported so cheaply from abroad. Not in one place alone have the gun-licenses had the effect of practically exterminating the amateur sportsman of the village or hamlet, and reducing the number of rural as distinguished from town poachers. The vast increase of wild life, interesting as it is in itself, is still more important as a symptom of these changes. If they continue, they will result in an entire revolution in what we have hitherto considered the most salient features in English country life.

ANDERSON GRAHAM.

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A Highland School Forty Years Ago.

OF all the pictures imprinted on one's memory the most vivid are, I think, those which recall the scenes and events of one's boyhood from the age of seven to the age of sixteen. At the present moment, as I write, I can summon with almost startling distinctness a picture of the school into which I was first led, forty years ago, at the age of eight, by my widowed mother, and of the sixty or seventy schoolboys who directed their inquisitive eyes towards us as we entered. It was winter, and a fire was burning brightly on the left-hand side, rather more than half-way up the schoolroom, and a short distance from the schoolmaster's desk, an elevated structure, not unlike a pulpit, which had to be ascended by four steps. On a form without a back along the wall opposite the door and facing us were a dozen little fellows of about my own age, with their arms round each other's necks and swaying their bodies backwards and forwards with a regular machine-like motion, while they sang in a slow, drawling, plaintive monotonous tone out of their spelling-book:—

"B–A bay, B–E bee, B–I by, B–O boh, B–U beu, B–Y by,
C–A say, C–E see, C–I sy, C–O soh, C–U seu, C–Y sy;"

and so on through the successive consonants and vowels of the alphabet, in utter unconsciousness of, or indifference to, the rule that C should be pronounced hard before the vowels *a*, *o*, and *u*.

Of the other pupils, a few were writing in copy-books, with their backs to the schoolmaster, at long desks stretching along the right-hand wall; a few others at the same desks seemed to be ciphering, on heavy, clumsy, frameless slates, obtained (as I afterwards learnt) from a neighbouring slate-quarry; but the great majority of the pupils in the school were sitting, books in hand, and with their faces turned towards the schoolmaster's desk, on backless forms distributed with little regard to order in

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the body of the schoolroom. All over the school there was a continuous buzz of voices talking unrestrainedly and apparently in no way discomposing the serene equanimity of the schoolmaster, Mr. MacTaggart, a stout old Highlander with thick grey hair and whiskers, who was sitting, spectacles on nose, at his desk, mending a quill-pen.

The floor of the schoolroom was of hard black earth, studded thickly and irregularly with smooth round stones, about the size of a cricket-ball, and projecting about an inch from the ground, in which they were firmly embedded. Over this I clattered with my mother (my boots had thick soles covered all over with hobnails) till we reached the schoolmaster's desk. There we halted. Mr. MacTaggart, wholly absorbed in his occupation of pen-mending, did not appear to notice us. When he had finished he gave a slight start at seeing us, whereupon my mother explained to him in Gaelic that we were new arrivals in Glen Büe (Yellow Valley), and that she had brought me, her only son, as a pupil to his school.

Meanwhile, some eight or nine kilted bare-legged youngsters, with eyes squinting cautiously leftwards towards the schoolmaster's desk, had softly left their seats and formed a semicircle in front of the fire. Presently, others also glided from their places and endeavoured to squeeze themselves into the semicircle. Their attempts being resisted by the first comers, a scuffle ensued, which, gradually getting more and more noisy, at last attracted the attention of Mr. MacTaggart. The old schoolmaster, grasping the situation in a moment, suddenly laid down his pen, seized his leathern five-fingered "taws," which lay conveniently near his elbow, hurried down the steps, and applied this instrument rapidly and vigorously to the naked calves of as many of the delinquents as had not succeeded in regaining their seats before his arrival. This punishment administered, he returned slowly to his desk, leisurely ascended the steps, and calmly sat down as if nothing had happened. Of the boys who had received a taste of the "taws," some were rubbing their calves and crying; some were rubbing their calves and looking generally uncomfortable, but not crying; and some were rubbing their calves and smiling, as if they did not care a bit. The smiles of these last, however, struck me as being somewhat forced. As for the rest of the school, though here and there I detected a smile or grin of amusement, the generality looked on with indifference as on an incident of very common occurrence.

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What my mother thought I cannot say. She showed Mr. MacTaggart the book in which she had taught me to read; then, bidding me be a good boy, she wished the old schoolmaster good morning and left. Mr. MacTaggart then pointed to the third bench in front of that on which the little youngsters first mentioned were still swaying their bodies backwards and forwards and chanting their "b-a bay, b-e bee," &c., and called out in Gaelic to a boy named Duncan Macdonald to let the new boy look over his book, an order which Duncan obeyed with great alacrity.

Mr. MacTaggart had already heard the "B-A bay" class and the two next their morning lesson, so that it was now the turn of our class to stand in a semicircle in front of his desk and read. We had to read English, not Gaelic. The top boy began and ran through his sentence like a racehorse. I was struck. It was a sentence of at least ten or twelve lines, and he was through it in less than five seconds. Mr. MacTaggart made no remark. The second boy then began and rushed through the next sentence with the same lightning rapidity. Evidently, in Mr. MacTaggart's opinion, if a boy read fast and did not stumble or hesitate, he read well. Speed was the sole criterion of excellence. As to grasping the sense of what I heard read, it was impossible. The words ran into each other in one continuous stream, and could no more be distinguished separately and individually than can the spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel. The third boy could not read so fast, though he tried hard to do so. He hesitated three or four times, and once he stopped dead short from ignorance of the pronunciation of a somewhat long word. Mr. MacTaggart thereupon called him a "stoopid ass!" and told him how to pronounce it. The fourth boy hesitated still oftener and was obliged to make a dead stop three or four times. Him Mr. MacTaggart (who had now descended with an ominous air from his throne) belaboured with Gaelic epithets still more depreciatory than "stoopid ass!" The fifth boy fared still worse, for, in addition to a volley of epithets, he received a box on the ear, the full force of which, however, a dexterous movement of the head enabled him to elude. I trembled. Only four more boys and it would be my turn. At last it came. It came just after the boy immediately above me had his head knocked against mine by a box on the ear. I read as my mother had taught me to read, slowly and carefully and with some attention to the sense. Whether it was

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my style of reading or whether it was my being a new boy I know not, but I at once became conscious from the lull which took place in the general buzz of the school that I had become a centre of interest. Fortunately I made no mistake, and though I did not gallop through my sentence like my predecessors, I did not hesitate nor stumble.

Contrary to his custom, as I afterwards found, Mr. MacTaggart addressed me in English—rather queer English.

"Wcho learnt you to rid?"

"My mother, sir."

"I see you can speck English?"

"Yes, sir."

"But your mother specks Gahlic. She is Heelander, is not she?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then your fahther was an Englishmaun or a Lowlaunder?"

"No, sir; he was a Highlander."

"Can you speck Gahlic?"

"Yes, sir; better than English."

"K'enum ha orst?" * (What is your name?)

"Albin Mac Rae, sir."

The last question seemed to be put merely to see whether I really did understand Gaelic, for my mother had already told him my name. On hearing my reply he gave utterance to a kind of grunt, expressive, I think, of perplexity, and continuing still to speak English, ordered the next boy, Roderick MacPherson, to "Pekin" (*begin*).

Roderick looked up in bewildered astonishment. He evidently did not understand the meaning of the word "Pekin." Whereupon Mr. MacTaggart called him an "Amatan" (an idiot), and gave him the same order in Gaelic.

Poor Roderick stumbled and stammered wofully, and in spite of the oft-repeated "Grace orst" (make haste), he at last came to a dead stop at the word *neighbour*. Every now and then he made an instinctive upward movement with his left arm as if to parry a box on the ear; but, to his relief and astonishment, the expected blow never came. He attributed this unusual forbearance (he afterwards told me) to my influence, though on what grounds I could not imagine.

When the reading was over and we had returned to our forms, I was immediately surrounded not only by the boys of

* I write the Gaelic words as phonetically as I can.

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my own class, but also by several others, all expressing in various ways their admiration of the new boy who actually understood and could speak English. I found to my utter astonishment that with the exception of about half-a-dozen boys in the most advanced class no one understood any language but his native Gaelic. The English which many of them could read so fluently was as much an unknown tongue to them—as far as the sense was concerned—as if it were Arabic.

These were my first day's experiences of school life at Mr. MacTaggart's. It was the parochial school, and I remained there for a year. My mother was sufficiently educated to see the defects of Mr. MacTaggart's system of teaching; but there was no rival school in which to place me, and it was not convenient for her to have me always at home. When I had been nine or ten months in the school, however, an event took place one afternoon which was not only remarkable in itself, but the forerunner of another event still more remarkable. A *stranger* visited the school—a most unusual occurrence—and, stranger still, he acted most strangely, even for a stranger. He was a lame gentleman with a crutch, about thirty, smoothly shaven, and dressed in a seedy grey suit. After saying "Good morning, sir," to Mr. MacTaggart, he proceeded at once without further ceremony and with an air of authority to examine the school. We all watched him with curiosity, not unmixed with awe and trepidation. Mr. MacTaggart, from his manner, evidently shared these feelings. He did not look at all comortable. The stranger was not a Highlander, for though he generally spoke to the boys in Gaelic because they did not understand English, he spoke Gaelic very badly, and with a pronunciation which often made us smile, while he spoke English with natural ease and fluency. He began with the lowest class. His advent had created a profound silence in the school, but as his examination proceeded and the boys began by degrees to get used to him, the customary conversational buzz very soon recommenced. In a moment he stopped short, and turning round sharply ordered "Silence!" Silence immediately ensued. But the lull did not last long; in less than three minutes the confused buzzing of voices was as loud as ever. The stranger again stopped, and this time, addressing himself to the old schoolmaster, he asked him with an air of grave astonishment if it was his custom to allow his pupils full liberty of talking during lessons. The latter, by way of reply,

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seized his "taws," rushed down the steps of his pulpit and administered his stripes right and left all over the school, the innocent (of whom, however, there were probably very few) receiving their full share with the guilty. A general stampede took place amongst the boys when they saw him sallying from his stronghold, and it was really a comical sight to see so many kilted youngsters scampering in all directions, dodging, vaulting over forms, upsetting forms, tumbling and falling over each other, while old Mr. MacTaggart, always aiming his blows where they would be most effective, smote, smote, smote, and spared not.

The stranger in the seedy grey suit looked on, leaning on his crutch and with a grim smile upon his sleek, smoothly-shaven face. From that moment I hated him.

At last Mr. MacTaggart, fatigued with his exertions, returned slowly to his stronghold, looking sulky, flushed and angry. Though I had had a taste of his "taws" like most of the boys, I could not help pitying him. I attributed it all to the stranger in the seedy grey suit. The latter, still leaning on his crutch, regarded the old schoolmaster for some time in silence. At last he remarked that he should now like to examine the most advanced reading-class. Mr. MacTaggart thereupon, in an angry tone, called up the "Collection Class." This class was so named from their reading-book, which was entitled, 'A Collection of Extracts from the Best Prose Writers.'

The "Collection Class" came up. It consisted mainly of boys from fourteen to sixteen years of age. They too looked sulky and angry, and it was clear from the glances which they every now and then cast at the lame intruder in the grey suit that their wrath was directed against him rather than against Mr. MacTaggart. On receiving from the latter the order to "pekin," the top boy, nicknamed Goliath from his small size, at once obeyed. The piece happened to be 'Mark Antony's speech' as rendered by Shakspeare. The speed with which Goliath shot through this celebrated oration was more than marvellous. Accustomed as I was to hear fast reading, especially in the Collection Class, there is not the slightest doubt that upon this occasion Goliath beat the record. He felt that the credit of the school depended upon his performance; so he did his very best. Happening to know the piece, I just managed to catch the opening words, which were uttered somewhat as follows:—

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"Frents Rommuns Countermen lentmuryurs
Comt berry Saysar not uppraysim."

From this point, Goliath, like a race-horse well-trained and held in, gradually increased his pace, till at last each line seemed like a single long word. He seemed to be hurriedly running through a list of strange names in some barbarous tongue. Mr. MacTaggart looked pleased, and cast a triumphant glance at the lame stranger in the seedy grey suit. The grim smile on the face of the latter gradually widened into a broad grin, followed by a peculiar low chuckle.

"Stop a moment," he said, when the second boy was about to begin; "I want to ask you one or two questions."

Then, rising from the form on which he had seated himself, and leaning on his crutch, he asked—pointing to little Goliath who was regarding him fixedly,

"Would you be so good as to inform me who delivered that celebrated oration which you have read with such remarkable fluency?"

To this question poor Goliath replied in a very crest-fallen voice, "Ha nel berl akum." The free translation of which is, "I do not understand English."

Mr. MacTaggart blushed, but did not speak. The stranger then put some questions to other boys in the Collection Class, but without eliciting any very satisfactory answers. One said that *Friends* meant "*Kahrshdun*," which was correct so far as it went; another that *ears* meant "*cluasun*," which was also right; while a third translated *bury* by "*derchkun*," which is the Gaelic for *berries*. From the generality he got either the answer "Ha nel berl akum," or "Ha nel ism" (I don't know). At last the stranger gave it up.

"That will do, my boys," he said; "you may go to your places."

This seemed plainer English to them than Shakspeare; at all events, they understood him and went.

The stranger then turned to the old schoolmaster and said that he did not wish to trouble him further; that he thought he had examined his boys quite enough to ascertain their capacities and acquirements; but still, if he (Mr. MacTaggart) wished it, he would examine the writing and arithmetic.

Mr. MacTaggart replied gruffly that he might if he liked; that he did not care whether he did or not.

The stranger, thinking perhaps that he had caused enough

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discomfort for one morning, replied that he would not examine them further that day. So saying, he seized his hat—which was even seedier than his grey coat—in his right hand, placed the head of his crutch comfortably under his left armpit, and with a "Good day, sir," to Mr. MacTaggart, and a "Good-bye for the present, boys," to the school in general, he hobbled his way out.

When he was gone Mr. MacTaggart asked us if we knew who he was. Nobody knew; nobody could give him the slightest information. It was an inexplicable mystery. Poor Mr. MacTaggart, I think, took him for a School Inspector sent by the Government. Had he known the truth, he certainly would not have put up so meekly with his intrusion and interference.

The next day the murder was out. The school was full of it. "Do you know who that impudent cripple was who came yesterday?" "Yes; do you?" "Yes; everybody knows it;" and so on through the school. Everybody except myself seemed to have heard the news. The mysterious stranger in the seedy grey suit was—according to his own account, which nobody seemed inclined to doubt—a highly educated Englishman who had seen better days. He called himself Mr. Slater. He had come to Glen Büe to set up a school in rivalry to Mr. MacTaggart's, and in this purpose he was supported by the powerful influence of Mr. Sinclair, the proprietor of the neighbouring slate-quarry. Mr. Slater remorselessly exposed the shortcomings of the existing school, and made large promises on his own account. He would undertake that within a year nearly all the boys in his school should at least speak English fluently, while, if a boy of average intelligence stayed with him three years, he would guarantee that by that time he should speak not only English but also French and Latin with as much facility as his native Gaelic. Somehow people generally, though they freely expressed their disapproval of his conduct towards Mr. MacTaggart, accepted Mr. Slater at his own valuation. Many, like my mother, had been long dissatisfied with Mr. MacTaggart's parrot system of teaching, and determined to give Mr. Slater a fair trial. Before many days had elapsed, the latter opened his school with a very respectable number of boys, nearly all deserters from the older establishment. The present writer was amongst the number.

ALBIN MAC RAE.

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Notes of the Month.

THE publication of Mr. Du Chaillu's work on the Viking Age has given rise to much discussion respecting our ancestors, and his theory will have to be scientifically investigated from many points of view by specialists, before it can be finally said to stand or fall. One line of inquiry seems to us of importance. To what pitch the maritime power of the "Vikings" had reached in the days of Cæsar and Tacitus we know not, for these two writers have but very little information to give us on the subject. Cæsar, however, gives us a very definite account of the maritime power and naval prowess of the Veneti, who dwelt on the shores of Brittany, whose name still survives in Vannes, and whom Strabo regards as the progenitors of the Venetians. "The attack of our fleet," wrote Cæsar, "on their vessels was of such a nature that its only advantage was in its swiftness and the power of its oars; in everything else they had the advantage."

Now Tacitus tells us of a race of Venedi, on the shores of the Baltic, on what is now the Gulf of Dantzig; it is true he regards them as mere barbarians, but he admits that he practically knew nothing about them. The correspondence in the names Venedi and Veneti is so striking that we would ask some of our readers, who are experts in historical geography, if any connection between the Veneti and Venedi has been traced. It should be mentioned that Cæsar's description of the ships of these Veneti, with their double prows, leathern sails, and chain cables, corresponds in a marked manner with what we know of Viking ships.

Three typical examples of how our Jury system works which have occurred during the last few weeks afford considerable material for reflection. First we find the judge in the Public School case of Malan *v.* Young expressing an opinion that the ends of justice might perhaps be better attained if the case were heard before him alone and not before a jury; then came the Scottish murder trial resulting in the conviction of Laurie by the verdict of a majority of jurors; and still more recently the libel case of Besant *v.* Hoskyns has ended in the discharge of the jury because it could not agree. Now we venture to think that each of these three cases represents a corresponding flaw in our legal system, and demands an appropriate reform. The opinion of the judge in Malan *v.* Young represents a widespread and increasing dissatisfaction

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with the incompetence of juries to deal with the complicated cases which are unfortunately submitted to them; the Scotch verdict reminds us that north of the Tweed the penalty of death is more lightly inflicted than in England; the disagreement in the third instance shows what immense expense and delay a single ignorant or cantankerous juryman may impose upon suitors. We remember not long ago serving on a jury in a case which had been argued for three days, and had probably cost the litigants several thousand pounds; a single juryman stood out on a technical point about which he knew nothing, and a verdict was rendered impossible. We believe that a statesman who desired to earn the gratitude of the nation could take no surer path than the promotion of two measures of reform:—1. A Bill for abolishing Trial by Jury in civil actions: 2. A Bill substituting a two-thirds majority verdict for unanimity in all cases except trials for murder.

There is a certain learned Professor at one of our great Universities who has probably gone nearer than most people to living on a straw a day. He desired to reduce the necessity of taking food to a minimum, and with that object performed a series of experiments upon himself. We believe we are correct in saying that for many months he succeeded in maintaining his weight and working hard while taking only one meal in two days; and that at one time he even relegated himself to one meal in three days, but that nature abhorred so prolonged a vacuum, and through rapid loss of weight and inability to work he was soon compelled to resume a more liberal diet. It is, however, we are informed, no uncommon occurrence for him to invite a friend to dine in hall, himself sitting the whole evening without a morsel of food; his reply to any remonstrance being simply "I breakfasted to-day"!

In spite of the rapid strides which Science Instruction has made of late, it is plain that there is yet much to be done before we can congratulate ourselves upon apprehension of even the simplest truths having become at all general. We thought that the theory of the sun going round the earth had been fairly exploded by this time, but here are four lines from the brand-new Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern, published in the year of grace 1889, and gravely presented to the British public with all the authority of the compilers, wherein the heresy crops up rife as ever:

> "Behold the sun, that seem'd but now
> Enthronèd overhead,
> *Beginneth to decline below*
> *The globe whereon we tread.*"

The italics are not in the original.

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Why is Italian wine inferior to French? and why do Italian vines, from the same vineyards, vary so much in quality from year to year?

An Italian wine-grower, lately come to England, fresh from one of the worst vintages Italy has experienced for many a year, gives us the answer.

It is in consequence of the haphazard manner in which the easy-going Italian does his work. Instead of planting his vineyard with one or two kinds of vine, as the Frenchman would do, in proportions that must never vary, he allows—say a dozen different kinds to grow together in one vineyard. Some may bear early and some late grapes, some may have one flavour and some another, but no matter, they must all find their way to the same vat, and at the same time; and according to the varying seasons, so is the wine. One year there is a preponderance of ripe or early grapes, then the wine is sweet. Another year there are more unripe or late grapes than usual, consequently the wine is sour. Or the grapes of one flavour are more abundant than those of another—so is the flavour of the wine influenced.

Then again the French wines, instead of being allowed to grow with their native freedom, as in Italy, are more regularly pruned and tended, so that the grapes may receive the amount of sun and nourishment that is best suited to them. These things all tend to make a *standard wine* which in flavour and sweetness varies as little as possible from one vintage to another. Nevertheless, wine-growers in Italy are showing signs of a desire to improve, *e.g.*, we know of an English lady in Tuscany who, dissatisfied with the native mode of growing and making wine on her own estate, spent a considerable time in Burgundy in order to master the science of vine-culture in that district, and returning, applied her knowledge to her own vineyards with very considerable success. But until the Italians, more generally, follow the example of the French, said our informant, and take more care of their vines, they will never be able to compete with French wine.

We are glad to observe that Mr. Augustus Harris is promoting the formation of a "Waterloo Exhibition," which was advocated in our pages at the beginning of the year. We were then given to understand that the project would be taken up at the New Gallery, but no doubt Mr. Harris will be able to make it equally successful. We hope he will take care to divest the Exhibition of any purely spectacular or theatrical *entourage*, for it ought to be a solemn and magnificent memorial of a glorious page in British history.

For the benefit of those among our readers to whom the elegance of 'J. G. L.'s' "Latinity" may be an unknown quantity, we append a

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clever translation of the verses on St. Alban's Cathedral, printed last month at the close of Lord Grimthorpe's article:—

"If to St. Alban's fane you wend your way,
Under the tower, stranger, stand, I pray.
In the south transept see the Sisters tall
Face the great Circle in the northern wall.
See how the Five their heads in order raise,
Highest outside, and wonder while you gaze;
Then turn and look how widely circling shows
Wheels within wheels that geometric Rose.
The number nine prevails. You'd think the Muse
Of mathematics did the pattern choose.
Then look around throughout the temple vast,
See nothing overdone or overpast.
No pretty tricks pander to vulgar eyes;
No feeble structures here have dared to rise.
But solid majesty and size prevail;
And simple grandeur 'tells the wond'rous tale.'
O Protomartyr! Edmund's dreams attend,
Who to your walls new centuries doth lend.
The greedy Henry, first, and fell decay
Your house did spoil, but Edmund bade it stay.
Ages of men to come shall worship there,
Nor ruined walls nor wicked spoilers fear."

Notes from Edinburgh.

Whether an Art Congress can do much to promote the "Advancement of Art and its application to Industry," is a matter for time to prove. That it may have a chastening effect on the spirit of an audience cannot be doubted by those who were present at the opening meeting in Edinburgh. The pride of the modern Athenian was there laid low; a battery of criticism was brought to bear on the buildings of his "new town" which, if words had the force of shot and shell, would have swept Princes Street from east to west. The sanctity of the home was next invaded, and the household gods were attacked, till the householder sadly felt that his first duty in the cause of "Application of Art to Industry" would be to convert the greater part of his furniture into firewood for the benefit of the housemaid in her morning work. It was some comfort later in the week to learn from Mr. William Morris that we had better be contented with the "straightforward ugliness" of our present buildings, and not try to replace them by new ones, whose chief merit would be "eclectic eccentricity" on the one hand, and inferior workmanship on the other. We might get better designs and forms than our present "utilitarian abortions," but they would lack solid workmanship.

Mr. Morris's attack on our household furniture and crockery gave him the opportunity of making an excellent epigram adapted from La Roche-

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foucauld. Alluding to the floral decorations on our ewers and basins, he said "they were a homage that Utility rendered to Art." If one result of the Congress is to make every man his own Art critic, we would venture on the opinion that Mr. Morris's theories are like a house, noble in design, and of fine proportions, but built upon sand, and unable to withstand the winds and waves of practical experience.

A very interesting and able paper was read by Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., on "The Influence of French Impressionism on English Art," of which the watchword practically was an earnest exordium to young students that they would do well "in spite of all temptations, to belong to other nations," to remember and abide by the traditions of our English school, traditions founded on the teaching of the great Italian and Dutch masters. This paper gave rise to much animated discussion, in which Art terms in different languages were thrown about with a fine insouciance, till the audience was finally left with a somewhat vague idea as to what impressionism really was.

One of the most striking and valuable papers, because of its practical bearing on the needs of the day, was the one on "Government Art Schools," by Mr. Hodgson, R.A. Deploring the almost infinitesimal gain to Art and Industry of the South Kensington system, Mr. Hodgson proposed as a remedy, or at least as a step in the right direction, the formation of district Art Schools throughout the country, which should occupy themselves with the artistic wants of the industry of that particular district. Thus we should have in the Midland Counties schools which would have for sole object the furtherance of the Ceramic Arts: and in the manufacturing district we should have schools of design for cotton-printing and carpet-weaving. That the necessity for decentralization should be forced on our attention is in itself one of the gains of an address like Mr. Hodgson's.

Perhaps no truer word was uttered during the week of much talking than by Mr. Andrew Lang in his interesting and characteristic paper on "Savage Art," when he said that it was impossible to find the cause why one nation in one period in the world's history should have been pre-eminent in art. "It came because God willed it so. It went and came as He chose, and we really know nothing about why it came and why it went."

During the Art Congress a conversazione was held one evening in the Naval and Military Exhibition now open. Here it was not words but the record of deeds that absorbed attention, awakening associations of—

> "Old, unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago."

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Yet it is not on the unhappiness, but on the heroism that we dwell as we look on these records. Unhappiness at times is the doom of all, but it passes; valour, honour, devotion to a country or a cause are the heritage of the few, and they do not pass. Starting with the retired soldier who takes our umbrellas at the door, a V. C. man with a Crimean medal and four clasps, everything in the Exhibition appeals to sentiment, and the critical faculty, sharpened by recent lectures and discussions, gives way to a rush of unquestioning emotion. The relics are many and very various, from the prehistoric knobbed stone balls, about which conjecture itself is dumb, to the medals struck by Chinese Gordon during the siege of Khartoum (to decorate his troops), before which English historians may prefer to keep silence. Along one side of the wall are ranged weapons from early mediæval times down to the present day—weapons that belonged to Robert the Bruce, Rob Roy, Claverhouse, Colonel Gardiner, Sir John Moore, and others, whose names stir us like the sound of a trumpet. On the other side of the wall hang portraits of our great soldiers and sailors, pictures of battles, faded standards and tattered colours, colours that were brighter and less fragmentary when borne before their gallant regiments at—

> Vittoria! Salamanca! Talavera!
> Till Roncesvalles echoed to our balls!

Strange enough among the host of dead warriors whose shades fill these rooms, it is the presence of a man of peace of which we are chiefly conscious—Sir Walter Scott. "Tu duce, tu Signore, e tu Maestro."—His spirit it is that is with us leading us past much that he first taught us to know and love. Is it not of "Old Mortality" that we think as we look at the "bluidy banner" of the Covenanters hanging over the entrance door-way, the banner they carried at Drumclog and Bothwell Brig? Is it not Scott who, in the Lord of the Isles, Marmion, and the Waverley Novels, made the events, the deeds of daring of Bannockburn, Flodden, Prestonpans and Falkirk live for ever, thus giving poignant reality to the relics before us?

Other memorials there are in this collection, no less moving, notably the sword by the aid of which Sergeant Ewart of the Scots Greys captured the imperial Eagle at Waterloo—and different relics of the Mutiny, for the greater part unimportant and insignificant in themselves, but touching a chord which awakens the memory of some of the most heroic lives, and most chivalrous, dauntless natures among our countrymen.

In the Naval Section the most interesting objects are an Armada gun, lent by the Queen, and Nelson's sword and spectacles (with different glasses—one plain to suit his blind eye), and the bo'sun's whistle used on the *Victory* at Trafalgar.

A more interesting, moving collection of relics has seldom been got

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together. It is the first Exhibition of the kind, and infinite credit and gratitude are due to the promoters of it, for the skilll with which they have carried out the idea.

Notes from Paris.

It is not unlikely that, in consequence of the unavoidable reaction after the Exhibition, this winter will be very quiet, at least from a social point of view. What it may be politically, no one can foresee. The general impression on the Monarchist side is that of utter hopelessness as to the ultimate success of their cause, and a sort of despairing acceptance of the Republic, as a necessary evil. The alliance of the Orleanists with the Boulangists has so thoroughly shocked the feelings of many prominent men of their party, that a considerable coolness has followed, with the loss of powerful support. That the Comte de Paris spent large sums in favour of Boulanger seems undeniable, as it is asserted on the best authority; though why he did so remains an enigma, for he could scarcely be so simple as to suppose that Boulanger would work for any one but himself. We have heard the subject discussed, by people hitherto known as Royalists, with such expressions of anger and indignation, that we could not even venture to repeat them. The character of Boulanger is so unfavourably criticised, all his friends are so low in public esteem, and he has proved himself such an unscrupulous adventurer, that the most ardent Orleanists openly declare their cause to be disgraced by having been associated with his. On our remarking that the object seemed to be simply to sweep away what now exists and is obnoxious to many, the quick retort was that it is "impossible to sweep clean with a dirty broom." As to Boulanger himself, all the glamour is gone; people seem to wake up from a state of delusion, at which they are the first to laugh sheepishly. Meanwhile time goes by; the "brav Général" is turning grey, and as one of his antagonists ingeniously remarked, "*A votre âge, Napoléon était mort.*"

The submission to the Republic, *faute de mieux*, is, however, very unwilling, and there is a lurking hope that another and a greater Boulanger will start up, and be the death of "La gueuse"—"the wretch," as the majestic female who emblematically presides over the destinies of France, is disrespectfully entitled. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the recent elections represent the true feeling of the country, for everywhere the pressure of Government authority weighed heavily in the scale; so heavily, indeed, as often to destroy all liberty of action. Every one occupying a position, in any way dependent on the Government, and their name is legion, knew that to vote against the official candidate would mean summary dismissal and loss of their situations; which in a country where fortunes are usually very limited, spelled ruin for themselves and their families. All the Prefects and Mayors knew that they would be held responsible for adverse results,

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and consequently left no stone unturned to influence electors. Even the poor country parish priests were ordered to favour the Government candidates by their authority, and in cases where they showed preference, in the interests of religion, for any other, their pitiful stipend is said to have been suppressed, leaving them destitute. We could name one large town where, to our personal knowledge, the local charities have been deprived of their usual allowance because the Opposition candidate had been elected. "Vive la liberté!"

How would the Irish clergy enjoy such a régime?

The death of Emile Augier is a great loss to the French drama. Although he had ceased to write for some time, it was hoped that he would relent, and give another *chef d'œuvre* to the Comédie Française, where all his plays had assumed the importance of events in the literary world. His subjects and characters were peculiarly his own; unlike the brilliant paradoxes of Alexandre Dumas, they are intensely real, so that they come before the spectators like old acquaintances, who startle one with a claim for recognition. The crafty lawyer, Maître Guérin, so marvellously depicted by Got; old Poirier, the father-in-law of the Marquis de Presles, who has married Antoinette Poirier for the sake of her money, earned in trade, are types perfectly familiar to every Frenchman.

There is not usually much of the ideal about them; they are every-day people, but so marvellously portrayed, that we seem to see their characters revealed with microscopic distinctness. But it is all so exclusively, so thoroughly *French*, that we could not imagine the possibility of any adaptation in another country. Everything which is so wonderfully true here, would be unintelligible elsewhere. It would be as easy to create a French Ralph Nickleby, or a French Mr. Pickwick.

The death of Emile Augier causes a vacancy amongst the "Immortals," as the members of the "Académie Française" are satirically called. Who will be his successor? The name on every one's lips is that of M. de Bornier, the author of "La Fille de Rolande," and other striking works; dramas in verse rather than tragedies, in which Sarah Bernhardt gained some of her greatest and purest triumphs. M. de Bornier is about to bring out a new drama, "Mahomet," in which Mounet-Sully is to take the principal part, that of the Prophet himself. But will this play be successful? The "Académie" cannot run the risk of a failure, so, unless there is a triumph before the Academical election, M. de Bornier's chances as a candidate will be annulled. There is, however, some doubt whether "Mahomet" will be brought out after all? It is said that the Turkish Embassy has strongly objected to the Prophet appearing on the stage; and the Government may interfere to avoid political difficulties. All therefore remains doubtful.

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Zola has been mentioned as a candidate; but it is strongly to be hoped that the Académie will have sufficient self-respect to blackball at once such a writer, and his chances seem feeble.

The great present sensation is Alphonse Daudet's new play, "La Lutte pour la Vie," or "Struggle for Life," a phrase impossible of pronunciation by French mouths, and yet constantly recurring. The hero, an extremely unprincipled individual, who acts on the bird-of-prey principle of devouring the weak and defenceless, is called a "*Struggle-forlifeur.*" The unfortunate actors condemned to pronounce this assemblage of difficulties, have recourse to the expedient of abridging it; so it becomes "Struglaife" throughout the play; the "Struglaife" mysteriously explaining, and almost justifying, a series of very black misdeeds.

The most pleasing character in this clever but disagreeable play is a secondary one; a short part of very touching simplicity, most admirably embodied by a young *débutant*, named Burguet, a pupil of the Conservatoire, unknown yesterday, and now on the high road to fame and fortune. His exquisite acting was received with enthusiastic applause, the audience calling for him twice, causing such overpowering astonishment and delight to the young actor, that he finally burst into tears. In all probability he will soon shine at the Comédie Française.

Some interest and amusement has been awakened by the discovery of several small boys, who had run away from their homes "to see the Eiffel Tower."

The first were found, huddled up, on a heap of feathers, plucked from the fowls on sale at the Halles Centrales; and, when taken to the police station, gave out their respective ages to be ten, eleven, and twelve years. The two youngest were brothers, and with their friend had walked all the way from Nice; taking with them, by way of travelling provision, two slices of bread and butter each, and twenty-two sous between the three. They had been four months on their way; of course begging, when their magnificent resources were exhausted. They had reached Paris safely, without molestation of any kind; had got in at the Exhibition, and had dined comfortably, as they said, on the remains left by visitors. They gave their names and the address of their relations at Nice, to whom they were sent back, after a telegram had given notice of their safety. Soon, two more urchins were found, who had walked from Bordeaux; and lastly, another little fellow, who had come from Saint Jean d'Angély, was discovered, wandering about the outer Boulevards. On enquiry, it was found that he belonged to a most respectable family, and bore an excellent character, but had not been able to resist the temptation of seeing the Exhibition; which he had managed to effect, without getting into mischief!

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A curious and interesting paper has just been read to the "Académie des Sciences," by a Professor of the Sorbonne, named Giart, setting forth new theories to explain the causes of the phosphorescent light seen on the sea; which he attributes to an infectious microbious disease, affecting the animalculæ on the surface, that are not luminous in their natural condition. He relates some curious experiments of inoculation, from phosphorescent insects to others, who immediately became luminous, but soon died. He has tried the inoculation successfully, even on crabs, communicating to them luminous properties, with their subsequent poisonous effects.

At the same time, he vindicates glow-worms and fire-flies from any such unpleasant attributes, which seem to belong especially to denizens of the seas, and to be produced by contact with their inhabitants.

It does not seem easy to induce Parisians to take the rejuvenating inventions of Professor Brown-Séquard seriously. The jokes on the subject are endless, and caricatures are numerous. Louise Michel, gone back to her schoolgirl days, in a short frock, with long curls on her shoulders, and her well-known, not very attractive countenance, about as fresh as a pickled walnut; M. Brown-Séquard himself, manipulating his ingredients, with a weeping rabbit by his side; evidently a provokingly good likeness of the Professor; but perhaps the most humorous is a representation of a very old gentleman, staring earnestly at a placard, in large letters and advertisement style: "Si vous nous donnez Vingt Francs et Un Vieux Monsieur, nous vous rendrons Un Jeune." (If you give us Twenty Francs and an Old Gentleman, we Will give you back a Young one.) Every injection being supposed to take off ten years, we are also shown a series of heads; beginning at ninety, and growing young progressively, back to babyhood. If it be true that "Le Ridicule tue," M. Brown-Séquard will need all his injections to prolong his own life.

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Our Library List.

OUR VICEREGAL LIFE IN INDIA. By the MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA. (2 vols. 24*s*. *Murray*.) This is a book the general character of which is fully indicated by its title, but one to the charms of which no brief notice or extracts can do justice. The political and official duties of the Viceroy of India are familiar matters of public discussion, while the grave responsibilities and the far-reaching influence of the social side of Viceregal Life are too apt to be overlooked. Durbars and high functions have to be organized, distinguished visitors have to be entertained, the etiquette and the love of pomp of native princes and rulers, the aspirations and jealousies of the Anglo-Indian community, have to be controlled and harmonized.

A few years ago Baron Hübner gave us a brilliant sketch of our Indian Empire, from the external point of view of an experienced foreign statesman and admirer; Lady Dufferin now gives us the complement thereto by her description of the inner social life of the Viceroy, and of his journeys from Quetta to Mandalay, and from Peshawur to Cape Comorin; a description so bright and clever, so full of tact and geniality, that it cannot fail to fascinate the reader.

THE LIFE OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL, by SPENCER WALPOLE (2 vols. 36*s*. *Longmans*), furnishes a mine of information to the political student, and also gives a full and carefully drawn portrait of a very interesting character. The biographer has had access not only to all Lord Russell's papers, official and private, but also to volumes of letters in the possession of the Queen, to the family archives at Woburn, and to correspondence stored up in other great Whig houses and elsewhere. Over all this wealth of material he shows his mastery, and has woven it into a perfectly clear narrative, his object being rather "to draw a portrait of the man than to write an account of the time." Lord Russell's personal character did not perhaps obtain full recognition from his contemporaries, being obscured by certain faults of manner which rendered him a somewhat difficult colleague and a not very sympathetic chief. His biographer reveals him as a high-minded patriot, an indefatigable worker, a most capable administrator, and a man in all the domestic relations of life blameless. It is not generally known hat Lord Russell, who was a very voluminous writer, once contemplated abandoning politics for literature.

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A NATURALIST IN NORTH CELEBES. By Dr. Sydney J. Hickson. With Map and Illustrations. (1 vol. 16*s*. *Murray*.) Lovers of things thorough and precise will be satisfied with Dr. Hickson's account of his sojourn in Celebes, and with his exact and methodical descriptions of the fauna, flora, and marine zoology of that interesting and little known country. To the naturalist's library especially his book will be found a valuable addition, more particularly on account of the important investigations which he has made into the ways and habits of the coral "polypes" and the circumstances under which the reefs are formed; throwing much light on a subject concerning which the scientific world eagerly welcomes every new fact. The anthropologist will be interested in the ways and customs of a curious people; and last, but not least, the general reader will find from the judicious manner in which the science has been introduced, that he will come to the end of the book before ever he has discovered that it is a "scientific work." We have not space to enter into details, but there is one point to which we would draw the reader's attention: let him look at the frontispiece, and then turn to the description of "the little jumping fishes" which it represents. Fishes that live out of water, associate with crabs, and possess goggle-eyes more like those of frogs than of ordinary fishes, are surely a great curiosity.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE AND SLAVERY IN AFRICA, by Richard F. Clarke, S.J. (1 vol. 14*s*. *Longmans*), is a sympathetic account of the mission work done in North Africa under the leadership of the energetic Archbishop of Algiers, to which Anglicans scarcely less than Roman Catholics must wish God speed. Visitors to last year's Paris Salon can hardly have failed to notice M. Bonnat's striking full-length portrait of an impressive figure which, were it not for the Cardinal's robes and biretta, would have seemed to be that of some Eastern potentate. The account given by Father Clarke of his hero fully bears out and deepens the impression left by the picture. Indomitable energy and abounding enthusiasm are reflected in every page of the book and in every line of the portrait. Like other men of his stamp, the Cardinal has his enemies, and has been accused of overweening ambition and a certain unscrupulousness as to means; be this as it may, his lifework is undoubtedly a great one, and he is one of the most remarkable personalities of his time. The book covers ground not so familiar as it should be to Englishmen, and ought decidedly to be read.

HINDU KOH, by Major-General D. Macintyre (1 vol. 21*s*. *Blackwood*), is a book that will fascinate sportsmen and provide excellent entertainment for such general readers as possess any spark of the hunter's spirit. For many years General Macintyre has roamed the

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Himalayas in quest of big game; not the wild beasts of the jungle, tigers and elephants, but varieties of stag and goat and sheep, whose very names are unfamiliar to English ears. The excitement of the sport is similar to that afforded by chamois hunting in Europe, but it is indefinitely heightened by the remoteness of the region, the variety of the quarry, the savage grandeur of the scenery, and the necessary hardships and dangers which render success doubly sweet and rob failure of half its bitterness. General Macintyre is no indiscriminate slaughterer, and spares every animal which, from its sex or size, can add no lustre to his sportsman's trophies, or which is not required as food. He describes, clearly and graphically, the various objects of his chase and their haunts. A good example of his skill, both with rifle and pen, is afforded by his account of the stalking and shooting of a magnificent *Ovis Ammon*, a giant mountain ram whose horns are regarded as the "blue ribbon" of Himalayan sportsmen. The volume concludes with a few hints to young hunters concerning kit, camp equipage, &c., which will no doubt be appreciated in the proper quarter; there are several good illustrations.

WOODLAND, MOOR, AND STREAM (1 vol. 5*s*. *Smith, Elder, & Co.*), is a gracefully written series of country sketches in the manner of the late Richard Jeffries. The anonymous author is mysteriously alluded to by his editor, J. A. Owen, as "a friend of ours, a skilled workman," and all names of localities are suppressed; but so many indications are given of the latter, that they would be an open secret for any one acquainted with the neighbourhoods of North Kent and Surrey, while we gather from certain hints that the writer is an artist. At any rate, he is a close observer of nature, and inspires one with an absolute trust in his good faith. Amateurs of this kind of literature are perhaps rather too apt to imagine that reading about the habits of shy wild animals and the intimate details of unfrequented spots is equivalent to discovering what is described for themselves, whereas it is no more like the real thing than a museum of stuffed birds is like a sequestered wood. Still there are many "in populous city pent" who must take what they can get, and these will seldom find work of the kind more conscientious or more dainty than in the present volume.

THE HERITAGE OF DEDLOW MARSH, by BRET HARTE (2 vols. *Macmillan*), is a collection of four stories which if they do not reach quite the highest level attained previously by their author, approach sufficiently near to be far above the average work in their kind. Two are concerned with half-savage settlers in the Wild West, brought face to face with a more decorous and complicated civilization In the first of these we are introduced to a brother and sister dwelling alone in a log cabin on a salt marsh. They have inherited a hatred of

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civilized ways, and resolve to live as Ishmaels, but the force of circumstances gradually brings them to a better mind. Both they and their home are most vividly sketched; Mr. Bret Harte has seldom been more happily inspired. In "Captain Jim's friend" we renew our acquaintance with Yuba Bill, but only in a subordinate capacity, the chief parts being taken by a mendacious cowardly braggart and his quixotically simple-minded friend and patron. "A Knight Errant of the Foot hills" is too extravagantly fanciful to allow much reality for the pathetic touches here and there introduced; while the fourth story, "a Secret of Telegraph Hill," calls for no particular comment.

MEMOIRS OF E. A. SOTHERN, by T. E. PEMBERTON (1 vol. 16*s.* *Bentley*), gives a lively picture of the famous comedian, and of the "creation" of the celebrated "character parts," Lord Dundreary, Brother Sam and David Garrick. To readers approaching middle age it will recall many merry hours in the "sixties" and earlier "seventies," when its hero held the town and drew crowded houses week after week. Of the four main divisions of the book, "On the Stage," "Off the Stage," "In the Hunting Field" and "In High Spirits," the first possesses much the most permanent interest; for Sothern, though a bold rider, cannot be reckoned among mighty hunters, and his high spirits generally took the form of elaborate practical jokes. It is no longer considered excruciatingly funny to hoax inoffensive strangers, and lead them into awkward positions to extricate themselves as best they may. The great Theodore Hook, to cite an earlier master of this kind of humour, would probably find himself boycotted at the end of a week.

> "For when these kind of jokes are cracked,
> We do not laugh as we were wont,
> I know not why, but as a fact,
> We don't."

Still the book is worth reading as a picture of manners now almost obsolete.

THE PARIAH, by F. ANSTEY (3 vols. *Smith, Elder, & Co.*), is a very clever and yet a somewhat disappointing book. The author has forsaken the field of broad comedy in which his first laurels were won, and has chosen a subject pathetic and almost tragic; we say *almost*, because the distress caused by an inability to acquire fashionable manners and a gentlemanly deportment seems hardly worthy to range with the deepest of human sorrows. Allen Chadwick, the "pariah," is the neglected son of an indigo planter, who inherited a large fortune in middle life. During his father's absence in India the boy had served in a shop, and when installed in material luxury finds himself unsuited to his new surroundings. The conditions of his life are further complicated by his father's marriage with a would-be fashionable but impecunious widow,

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sister-in-law to a peer of the realm, and mother of a beautiful daughter and other offspring. Allen is regarded with natural hostility by his new relations, and his social shortcomings are mercilessly satirized. He, poor lad, falls hopelessly in love with his brilliant sister-in-law, and her scorn, coupled with an estrangement from his father, drives him to evil courses. In the midst of his humiliation he shows himself capable of Quixotic self-sacrifice for the sake of his beloved. The characters are very elaborately drawn and show keen observation and much skill in delineation; yet we close the volumes with a sigh for a breath of fresh human feeling, the love and pity and sympathy that sway men's hearts quite irrespective of etiquette.

THE BELL OF ST. PAULS, by WALTER BESANT (3 vols. *Chatto & Windus*), is just such a fresh cheery tale as readers of its author's former novels have learned to expect. Laurence Waller, a rich young Australian visiting England for the first time, takes up his abode as a lodger among a family of kind-hearted eccentric people, who turn out to be his uncles, aunts and cousins, though the relationship is concealed from them till nearly the close of the story. The head of the household describes himself as belonging to "the Higher Branch" of the law, being in fact a barrister's clerk; one of his sisters is "in the Church," *i.e.* a pew-opener; while another is revered as a prophetess by an obscure religious sect. Hard by dwell a simple-minded neglected Poet, retired from the world for thirty years, and his lovely daughter, who sculls herself about the Thames, and discourses on London as it probably appeared some three centuries or so since. A prominent part in the story is played by a young member of the Royal Society, who had been bought from his gipsy mother in early childhood by a benevolently theorising doctor. Given these *dramatis personæ*, and Mr. Besant's skill as an artificer, the reader may rest assured that he will be well amused and in a desultory pleasant fashion instructed. We leave him to find out the plot for himself.

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Year of Entry.	Policies of £1000 and Bonuses at Dec. 1880.	Bonus 7 years to 1887. 3½ per cent per ann. on Sum at 1880.	Annual Percentage on £1000.	Sum Assured and Bonuses as at Dec. 1887.	Amount with Intermediate Bonuses from 1888 to 1894, omitting fractions, after payment of premium in the year. 1888.	1889.	1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.
1824	£2545 12 5	£302 18 7	£4 6 7	£2848 11 0	£2889	£2931	£2972	£3013	£3055	£3096	£3137
1831	2297 14 4	273 8 7	3 18 2	2571 2 11	2608	2645	2682	2720	2757	2794	2832
1838	2025 8 7	241 0 8	3 8 11	2266 9 3	2299	2332	2365	2397	2430	2463	2496
1845	1767 8 8	210 6 6	3 0 1	1977 15 2	2006	2035	2063	2092	2121	2149	2178
1852	1561 0 5	185 15 3	2 13 1	1746 15 8	1772	1797	1822	1848	1873	1898	1924
1859	1389 10 2	165 7 0	2 7 3	1554 17 2	1577	1599	1622	1645	1667	1690	1712
1866	1272 0 9	151 7 5	2 3 3	1423 8 2	1444	1464	1485	1505	1526	1547	1567
1873	1138 11 1	135 9 9	1 18 8	1274 0 10	1292	1310	1329	1347	1366	1384	1403
1880	1017 0 0	121 0 6	1 14 7	1138 0 6	1154	1171	1187	1204	1220	1237	1253
1883	1000 0 0	*85 0 0	1 14 0	*1085 0 0	1100	1116	1132	1147	1163	1179	1195
1887	1000 0 0	*17 0 0	1 14 0	*1017 0 0	*1031	*1046	*1061	*1075	1090	1105	1120

* Bonuses are not payable in event of death or discontinuance of the policy in the first five years.

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British Empire, Trade of the, is estimated to amount at present to about £1,200,000,000 sterling per annum, which is nearly equal to the combined trade of France, Germany, Austria, Russia, and the United States; and the shipping required to carry on this gigantic traffic exceeds 126 million tons. The United Kingdom takes as its share of the business 61·4 per cent., and India 16 per cent., leaving 23 per cent. to be divided among all the rest of the empire. New South Wales and Canada stand next in order to India, but far below it, with 3·8 per cent. each; the Straits Settlements have 3·4 per cent.; Victoria, 3·2; New Zealand, 1·3; Queensland and the Cape, 1·1 each; South Australia, 1; and all the other possessions considerably less than 1 per cent. each. The contribution of India and the colonies to the trade of the United Kingdom is a little over 26 per cent.: India contributing 9 per cent.; Australasia, 8; British North America, 2·9; the Cape and Natal, 1·3;

COUNTY COUNCILS.—Under this heading is included lists of the aldermen and county councillors for the administrative counties of London, Bedford, Berks, Bucks, Essex, Herts, Kent, Middlesex, Oxford, Southampton, Surrey, and Sussex, there being added, in the case of London, some particulars regarding the election and concerning such proceedings of the Council as were considered to be of sufficient importance to deserve preservation for purposes of reference. An outline of the main provisions of the Local Government (England and Wales) Act, 1888, reprinted from our '89 edition, will be found elsewhere in our columns. In pursuance of that Act the first elections of county councillors were held in January '89. [1] It was enacted that

BATTERSEA AND CLAPHAM: (Battersea) J. Burns (Socialist) 3,071, J. Tims (L.) 2,307, *A. Cameron* (L.) 2,279, *R. A. Balpy* (Ind.) 1,564, *G. Harris* (L.) 188, *W. Davis* (N.) 54; (Clapham) T. L. Corbett (C.) 2,501, Lt.-Col. A. Rotton (C.) 2,336, *H. Turner* (L.) 2,286, *C. A. V. Conybeare, M.P.* (L.) 1,883.

BETHNAL GREEN: (North-East) G. F. Torr (L.) 1,740, W. Wren (L.) 1,709, *T. Lumley* (C.) 1,456, *W. Wright* (C.) 718, *J. Bishop* (N.) 484, *J. Milbourne* (L.) 401; (South-West) J. Branch (L.) 2,406, C. Harrison (L.) 2,366, *T. W. Francis* (N.) 975, **A. Ewin* (C.) 835, *J. C. Walton* (Ind. C.) 677.

[51] **COUNTY OF BEDFORD.**—Chairman, C. Magniac, Esq.; Vice-Chairman, C. Howard, Esq. —County Aldermen (to retire 7th Nov., 1891): Barton, R.; Brooks, J. H.; Broughton, C. D.; Brown, H.; Green, H. H.; Orlebar, R.; Pym, A.; Wright, J. I. (To retire 7th Nov., 1894): Blundell, H.; Harris, T.; Howard, F.; Jackson, T. J.; Lindsell, C. S.; Tavistock, the Marquis of; Thynne, F. J.; Whitbread, S., M.P.—County Councillors (to retire 1st Nov., 1891): Beckett, W. P., Bedford No. 4; Brandreth, H. C. G., Houghton Regis; Brown, J., Clophill; Carter, J., Bedford No. 5; Chew, J. F., Heath and Reach; Claridge, G., Ampthill; Cole, B., Luton East Ward; Cook, G., Flitwick; Crawley, J. S., Caddington; Crouch, E., Shillington; Crouch, J., Woburn; Cumberland, J., Barton; Daniel, J., Biggleswade; Derbyshire, W. H., Dunstable No. 2; Dimmock, B., Wootton; Dover, J., Toddington; Dymond, E. E., Aspley Guise; Fardon, T., Luton West Ward; Green, E. R., Bedford No. 6; Green, J. W., Luton North Ward; Harter, J. F. H., Cranfield; Hawkins, J., Bedford No. 2; Haynes, G., Bedford No. 1; Higgins, W. F., Harrold; Horn, G., Kempston; Howard, C., Milton Ernest; Hucklesby, A., Luton West Ward; Inskip, W., Shefford; Jackson, W. H., Bedford No. 3; Johnson, G. M., Luton West Ward; King, J., Langford; Limbrey, J. H., Dunstable No. 1; Lindsell, R. H., Biggleswade; Robinson, W., Wilshamstead; Macnamara, A., Eaton Bray; Magniac, C., Sharnbrook; Mees, C., Luton East Ward; Mossman, R., Hockliffe; Pedley, J., Great Barford; Peppercorn, J. H. F., Eaton Socon; Pettit, H., Leighton Buzzard; Pope, C. J., Potton; Purser, R., Leighton Buzzard; Shillito, J. N. N., Arlesey; Shuttleworth, F., Northill; Smart, T., sen., Luton North Ward; Smith, E. T. L., Sandy; St. John, The Rt. Hon. B. M. L., Risely; Stuart, W., Blunham; Trethewy, H., Maulden; Wilson, J., Clifton.—Place of Meeting: The Shire Hall, Bedford. Time of Meeting: 1.15 p.m.—Clerk of the Peace and Clerk of the Council: T. W. Pearce, Esq., Bedford. Treasurer of the County Council: T. Barnard, Esq., Cople, Bedford. County Surveyor: W. Watson, Esq., Wren Park, Shefford, Beds. Chief Constable: Lt.-Col. F. J. Josselyn, Bedford.

Strikes in London during '89.—The Dock Labourers. Prior to giving a summary of the great riverside strike of '89, a few particulars concerning the dock accommodation of the Port of London will be of service. The chief London docks are in the hands of the Joint Committee of Directors formed after the amalgamation of the two great companies, the East and West India and the London and St. Katharine. Beyond these docks there are those of the Surrey Commercial Dock Company, and of the Milwall Dock Company, devoted to special trades. In addition to, and to a large extent competing with, the docks proper, are the wharves that line both sides of the river. Of late years the capital employed in the docks has not yielded a good return to the investor, owing to the excessive competition between the East and West India and the London and St. Katharine Companies. The docks of the latter Company are: the St. Katharine, covering 13 acres of land and 10 of water space; the London, 60 acres land and 40

Trevelyan, The Rt. Hon. George Otto, Bart., P.C., M.P., D.C.L., was b. 1838; ed. Harrow, and Trin. Coll., Camb.; represented Tynemouth '65-68, and commenced his official parliamentary career in '69, as Lord of the Admiralty; and, in Mr. Gladstone's ministry, became Sec. to the Admiralty ('80-82). After holding the office of Chief Sec. for Ireland, Sir George was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (with a seat in the Cabinet) in '84, and held the office of Sec. for Scotland for a month in '86. Sir George, being unable to agree with Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, resigned his position in the Government (March '86); but on the conclusion of the Round Table Conference, at which he represented the Unionist party, he announced that his opposition to the points of disagreement with regard to the Home Rule movement had been overcome, and he rejoined his colleagues on the Front Opposition bench, re-entering the House, after defeat at his old constituency of Hawick District, as member for the Bridgeton Division of Glasgow (Aug. '87). Sir George has gained considerable distinction in the world of letters by his "Life of Lord Macaulay," his uncle. He is also the author of some humorous poetry, entitled "The Ladies o in Parliament."

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Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man who calleth be the caller;
And in his calling let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! O for a coach, ye gods!
CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

IT was early on a fine summer's day, near the end of the eighteenth century, when a young man, of genteel appearance, journeying towards the north-east of Scotland, provided himself with a ticket in one of those public carriages which travel between Edinburgh and the Queensferry, at which place, as the name implies, and as is well known to all my northern readers, there is a passage-boat for crossing the Firth of Forth. The coach was calculated to carry six regular passengers, besides such interlopers as the coachman could pick up by the way, and intrude upon those who were legally in possession. The tickets, which conferred right to a seat in this vehicle of little ease, were dispensed by a sharp-looking old dame, with a pair of spectacles on a very thin nose, who inhabited a "laigh shop," *anglicè*, a cellar, opening to the High Street by a straight and steep stair, at the bottom of which she sold tape, thread, needles,

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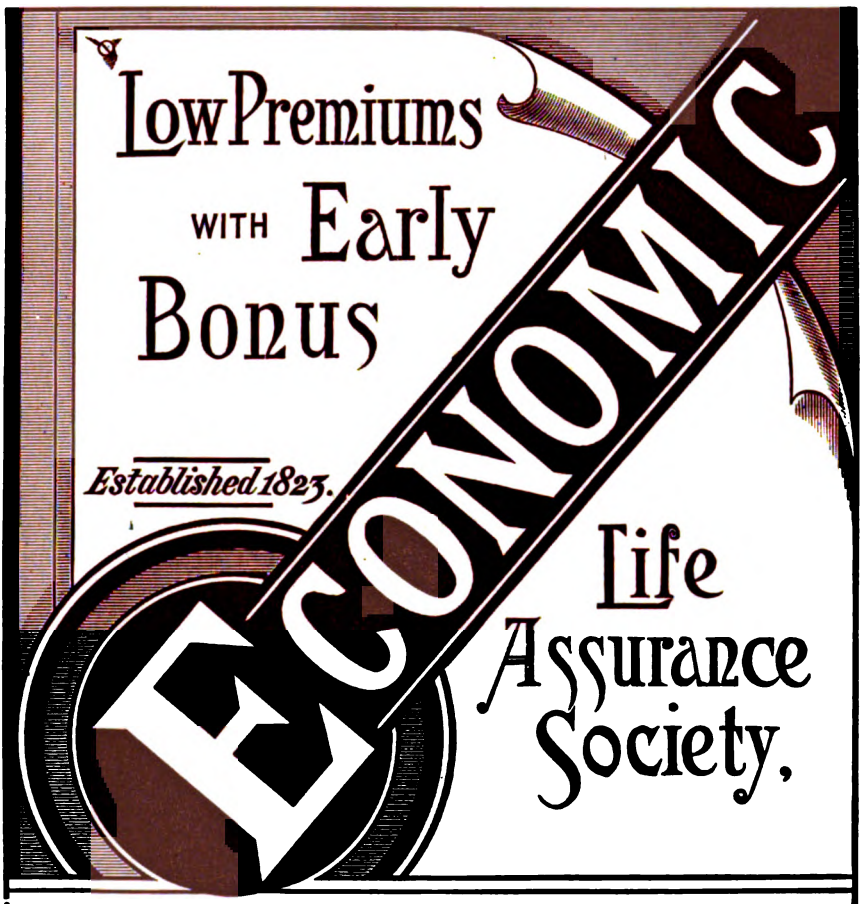

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35	44 4 7	2 10 11	3 8 5	4 1 8	5 9 5	9 14 9
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TOTAL FUNDS . £7,315,542

THE FUNDS of the Life Department are not liable for Obligations under the Fire Department nor the Funds of the Fire Department for Obligations under the Life Department. In this Company, therefore, the Investments for the Life Department are kept entirely separate from those for the Fire Department, as set forth in the Balance-Sheet.

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY as at 31st Dec. 1888.

I. CAPITAL.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL . . .	£3,000,000	
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL	2,500,000	
PAID-UP CAPITAL		£625,000

II. FIRE FUND.

RESERVES (including Balance of Profit and Loss Account)	2,017,544

III. LIFE FUND.

ACCUMULATED FUND (Life Branch) .	£3,873,086	
ACCUMULATED FUND (Annuity Branch)	799,912	
		4,672,998
		£7,315,542

REVENUE FOR THE YEAR 1888.

From the LIFE Department.

NET LIFE PREMIUMS, INTEREST, ETC. . . .	£512,505
ANNUITY PREMIUMS (including £164,615 : 12 : 2 by single payment) and interest. . . .	195,160
	£707,665

From the FIRE Department.

NET FIRE PREMIUMS, INTEREST, ETC. . . .	1,377,683
	£2,085,348

Prospectuses and all information may be had at the Chief Offices, Branches, or Agencies.

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Premiums adjusted to each half-year of age.

Minimum Surrender Values fixed, and held at credit of Insured for five years.

Paid-up Policy of liberal amount granted in place of lapsed policy, if desired within six months.

Policy not forfeited by error in Proposal papers unless accompanied by fraud.

General freedom of Policies from restriction in residence, occupation, and travel.

THE ATTENTION of intending Assurers is invited to the various Schemes of this Office :—

1. **Assurance by Yearly, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly Payments** during the whole period of life.

   This scheme is for those who are able now, and who anticipate that they will continue to be able to pay during life the ordinary Premium.

2. **Assurance if death shall occur within any given period.**

   This scheme is for those who desire to provide, at as low a rate as possible, for the contingency of death within a given period.

3. **Half-Premium System.**

   Under this Table the Premiums for the first five years are about one-half of those payable under Scheme I., while those for the remainder of life are slightly higher.

   The advantages of this Scheme are, that the Assured gets all the benefit of taking out a Policy in early life, while health is unimpaired, at a low rate, and so escapes the weight of heavy Premiums during that period when he may be least able to pay them.

   It is to be noted specially that in this Company, to Policies issued on the With Profit Scale, Bonus is allocated in the first five years and vests if the Policy is kept in force for that period.

4. **Terminable Premiums.**

   By this Scheme the Sum Assured is payable at death, but payment of the Premium ceases in 10, 15, 20, or 25 years, or such other period as the Assured may prefer.

   It is to be noted that to a Policy effected on the With Profit Scale under this Scheme, Bonuses are allocated, not only during the period in which premiums are payable, but *throughout the whole currency of the Policy.*

   This Scheme is for those who, in the active years of life, are able to pay a large premium, whereby they escape all burden in the later years of life. A Policy effected under it possesses special **Non-Forfeitable advantages,** *for if at any time after payment of the Premium for the second year the Policy is sent to the Office for endorsement, it may without further payment remain in force for such a proportion of the sum assured as the number of Premiums paid bears to the number originally payable.*

The Attention of intending Assurers is specially invited to this Scheme.

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5. **Endowment Assurance System.**

Policies effected on this system are payable to the Assured himself at the end of such number of years as may be agreed on, should he be then alive, or to his heirs at his death, if that occur at an earlier date. The Assured, who receives the proceeds of the Policy, can invest the amount; and instead of paying an Annual Premium to the end of life, as he would require to do under an ordinary Policy, he may, after the Policy matures, receive the annual interest of an investment.

The Policy thus becomes a provision for the Assured himself in his old age, and should he have no near relatives to whom the capital may be left, he may expend it in the purchase of an Annuity, which this Company will grant on exceptionally favourable terms.

6. **Annual Premiums for Assurance on Two Joint Lives**—the money to be payable at the death of the first that fails.

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The Company grants **Assurances** on the lives of persons **Abroad, or about to proceed Abroad,** at Moderate Rates. Separate Tables have been prepared for residents in India and China, and these form a special feature in the Company's Business.

The Company also provides **Endowments for Children,** payable on the attainment of a specified age. These may be effected by single or annual Premiums.

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2. Deferred Annuities, to commence after the expiry of any number of years; and either with or without return of Premiums in the event of death before attainment of the age selected for commencement of the Annuity.
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[*Opinions of Press continued on next page.*

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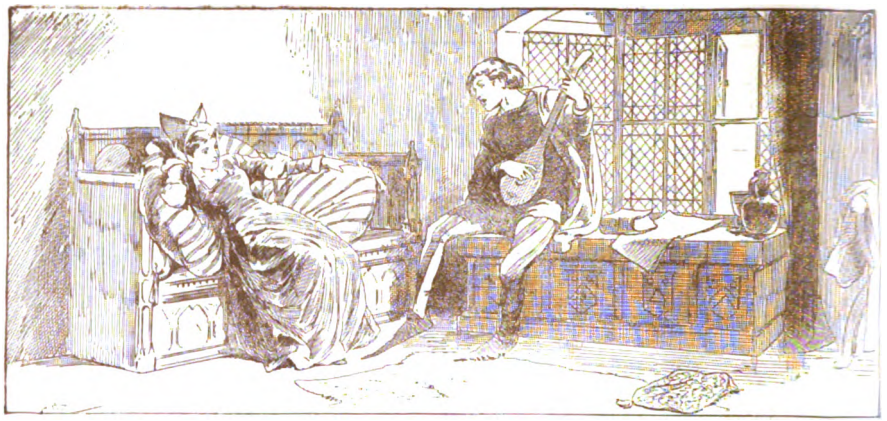

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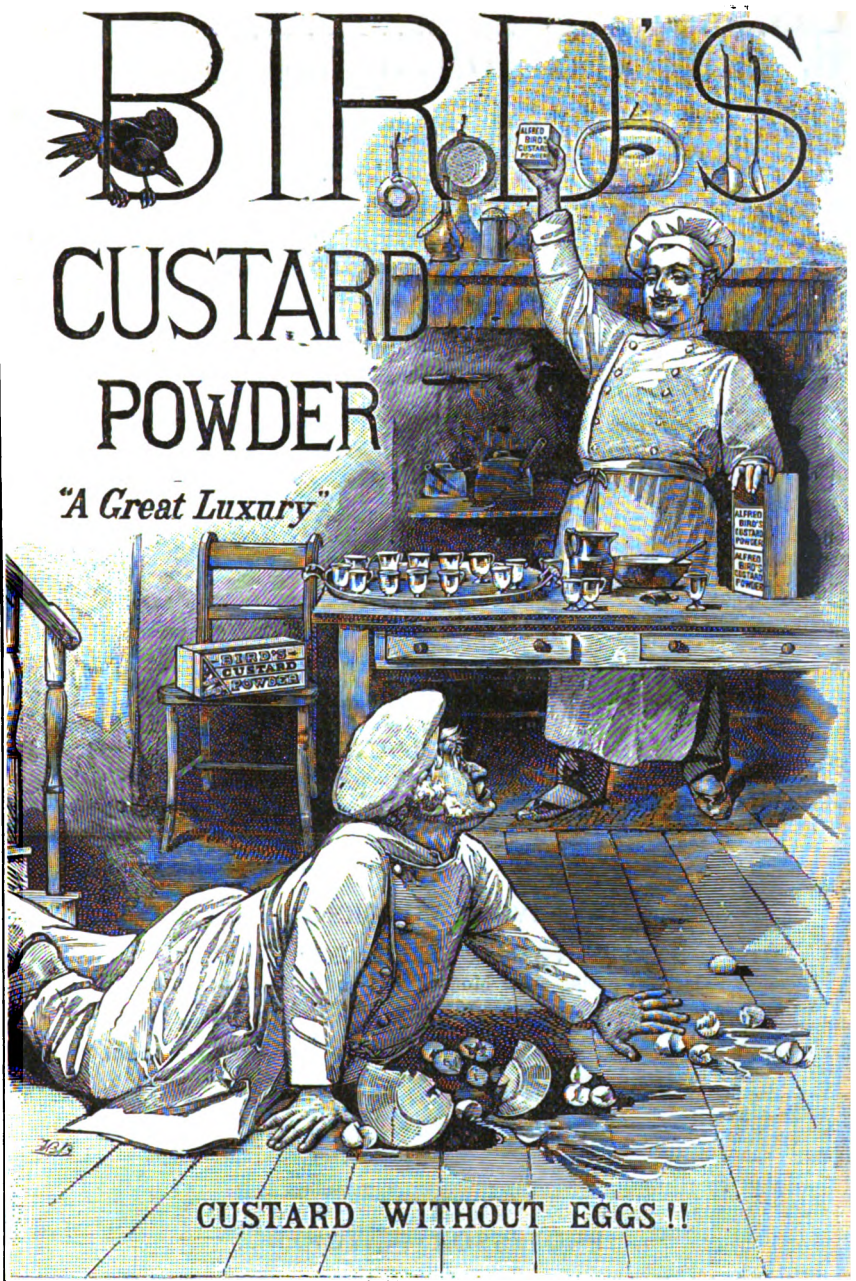

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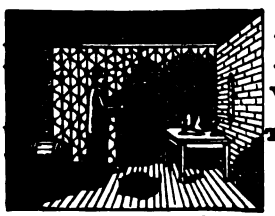

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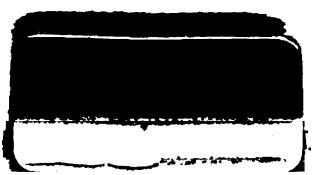

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